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The woman behind Fidel Castro

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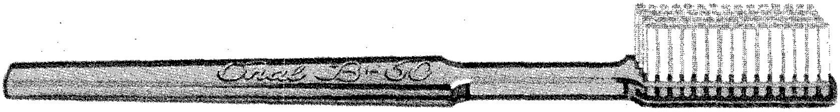

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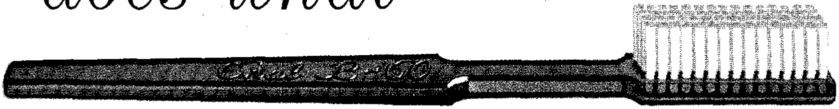

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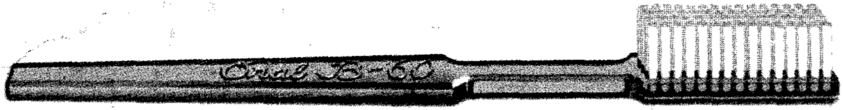

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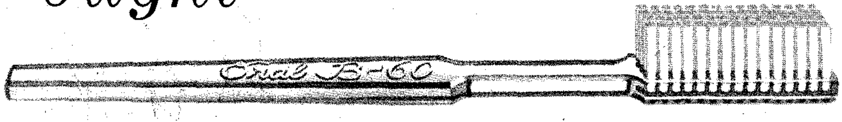

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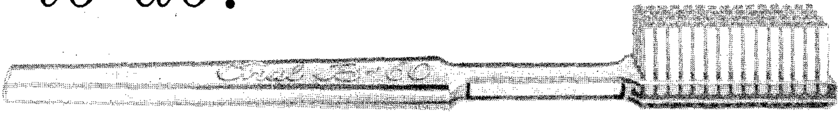

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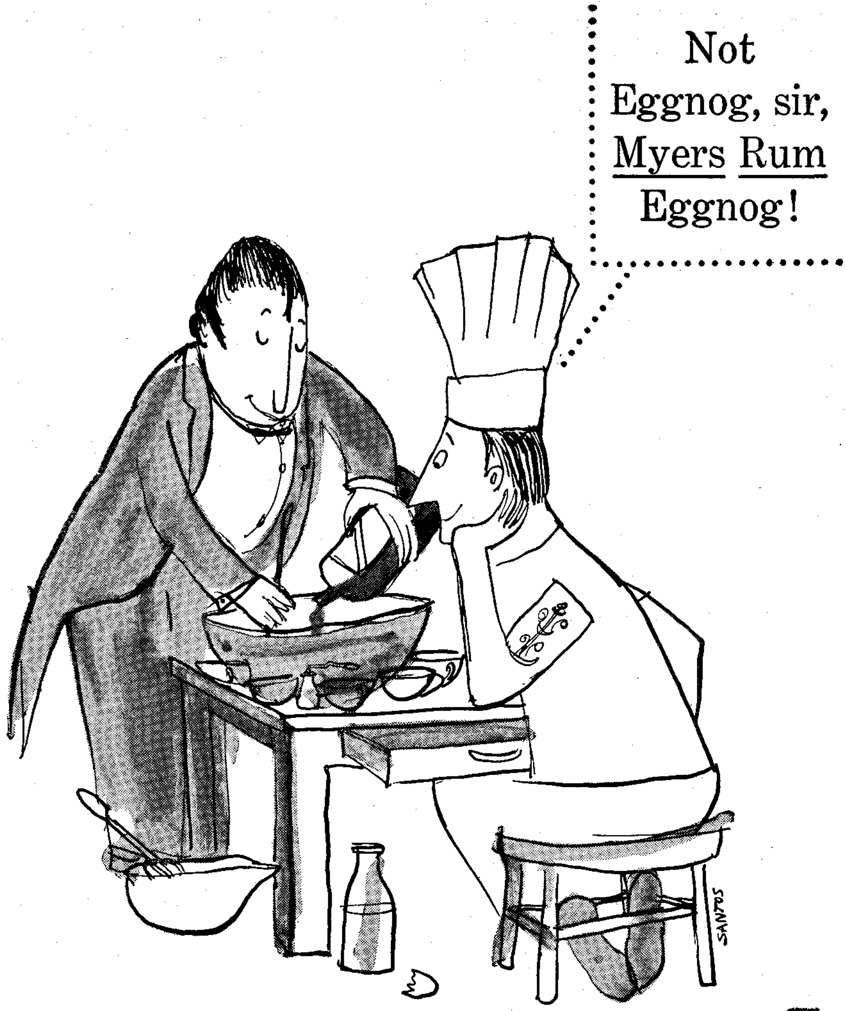
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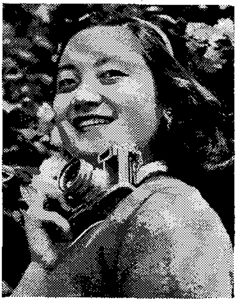
Miss Nieh: what's in a name?

IT SEEMS HIGHLY UNLIKELY that there should be a colony of Buddhists living in the hills of New Jersey. But with the girl who photographed these people (See p. 146), the unlikely becomes highly likely. Her name is Doris T. (for Tsoongying, which means "to worship something feminine") Nieh. She was born in Shanghai 26 years ago, attended the University of Iowa, and lives with her family in Englewood, New Jersey. Belying the gentleness of her middle name, she won her first job on a newspaper by photographing a football game; has covered fires, accidents and wrestling matches; and once tracked a runaway elephant in the Catskill Mountains with her camera. To add to all this, she is part owner of a Chinese restaurant in New York; placed third in a Miss Chinatown beauty contest in 1956 and missed out on a part in the Broadway hit musical, *Flower Drum Song*, only because she could not sing quite well enough. Such activities have kept Doris on the run since she escaped from Communist China at the age of 17 by telling the Reds she was going to Hong Kong to marry a friend of her father's. She went to Iowa to study journalism. While there she worked a total of 57 hours a week—in the college library, waiting on table in a restaurant and modeling in fashion shows. In New York, after graduation, she found a job as an assistant to a magazine photo editor, bought a second-hand camera from one of the photographers on condition that he teach her to use it, and has been snapping away ever since. The Americanization of Tsoongying has also included a change in her social habits. "My father," she says, "kept bringing home prospective husbands to look me over. When I ignored them, he finally gave up and decided to let me choose my own husband when I decide to get married." And what does her father think of her determination to be a career girl? "He thinks I'm nuts," she says, smiling, "but he tells friends he's proud of my pictures. He would never tell *me*, because it wouldn't be proper for a Chinese parent to compliment his child!"

The Editors

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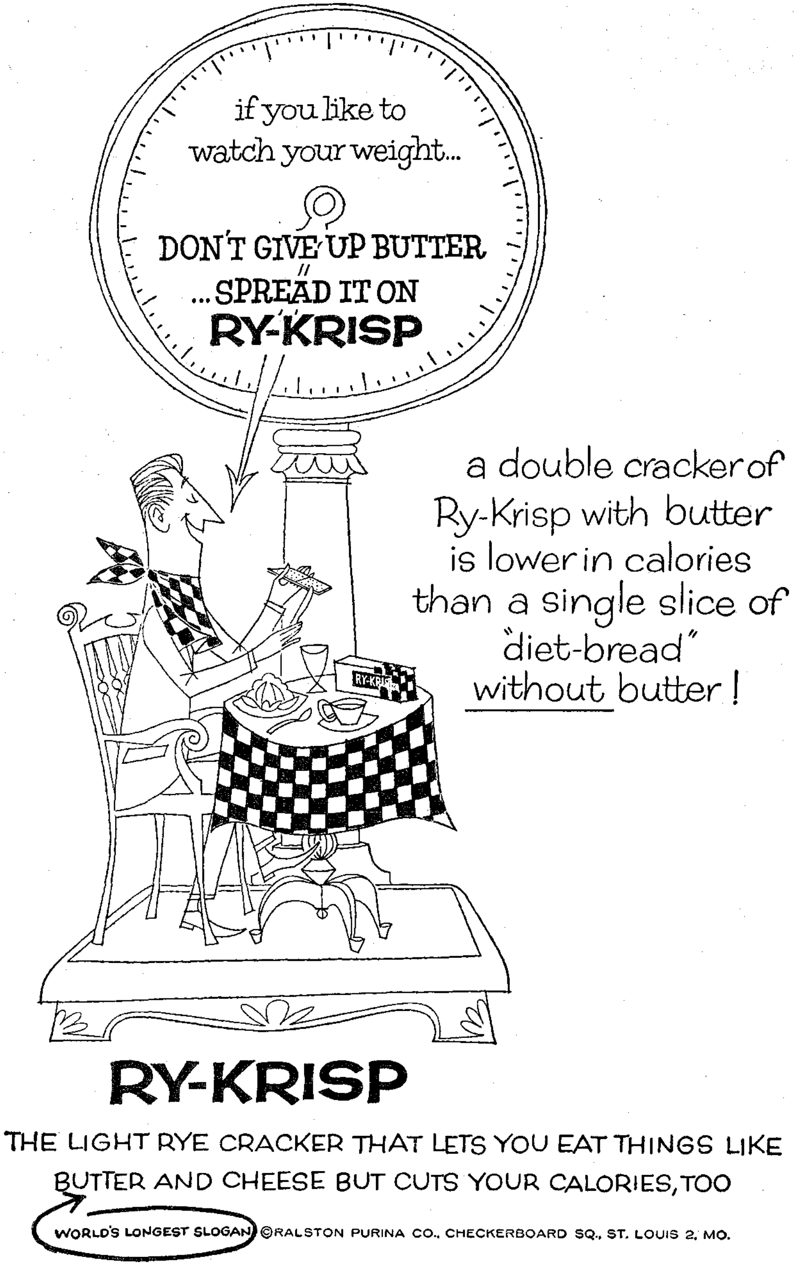
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Contents for April, 1959

Vol. 45, No. 6, Whole No. 269

Articles

Broadway's Long-Lived Lady........... MARK NICHOLS 16
The Death of a Gambler............... CHARLES PRICE 29
Nature's Living Links..................... PETER FARB 48
The Truth About Yoga......... LESTER AND IRENE DAVID 62
How To Fight Hate Merchants........ WILLIAM PETERS 67
The Secrets of Coffee................ PAUL W. KEARNEY 76
He's Making Our Border Brighter....... KEITH MONROE 80
"I'm a Weeper No More".......... RICHARD G. HUBLER 96
What's Behind Florida's Fantastic Land Boom? BEN FUNK 103
The Day Bombay Blew Up............ ART WIDDER, JR. 108
Russia's Grim "Glamor Girl"......... EDWARD HYMOFF 110
Money-Wise....................... SIDNEY MARGOLIUS 115
How To Improve Your Personality..... L. W. ROBINSON 121
Queen of the Lepers.................. FERGUS CRONIN 126
Fever—The Heat That Heals... DR. HERBERT S. BENJAMIN 132
The Shocking "Babies-by-Mail" Scandal NORMAN SKLAREWITZ 139
The Man Who Hated Lincoln MARGARET MORGAN MABRY 145
"The Teacher I'll Never Forget"........ SAM LEVENSON as told to MARTIN ABRAMSON 156
The Woman Behind Castro........... NICASIO SILVERIO 162
Mormon Angels of Mercy............... L. GLEN SNARR 173
They Called It Justice.................. WILL BERNARD 192

Pictorial Features

The World's Children............ TEXT BY BEN MERSON 36
He "Shoots" The News....... TEXT BY JAMES A. SKARDON PHOTOGRAPHS OF COONS BY HEINI MAYR 86
New Jersey's Buddhist Shangri-La TEXT BY ARTURO F. GONZALES, JR. PHOTOGRAPHS BY DORIS T. NIEH 146

Service Features

Products on Parade.................................. 20
Coronet Family Shopper.............................. 177
Coronet Resort and Travel Guide..................... 184
Coronet Shopping Guide.............................. 185
Coronet School and College Directory................ 189

Departments

Dear Reader... 3
All About You....................................... 6
MacLaine on the Move............... ENTERTAINMENT 10
Grin and Share It........................... HUMOR 34
Western Roundup............. A CORONET QUICK QUIZ 73
Human Comedy................................ HUMOR 85

Cover .... PHOTOGRAPH BY ESTHER HENDERSON

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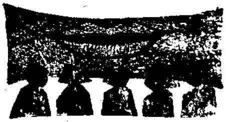
all about you

Honeymoon tensions; your mental muscles; does success breed success?

LIP SERVICE

Apparently there is more than meets the eye in the ancient art of lip reading. In fact, reports Dr. Louis Stone of the University of California at Los Angeles, what is commonly called lip reading actually involves the interpretation of a wide range of "signals" including body movements, gestures, an arched eyebrow, a smile or a frown. Dr. Stone reached this conclusion by having students untrained in lip reading try to "read" the words of an actor in a silent film. When the actor was masked so that only his lips were visible, the students had little luck in reading his words. But as the actor's face and then his torso were exposed, the students read his lips with increasing success. Proving that primitive "sign" languages still help to promote understanding.



AS YOUNG AS YOU THINK

If your intellectual arteries are hardening, don't blame middle age, says Dr. Wilma Donahue, chairman of the Division of Gerontology at the University of Michigan. The belief that brain power weakens with age stems from tests begun 30 years ago, which indicated that youngsters were smarter than their elders. But according to Dr. Donahue, those tests failed to take into account the rising educational level and the fact that the youngsters were more used to test-taking.

Some of the same "youngsters" were recently retested at Iowa State College. Now middle-aged, they showed a marked improvement in mental prowess. From this and other new research, Dr. Donahue concludes that mental lethargy and lack of outside interests are the real thieves of thought as we grow older. The cure? *Think!*

HONEYMOON A HEARTACHE?

What happens after the honeymoon is over? Does the traditional wedding trip really, as some experts claim, create more problems than it solves—especially in the matter of sexual adjustment? Not at all, according to researchers Eugene J. Kanin of Purdue University and David H. Howard of Northern Illinois University. In a survey dealing with sexual adjustment during and after the honeymoon, Kanin and

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Howard found that only 14 of 177 Midwestern student-wives reported long-term difficulties traceable to their honeymoons. Of these, five reported that their honeymoon experience made them feel like "sex servants"; four said wedding-night confessions of prior sexual experience were still plaguing their marriages; three mentioned a general sexual incompatibility and two reported non-sexual problems. The study also found no support for the theory held by some that the tensions of the wedding reception and a long, tiring trip cause unhappiness on the wedding night.

LIKE FATHER; UNLIKE SON

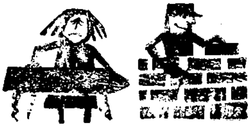
Does success breed success? Not always, says Dr. James C. Abegglen, formerly of the University of Chicago. Often it pays off to be the son of an *un*successful father.

Dr. Abegglen bases this statement on his study of 40 successful businessmen, vice-presidents and higher. Half of these executives had had their jobs handed down to them by successful fathers, but the other 20 had come up the hard way. Their fathers had been men whom the sons described as inept, sometimes hostile, insecure and frequently absent from home for long periods.

As a result, the sons developed no deep family dependence—which Dr. Abegglen thinks hinders personal progress. The sons were able to strike out on their own. They were also aided in making their mark by the attitudes of their mothers, who in most cases had been determined individuals, extremely moral and realistic. The mothers impressed these qualities on their sons who in turn used them to good advantage.

A WOMAN'S WORK

A husband who accepts his wife's challenge to trade jobs for a day is rash indeed, to judge from a report by Dr. Edward E. Gordon, director of the Department of Physical Medicine, Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago. Measurements show that the little woman not only works harder than her white collar husband, but harder than men in the heaviest occupations. Hanging up wash takes more energy than plowing with a tractor; cleaning windows is more taxing than driving a taxi; beating a carpet is equivalent to pushing a wheelbarrow with a 115 lb. load. Of all household tasks, ironing is probably the toughest. The home economics branch of the Department of Agriculture found that ironing burns up .93 calories per hour *per pound of housewife*. Thus, a 120-lb. housewife expends 111.6 calories in one hour of ironing—a job that can best be compared to bricklaying.



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MacLaine on the Move

Shirley MacLaine: straight-talker.

IT'S TAKEN eight pictures and five years, but freckled, auburn-haired **Shirley MacLaine,** 24, has hit the Hollywood jack pot. Her moving portrayal of a waif-like bar-girl in *Some Came Running,* with Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin, enthralled audiences and critics alike.

"A B-Girl is the greatest kind of part," says the slant-eyed, shapely (5′6″, 118 pounds, 34-24-34) Shirley. "The producer decided to give me a chance at it after he heard me sing a torch song on TV. He didn't want the part played in obvious sex style. He wanted a sort of hurt, puppy-dog quality. I found it easy," Shirley grinned mischievously; "maybe there is some latent B-Girl in me."

Betting on an Academy Award for Shirley, MGM has bought a comedy-farce, *Ask Any Girl,* for her and David Niven, her co-star in *Around the World in 80 Days.* And in *The Elsie Janis Story,* Shirley gets to sing and dance for the second time on the screen. Although she's had 18 years of musical training, she's been heard mainly on TV. NBC paid her $300,000 for ten appearances in 1958-59. "They must be talent-starved," she shrugs.

Born in Richmond, Virginia, to show-business parents of Scotch-Irish descent, Shirley started taking ballet lessons at three and landed her first Broadway chorus job at 16. Christened Shirley MacLean Beaty, she dropped the oft-mispronounced Beaty and changed the MacLean to MacLaine. At 20, substituting for dancer Carol Haney in *The Pajama Game,* Shirley impressed producer Hal Wallis, who signed her to a movie contract.

Outspoken and direct, she has no "arty" explanations for her dramatic style: "I wait for the other actor to speak his lines, then I say mine." Hedda Hopper once called her "embarrassingly honest."

"I'm just too lazy to be subtle," says Shirley.

She claims this laziness is even at the root of her haphazard, lawn-mower haircut. She refuses to change it, and gets no objections from husband Steve Parker, an ex-actor now producing movies in Japan. They have a two-year-old daughter, Stephanie.

Some Came Running's success has buoyed Shirley's confidence. "Now I'm really sure I want to be an actress," she says. As for her other talents: "I'm no great singer, and I've been faking the dancing for two years," she says deprecatingly.

—MARK NICHOLS

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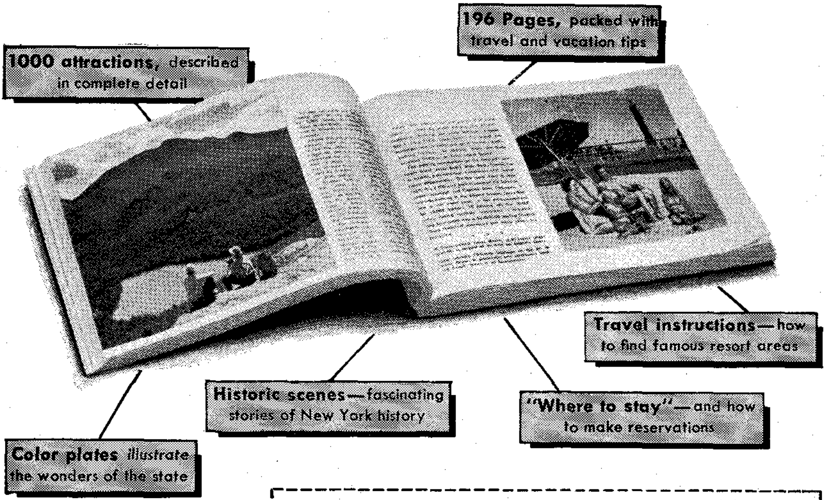

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Hawkers watch J. B. and wife light lamp of faith.

J.B., a modern restatement of the Book of Job, is brilliant theater. Playwright Archibald MacLeish introduces war and atom bombs to stress the parallel between Job's ill fortune and modern man. Staged in a symbolic circus tent, this verse-play imaginatively uses two circus hawkers as spokesmen for God and Satan. They watch J.B., a hitherto contented man, being stripped of his family, fortune and health—and struggle for his soul.

In his anguish, J.B. cries out, demanding reasons for his sufferings. Sinless but feeling inexplicably guilty, he cannot believe God is unjust. He ultimately sees that there is understandable divine justice and that human love reinforces man's basically unconquerable spirit.

Thanks to Elia Kazan's staging, this philosophic drama springs to vibrant life, sparked by the eloquent acting of Pat Hingle as J.B., Raymond Massey playing God, and Christopher Plummer as Satan.

Flower Drum Song, Rodgers and Hammerstein's eighth Broadway musical, accentuates the theatrical season's Oriental mood (*The World of Suzie Wong, Rashomon*).

In this amiable romance set in San Francisco's Chinatown, the conflict between the Old World and the new almost boils down to egg roll vs. rock 'n' roll. A tug of war between a mail-order bride from Hong Kong (charmingly played by Miyoshi Umeki) and a night club strip teaser (song-belter Pat Suzuki) for a young college graduate (Ed Kenny) also involves his tradition-bound elders (Keye Luke and Juanita Hall) and a brash night club operator (Larry Blyden).

A first-rate cast, lavishly colorful sets and costumes, Gene Kelly's adroit direction and Carol Haney's inventive dances keep this musical pleasantly entertaining. The vitality and inspired music of *The King and I* and *South Pacific* are missing here, but with an estimated $1,300,000 advance sale, *Flower Drum Song* will probably be serenading Broadway for quite a spell.—M.N.

Chinatown Rock: Pat Suzuki and night club chorus.

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Lockhart and her Lassie

WHY DOES ONE of TV's cleverest young actresses decide, at 33, to abandon a lucrative career as a free lancer for a seven-year contract in the CBS-TV series **Lassie**? Especially when her foster-mother part demands little more than anxious expressions whenever Jon Provost or the collie, both seven, get into trouble?

June Lockhart has a simple explanation: "Free lancing is fine, but when a show closes, you're at loose ends. I get a good feeling knowing about 33,000,000 people watch *Lassie* week after week. And with two young daughters to raise, it's also good to work regular hours." Doubling as pitch-woman for the sponsors' products helps fatten her pay check.

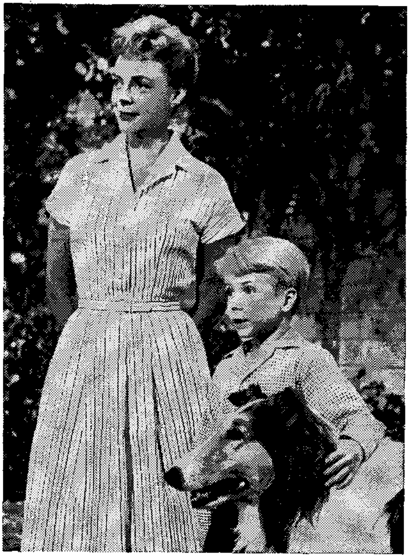
June admits there isn't much challenge in her job: "But I try to give Ruth Martin warmth and humor, and we've taken her out of aprons and flat shoes and put her into sports dresses."

Lassie is no stranger to June. In 1944, while playing "round-faced ingenues" at MGM, she appeared in *Son of Lassie* with the father of the present collie.

June is the third generation Lockhart in show business, having made her debut at eight in the Metropolitan Opera's *Peter Ibbetson*. She learned her craft "by absorption," particularly from her late father, Gene Lockhart, actor and lyricist. "He'd write me notes about shows we'd seen, pointing out how an actress moved and developed character," June explains. "I'd say, 'Another note from the Old Man,' and toss them away—but I read them first. Those pointers came in mighty handy later." In 1948, her performance in the play, *For Love or Money*, won critical acclaim and June became a star almost overnight—at 23.

This comely, 5′5″, 128-pound blonde's interests include flying kites ("I own about ten"), journalism and medicine. She covered the 1956 Presidential campaign as observer, and her medical buffing started at ten, when, she says, "I developed a crush on doctors." (She married Dr. John F. Maloney in 1951, but they were divorced last year. They have two daughters, Anne, already acting at five, and June, three.) "I'm a very good diagnostician," grins June. "I'm thinking of hanging out a shingle."—M.N.

TV family: June Lockhart, Jon Provost and Lassie.



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My Fair Lady

by *Mark Nichols*

Broadway's long-lived lady

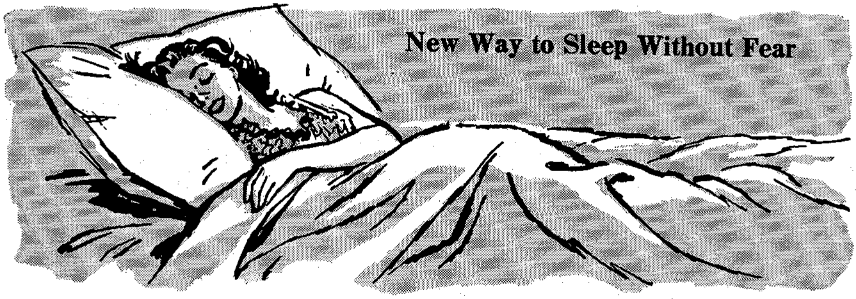
WATCHING A dress rehearsal of a new Broadway show in March, 1956, a show-business veteran prophesied scornfully: "It will never go—a musical with girls in 1912 costumes, without a leg showing! And a musical version of a George Bernard Shaw play—who cares about Shaw except intellectuals? Besides, where's the love story? The hero and heroine never even go into a clinch. Sure, the score is nice. So what?"

The monumental degree to which this skeptic was proved wrong has become theatrical history. Last month, the show, *My Fair Lady*—based on Shaw's *Pygmalion*—began its fourth year on Broadway; its touring company is in its third year; and tickets for the London production are selling heavily into 1960. In addition, there are companies performing the musical in Melbourne, Australia, and (in Spanish) in Central and South America.

The Columbia record album of the show, sung by its original Broadway cast, has already surpassed *South Pacific*'s world sale of 1,500,000 by about a half-million records. Designer Cecil Beaton's costumes for *My Fair Lady* brought an imitative bloom of 1912 fashions both in Europe and the U.S.: roses were tucked at the waist, pointed shoes reappeared and high waistlines and shepherdess hats were teamed up once more.

Some amusing and startling things have occurred since *My Fair Lady* was conceived by its composers, Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. On the day the critics' glowing reviews appeared in New York newspapers—March 16, 1956—a blinding snow storm blanketed the city. Whereupon hundreds of persons rushed to the Mark Hellinger Theatre, hoping to buy cancelled seats. Police had to be summoned to clear the lobby of these optimists so that ticket-holders could enter the theater. "And it's gone on this way, reversing the usual stay-away procedure, whenever we've had bad weather," says Richard Maney, the show's publicist.

An exuberant Texan arrived in the lobby one evening, held up a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Exclusive Medical Report: How to get

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(Advertisement)

$50 bill and announced, "I'll give this for any single seat in the house." A youth with a $3.45 balcony seat promptly accepted.

For a good part of the show's run, queues formed at dawn, waiting for the 10 A.M. opening of the box office to buy standing room. One enterprising youth turned up with folding chairs and magazines, which he rented to the early-risers. He was doing a bustling business until police clamped down.

One man even showed up in a rented concessionaire's uniform, hoping this disguise would get him in to see the show. He failed. These stunts are now being repeated in London, where the show opened last April to an advance sale of more than a million dollars.

Shaw originally wrote *Pygmalion* —the story of a phonetics professor who, on a bet, passes off a cockney flower girl as a grand lady at a fancy ball—in 1912 for Mrs. Patrick Campbell. According to his biographer, Hesketh Pearson, Shaw's source for the story was *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle,* a novel by Tobias Smollett published in 1751, which G.B.S. read in his youth. Asked about the resemblance, Shaw's comment was: ". . . it's quite possible that the incident in *Peregrine Pickle* got lodged in my memory without my being conscious of it. . . . Like Shakespeare and Molière, I take my good things where I find them, giving them a fresh setting, a Shavian philosophy and a modern meaning. . . . I dare say Smollett pinched the idea from someone else."

Thus far, the Shaw estate's share of *My Fair Lady*—three percent of the gross—has come to nearly $600,000. In keeping with the complicated will of the Irish playwright, who died in 1950, the money is going to the British Museum, the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art and the National Gallery of Ireland.

Lerner and Loewe—whose successes include *Brigadoon* and the movie musical *Gigi*—each collect three percent of the gross. To date, the show's three productions have grossed about $20,000,000. The authors also originally shared 30 percent of the show's net profits. This came to nearly $1,200,000. But last year Loewe sold Lerner his profit-sharing interest along with other properties, in a capital-gains tax deal, for $1,600,000.

Only six months after *My Fair Lady* opened, Producer Herman Levin sold 20 of his 30 percent interest for $450,000, netting $337,500 after taxes; "more money than I hope to have again in a lump sum," he says. He still collects around $100,000 yearly, before taxes, on his remaining interest in the show.

My Fair Lady, which cost $401,000 to produce, was financed entirely by the Columbia Broadcasting System. Their agreement gave them the rights to record the score for Columbia Records (a division of CBS); an option to televise the show after it ends its run; and 40 percent of the profits. CBS has already collected nearly $1,500,000, or almost a 400 percent return on its investment. Other productions of *My Fair Lady* will soon be licensed in about a dozen foreign countries.

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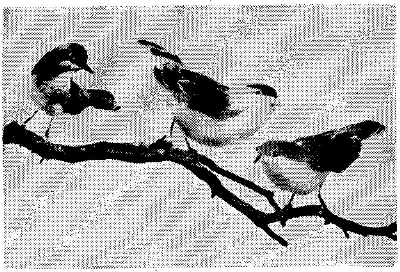
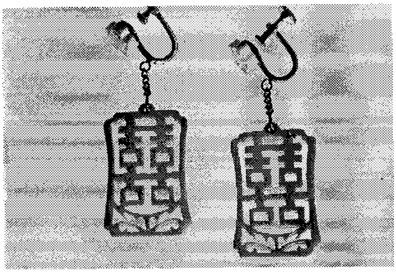
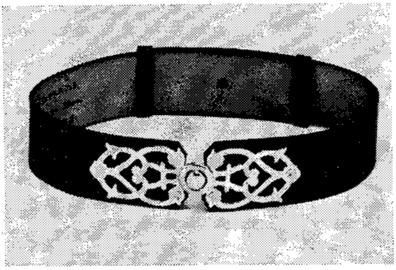
PRODUCTS ON PARADE edited by Florence Semon



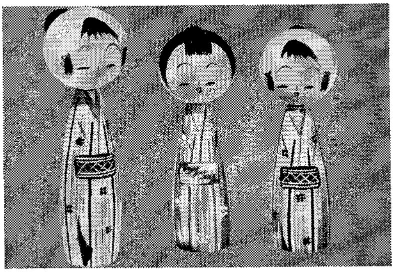
People-watcher birds have wire feet that easily crimp to plants, branches, etc. Handmade in authentic colors; wings and tail of real feathers. Bluebird, goldfinch, siskin, sparrow or white-eye. $1.25 ea. pp. Sierra Sales Co., Dept. 1204-C Russ Bldg., San Francisco 4, Calif.



Delicate hand-carved earrings imported from far-off Hong Kong will add that touch of white to your outfit. Made of genuine ivory in screw-back style. Attractively gift boxed. $2.00 pr., or 3 prs., $5.00 pp. Panther International, COR, 21 W. 47th St., New York 36, New York.



Handsome cowhide clasp belt has unusual feature of 3 snap buttons in back which can be adjusted for comfort. Front fastener is of solid brass. Black, red or natural. 2¼″ wide. Waist sizes 22″ to 32″. $7.00 pp. Bartley Bros., C, 124 Chambers St., New York 7, New York.



Kokeshi kissing dolls is traditional Japanese game where you guess which boy doll the girl will kiss and which one she turns away from. Dolls are hand-carved and hand-painted. Each doll is 4½″ high. Set includes black lacquer base. $2.98 pp. Hobi, Dept. C4, Flushing 52, N.Y.

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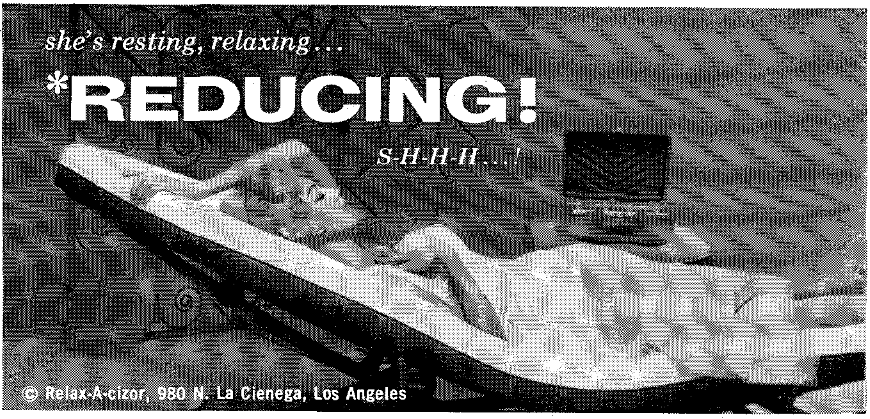
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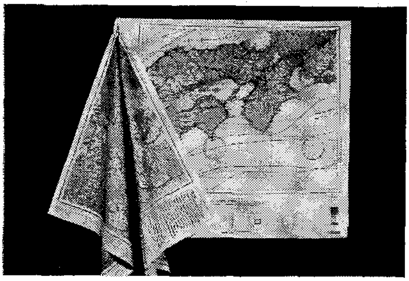

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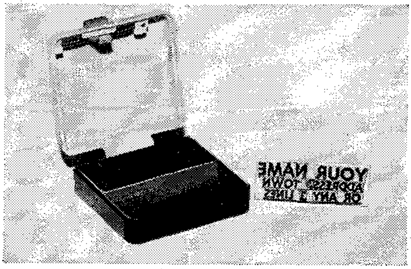

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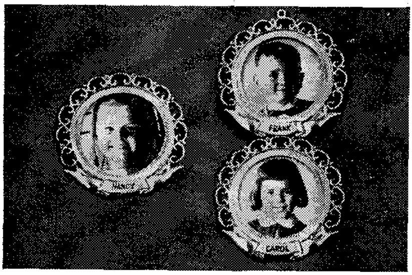

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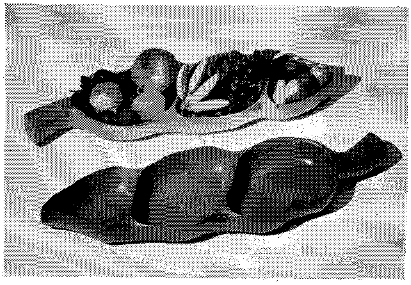

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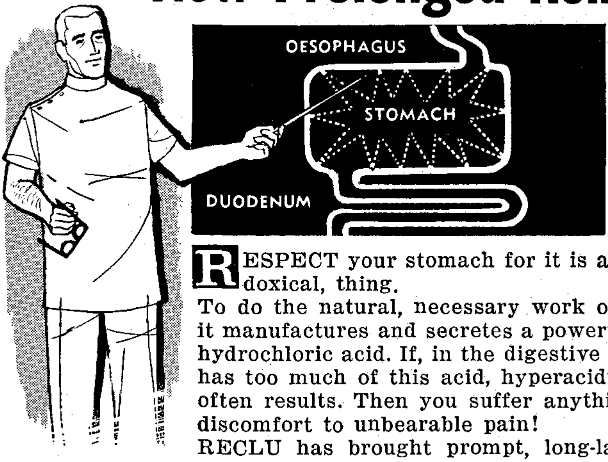

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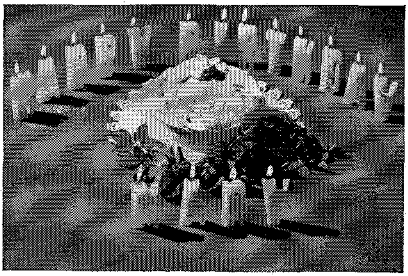

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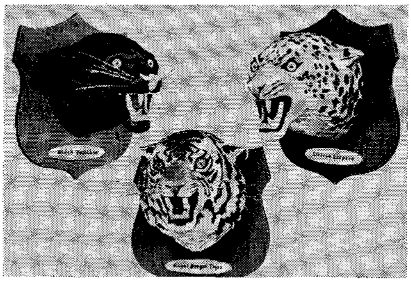

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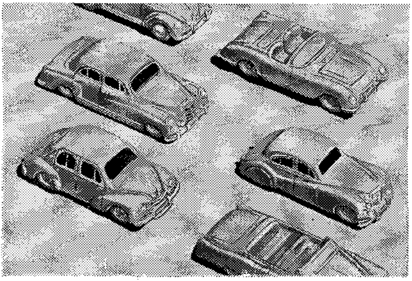

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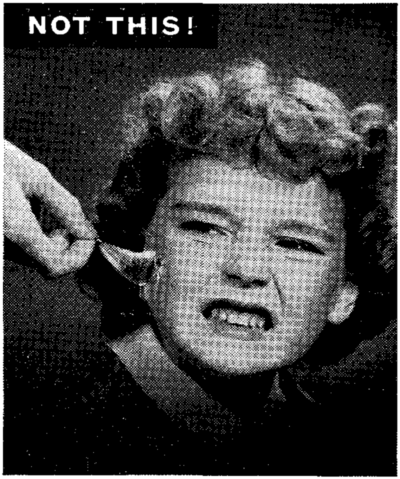

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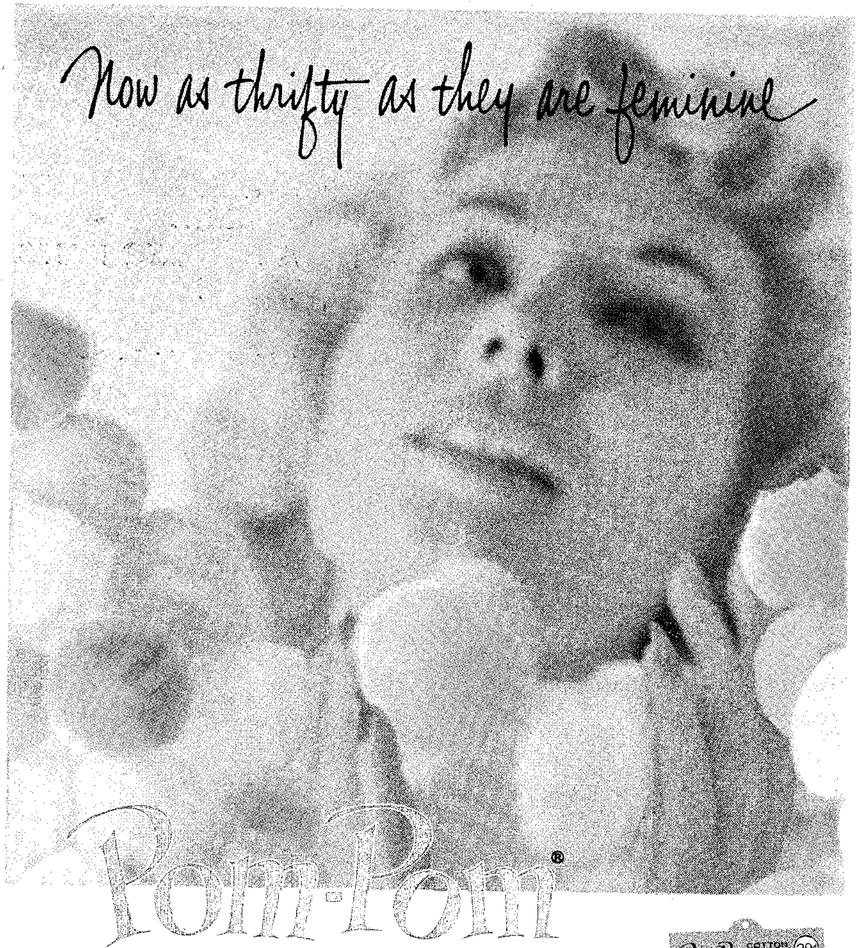
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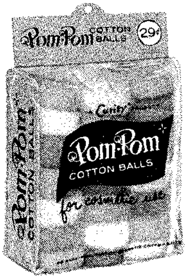
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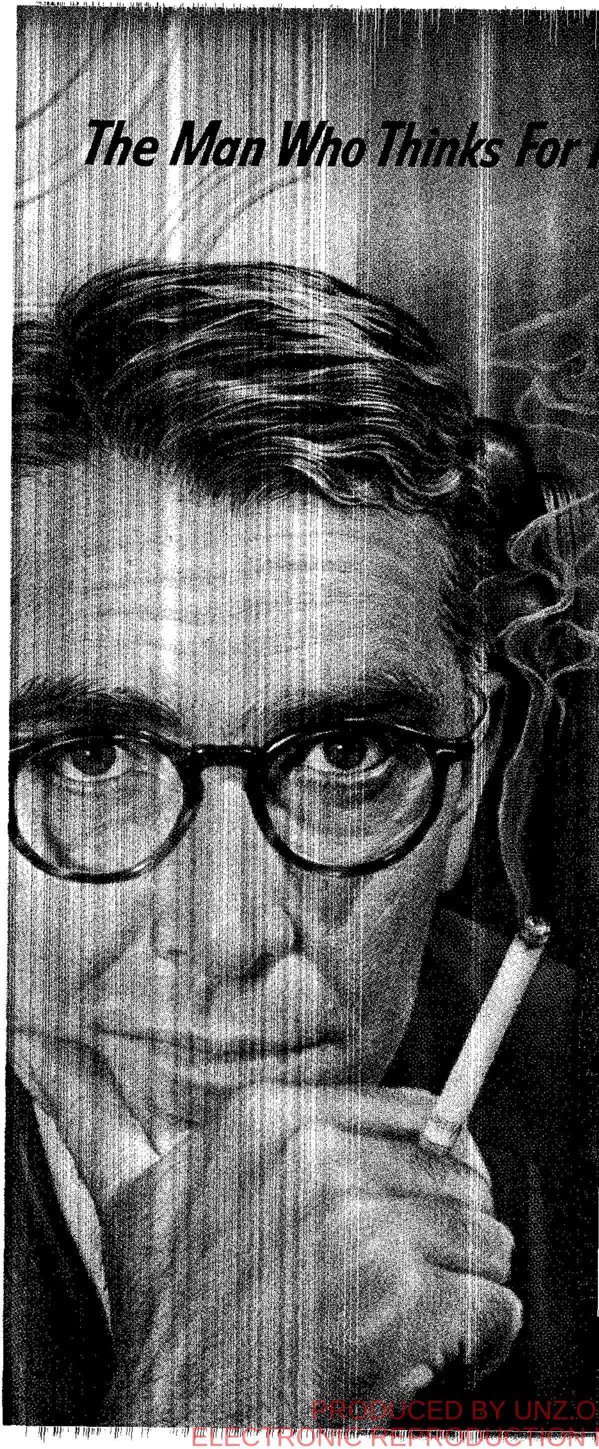

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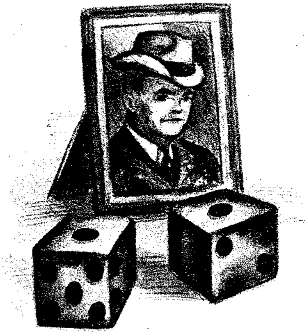


The death of a gambler

by *Charles Price*

A son's moving remembrance of his struggle to win the love of a father whose emotions were as strange as the life he led

MY FATHER was a gambler—a professional gambler. Among the people who came to his funeral were an ex-prize fighter, a strip-tease dancer, a millionaire, a cab driver, a farmer, a police captain, a night club comedian, our maid, a Sicilian with tattooed hands and a bookmaker who couldn't stop crying. There was also a man my father had once punched on the jaw.

I was surprised not at all that this man came to pay last respects to my father. I suspect he sincerely liked my father despite the fact he had once been humiliated by him. It was one of the oddities of my father's life that everyone was always slightly terrified and mystified by him—even those he loved. I know I was. He was as inscrutable as the king of spades. I never really knew him until he was dead.

On the desk in front of me as I write is a photographic portrait of my father. I haven't the remotest idea what he might have been smiling about. I was never very sure of anything about my father. We spent the better part of our lives together playing poker for our emotions, neither of us daring to tip his hand.

During the 1920s, when I was born, my father had operated backroom casinos in Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Before that, he had been a bookmaker. (When my mother first got to know him, she had been under the impression that he was in the publishing business.) And before that, a croupier, a bartender, and a number of other things he refused to discuss about his younger years in downtown Philadelphia.

During the last 15 of his 63 years, he had been major-domo of a gambling house in Maryland, only a few feet outside the District of Columbia. It was the largest, most colorful casino between Saratoga and Havana. Of course, it was also against the law, a discrepancy to which, however, few persons paid any attention. The integrity of my father's casino was so beyond question, even congressmen patronized it.

Many professional gamblers have declared that my father was the best card player they have ever known. He also knew everything there is to know about craps, roulette, bird cage and other games that are outside the law of most states.

He was also acquainted with every notorious hood, cheat and racketeer on the East Coast, and he was afraid of none of them. He was accustomed to being entrusted with large amounts of other people's money. He always kept his mouth shut about other people's affairs. And he was scrupulously honest.

These were the qualities which set him apart from ordinary gamblers and which enabled him to walk the underworld, if need be, with no more armor than his pin-striped suit and the incongruously flamboyant neckties he always wore.

From the time I was a little boy I was aware that my father was a man apart, not only because he was my father but because he was a creature of peculiar habits. No other father in our neighborhood, for example, arrived home from work at dawn. Sometimes, if he were particularly tired, I would be awakened by his heavy footsteps as he climbed his way to the third-floor attic which had been converted into a sumptuous bedroom for his strange hours of sleep. To protect him from the daylight, the room had been decorated with thick drapes and blackish wallpaper. There my father slept until noon, filling the house with his resonant snoring, which I could hear even when playing in the cellar.

My father always came downstairs to breakfast dressed in his pajamas and a splendid silk bathrobe, his eyes still half-filled with sleep and his thin hair spectacularly awry on his head, like a Hottentot's. He never said good morning to anybody, not even to my mother. Indeed, he would not speak a word until he had been fed. His breakfast was always the same—a pint of orange juice, black coffee and a thick slice of chocolate layer cake.

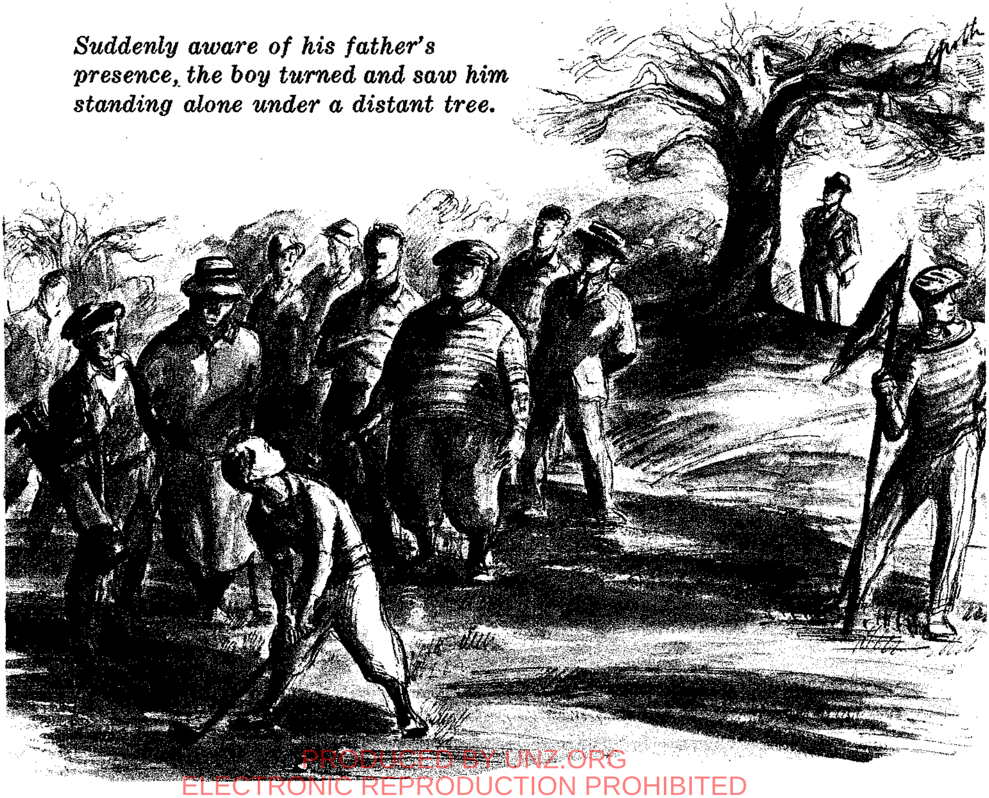
As a small boy, I would sometimes sit quietly across the breakfast table from my father and stare at him, fascinated by his magnificence. When he caught me looking at him, he would stop eating and lay down his morning newspaper. Peering over his reading glasses at me, he would say, not unkindly, "Is there something you want?" I would shake my head and then scamper off, embarrassed. My father would shrug his shoulders and then go back to his breakfast.

When my father went to work, he would put on his overcoat and a large fedora whose brim he kept rolled upwards, like a Homburg. Then he would light a cigar, puffing vigorously to get it burning. Just before he reached for the door, he would blow out a cloud of smoke so thick that it would hang in the air long after he had left. As he grabbed the doorknob, he would turn to my mother and me. "Well—" he would say and mumble something which we had to assume was a good-by. Then he would close the door behind him without another word, climb into his black car and roar off to work, not to be seen again until the following noon.

My father's favorite form of recreation was the legitimate theater. A well-performed tragedy could leave him transfixed. At a performance of *Death of a Salesman,* my mother once told me, my father actually burst into tears. I was astonished to learn of this, because I felt sure at the time that in real life my father would have considered Willy Loman a fool.

After an accident I had when I was 13, my father failed to visit me

Suddenly aware of his father's presence, the boy turned and saw him standing alone under a distant tree.



in the hospital. Despite the many logical excuses my mother made for him, I was bewildered and hurt. Today I know that he didn't come because he couldn't bring himself to see me hurt.

My father never wrote a letter to me in his life. If he had, it would today be framed and sitting on my shelf. Correspondence between us was handled by my mother, who wrote at length to explain the many fond thoughts my father had of me when we were separated, thoughts he somehow couldn't bring himself to express when we were together.

My father lavished gifts on me, but to my knowledge he never personally bought me any of them. He considered the giving of presents unmanly. But he could periodically give $10 tips to a blind news dealer. (I doubt that he could have given them to a man who could see him do it.) He could send $100—anonymously—to a lifeguard who had rescued somebody. And he could send a girl, who had been disfigured for life in an automobile accident, through college without ever letting her know he had paid the bills.

To this day I meet strangers who, on learning whose son I am, tell me stories of my father's extraordinary generosity. It will always be a mystery to me, however, how a man could be seemingly so generous yet be so niggardly when his emotions were involved. While during all my father's life he remained to me—and still remains to me—as heroic as a father should be, we were in truth as uncommunicative as a father and son could be.

When I was 12, for example, my father sent me to a golf professional at a nearby country club. "Teach him everything there is to know about the game," he said. His instructions to me were just as simple: "Call all the members 'mister'."

When I was 13, I played in my first tournament. I won it, but my father did not congratulate me. He bought me a new set of clubs, instead. I have since played in more than 100 tournaments, but my father watched me play in only one that I can recall.

I saw him standing behind a tree overlooking the fourth fairway. Because the match was a final, it had attracted a small gallery. While it is not uncommon for spectators to stand within a few feet of a contestant, my father wouldn't come within 100 yards of me. At the end of nine holes, I was two-down. My father got into his black car and drove away. I don't know whether he felt his presence was making me self-conscious or that he couldn't bear to see me lose.

When I arrived home, I found him pacing back and forth on the driveway. "Well?" he said.

"I won," I answered.

At that, my father reached into his pocket, pulled out a roll of bills, and then peeled off a $50 note. "Here," he said. He handed the $50 to me and then he turned his back, so I wouldn't see the pride on his face. He wanted dreadfully to congratulate me, but he just didn't know how. While his manner may have seemed heartless, it wasn't. My father was willing to be a father, but he refused to act like one.

When I was graduated from high

school I was given a watch which I purchased myself with money my father gave me. Childishly perhaps, I was disappointed that he had not purchased the watch for me himself.

After high school, I attended two different colleges. My father visited neither one, not even on the day I was graduated. Since nothing had been said about his attending the exercises, I didn't bother going myself. My diploma was mailed to me. When it arrived, I showed it to my father. He glanced at it, and then he told me to go downtown and buy a car for myself. For a moment, I thought I hadn't heard him correctly. The tone of his voice was so matter-of-fact. You might have thought he was asking me to go down and buy him a cigar.

I am certain that my father was proud of me. I am positive he loved me. But it was our misfortune that we could not bring ourselves to exchange this information.

When my father was drawing close to death, we arranged a bed for him in a second-floor living room. One evening when I was alone with him, he sat up and said, bluntly, "I'm dying," and he looked straight into my eyes. I couldn't answer. My father swore softly under his breath, then lay back in bed.

All that night, I held my father's hand. A croupier from my father's casino gave him his medicine and wiped his brow. Near dawn, I climbed to my father's attic and threw myself exhausted on his bed.

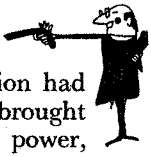
While lying there, I knew for the first time just why I loved this man to whom even the ordinary signs of love had always been embarrassing. I understood then how unselfish he had been in never trying to mold me in his own image, unlike so many fathers who act the paternal role to its fullest.

I saw, too, that despite the fact his life had been carried on outside the pale of ordinary society, he had always conducted himself with personal dignity. I decided that when I awoke I would somehow force myself to tell my father how much I loved him. Our lives together had been largely spent trying to divine each other's feelings, and I had grown weary of the game.

I had been asleep about two hours when the croupier aroused me. "Wake up!" he said, shaking me. I sat up in bed and rubbed my eyes.

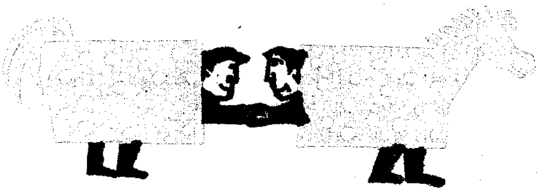
"You'd better come downstairs," he said quietly. "Your father's dead."

Good Aim!



WHEN AN ENGLISH PASTOR, whose education had been limited, yet whose ministry had brought marked results, was asked the secret of his power, he answered modestly: "Many of my brother parsons aim at the head and miss. I always aim at the third button of the waistcoat."

—JOHN DOBINA



GRIN AND SHARE IT

DRAMA CRITIC Alexander Woollcott was a seasoned practical joker.

On one occasion he asked Playwright Moss Hart to drive him to Newark, New Jersey, where he had to deliver a lecture. Hart consented, but asked two small favors in return—that he be permitted to sit on the platform and that Woollcott point him out to the audience. Woollcott approved the conditions.

At the lecture hall the two were the only occupants of the platform. Woollcott plunged into his speech and Hart, seated behind him, waited patiently for the plug. But Woollcott spoke on for an hour and did not mention his name.

Finally he reached the end. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," he said, turning around and pointing at Hart, "will someone please tell me just who is this silly-looking young man?"

With that he walked off, leaving Hart undecided as whether to commit suicide or murder. —E. E. EDGAR

A HOLLYWOOD producer hesitated at offering a once-famous movie actress a part in his newest picture.

"Darling," he said to the woman, "you may not want to play this role. It calls for a lovely but immoral woman who runs from the arms of one man to another . . . a woman who lies and cheats . . . a woman engulfed in reckless passion . . . a real witch. . . . Tell me, how do you feel about it?"

"Feel about it?" the actress sighed. "It's the first decent part I've had offered to me in years!" —HY GARDNER
—*New York Herald Tribune*

OUR CHURCH INCOME was falling rapidly due to the lack of permanent parishioners and an overabundance of non-contributing transients. Our pastor decided to station ushers at the door to suggest to visitors that they leave 25¢ for pew rent.

Unfortunately, the first two ushers to get the job were quite belligerent about it. One of their friends came in at the 10 o'clock service and was vigorously reminded to put his quarter on the table.

"I only came back to get my hat," he protested. "I was at the 8 o'clock Mass and I left it on the seat."

The two waved him in, but he had gone only a few steps when one of them rushed forward, plucked his coat sleeve, and said, "Remember, now, you're only to get your hat—*no praying!*" —*Catholic Digest*

THE MUSEUM VISITOR stopped to examine an ancient piece of lumber.

"That piece was found in the ruins of a Roman building," the museum curator said, "and it is believed to be at least 2,000 years old."

"What are its dimensions?" the visitor asked.

The curator replied, "I believe it's a II-by-IV." —*Wall Street Journal*

THE FOREMAN of a city work crew which had just finished laying a large stretch of sidewalk in Hamilton, Ontario, noticed a woman approaching with a small boy. "Watch the little boy, lady," he called. "Don't let him walk through the cement."

"All right," called mother, as she picked up her small son, and proceeded to trudge through the fresh mix herself. —*Maclean's Magazine*

IN HOUSTON, TEXAS, a young lady walked into a shoe store and tried on several pairs of party slippers. Finally, coming upon one pair with extremely narrow toes and unbelievably slender heels of matchstick size, she commented:

"These are the silliest things I ever saw."

The salesman returned them to their box.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Putting them away."

"Don't be ridiculous," she said. "I'm buying them!" —*The Houston Post*

A FELLOW BATTLED for hours to land an enormous trout. When it was eventually landed, the awe-stricken onlookers babbled their amazement at a fish of such gigantic proportions, but the fisherman did not appear to share their excitement. He stared at the monster gloomily, then turned and asked for assistance.

"Give me a hand to push it back in again," he begged. "It's a lie."

—AREJAS VITKAUSKAS

WANTING TO BORROW some money to make a six-month tour of Europe, a man went to the bank where he had done business for years. The bank refused the loan.

He went to another bank and obtained the loan without any difficulty. Then he bought a five-pound redfish, had it wrapped, and put it in his safety deposit box at the first bank as he joyfully left town for six months. —*The Houston Post*

THE ALWAYS-VIVACIOUS young woman bounced into the office. "And how are you this lovely morning?" she asked at the desk of a co-worker who'd had a bad night before. He raised his head slowly and looked at her. "What you need," he said sourly, "is a good case of tired blood."

—NEAL O'HARA
McNaught Syndicate

AN EXECUTIVE absolutely would not see salesmen although he did all the buying for his company. When he needed more facts about a product he'd call for a salesman, he often said—but never did.

One day, however, a direct attack by an enterprising salesman with a new and undisguised sales weapon penetrated his defense.

The salesman had a homing pigeon delivered to the executive by Western Union messenger. Tied to the pigeon's leg was a tag which stated:

"If you want to know more about our product, throw our representative out the window!" —B. N. ERICKSON

Why not send your funny story to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.? Please give your source. Payment is made upon publication, and no contributions can be acknowledged or returned.

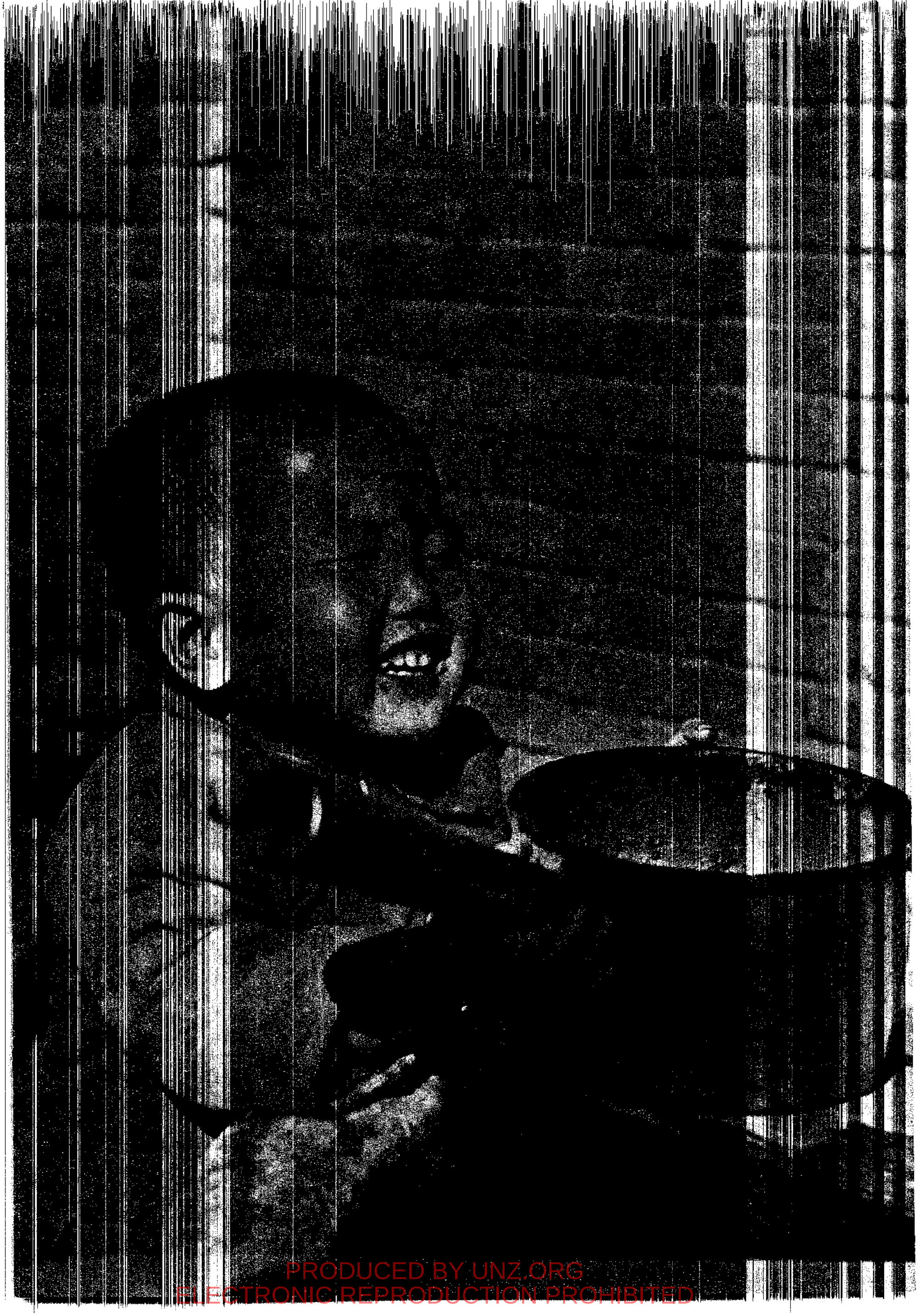
the world's children

Text by Ben Merson

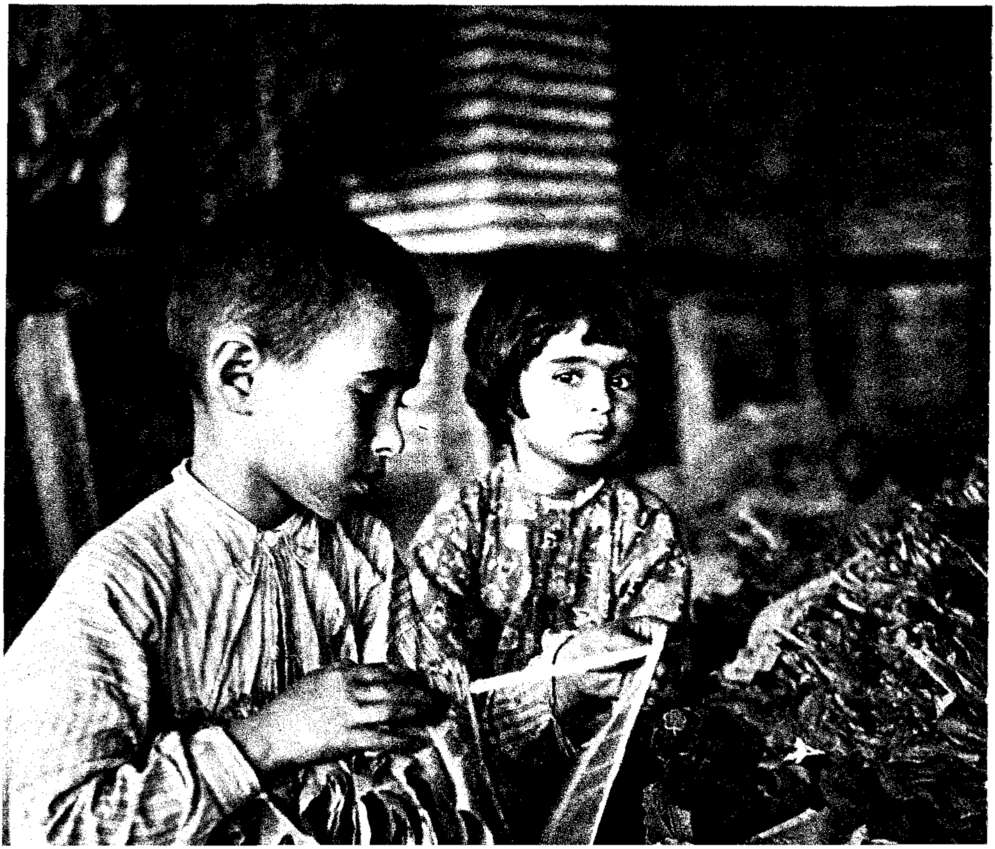
The difference between a child and an adult, says an Oriental proverb, is the difference between the wind and the palm. The wind sings of life unfettered; the tree stands rooted in living. So it has been with children since time immemorial: outwardly earth-bound like the captive palm, inwardly free as the lilting wind. For, as portrayed in these pictures, the spirit of youth everywhere soars on wings of hope and illusion.

The land is ravaged by war. He's lonely, and frightened. He asks his mother for a drink. And from the fullness of her heart she hands him this huge dipper of water. Suddenly he's happy. He knows he's loved.

A young Hungarian freedom fighter walks into battle, faintly afraid,
but his resolve unshaken. Though men perish and their dreams turn to dust, in the eyes of youth the dreams live on.



Outside, the sun beams gayly. But beneath the shed all is greyed in gloom; all but the intent faces of these Iranian children who toil from dawn to dusk stringing spears of tobacco.



His proud parents have dressed this lad in colorful Nordic garb. But like children the world over, his spirit revels in nature, not in the trappings of adult pride.

Two Korean urchins polish a soldier's boots as they chant a ditty they learned from another G.I.:

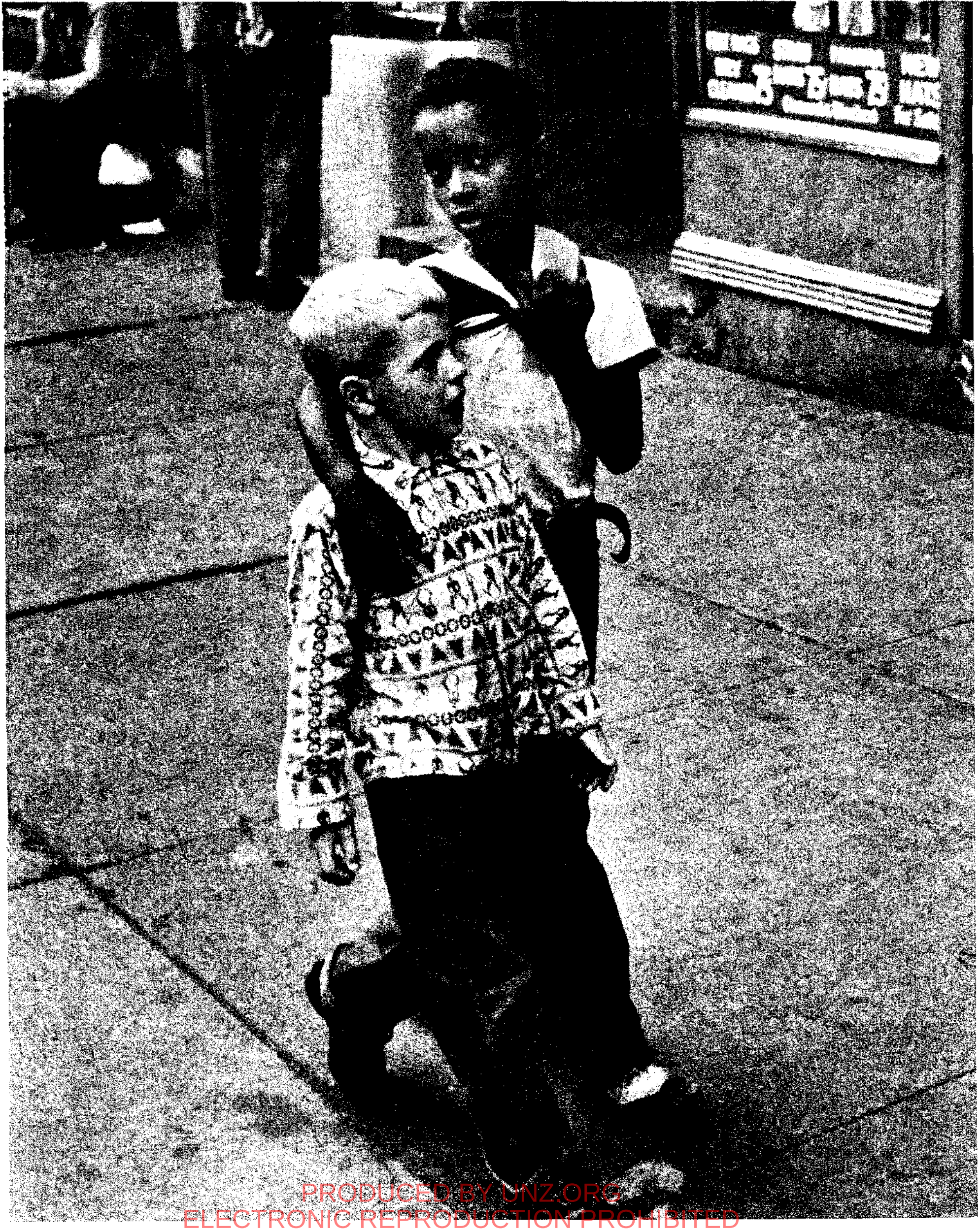
"When a man is wise he needs no boots to elevate his being.
For the soul of a mole on a ten-foot pole is blind for all its seeing...
Got some gum, chum?"

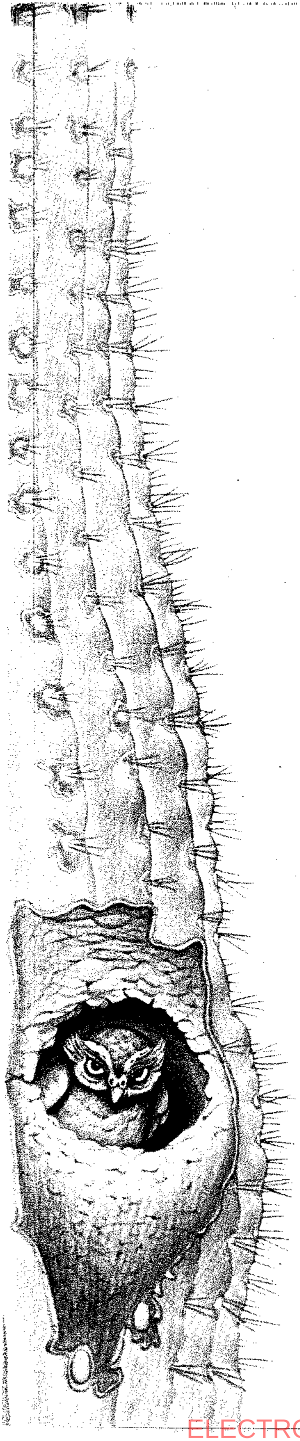
Graceful as a young reed, this little
Balinese girl hums to the
echoing rhythm in her heart as she sways
with the dancers in a village festival.

In the boundless realm of a child's
imagining, the toy soldiers magically become
all the incarnate heroes of
history, immortal on their leaden feet.

their
children as they
a place to play.

Shoulder to shoulder they stroll, in
quiet understanding. For they have not yet learned
the words that make strangers of men. ♛





From microbe to man, all life is bound by chains of mutual dependency. If broken, disaster may strike

Nature's living links

by Peter Farb

SHORTLY AFTER Theodore Roosevelt became President, he had one of his favorite wild lands, the Kaibab Forest in northwestern Arizona, made into a national game preserve. Deer hunting ceased and orders were given to eradicate all animals that preyed on the magnificent herd of 4,000 deer. During the next two decades, more than 6,000 wolves, coyotes, mountain lions and wildcats were trapped or poisoned.

By 1925 the deer population had grown to over 100,000. The food supply quickly became inadequate. Within only two years, more than 60,000 deer died of starvation and disease. Those that survived stripped bare every leaf and bush and bud of new growth in their search for food. Thousands of additional deer died, until their number sank to less than 10,000 sickly beasts. A magnificent forest had become a wasteland. *All this was the result of breaking one link in the living chain of the forest.*

Each living thing on our planet is bound together by strong links of dependency. They are constantly

The saguaro cactus is like a hotel.
And the fussy elf owl will only occupy space hammered out by certain species of woodpeckers.

being forged—in the soil under us, the oceans around us, the very air we breathe. There is no form of life that can survive independently of other forms.

Buffaloes and Grasshoppers

We rarely see the chain of nature until one of the links is broken. That happened in the last century in the Great Plains. In this vast expanse of living things the rich soil produced grass which was cropped by herds of buffaloes, rodents and grasshoppers. This herbivorous population provided food for coyotes, wolves and hawks. Prairie dogs and many insects which burrowed in the soil loosened the earth, restoring its fertility after the hard packing of the buffaloes' hoofs.

In this strong chain of dependency, life was kept in balance. When the grasshopper population, for example, grew out of proportion and destroyed too much grass, the buffaloes were forced to switch to a grasshopper diet, restoring the balance once again. But when man began killing off the buffaloes a vital link was broken. No longer were weeds prevented from entering stands of pure grass. Weakened, the grasses fell prey to insects and rodents, and soon the soil itself was laid bare to winds and water. Some of the most fertile land in the world became deserts.

The Cactus City

Of all the curious links in nature, none is stranger than the way in which animals and plants find homes with each other.

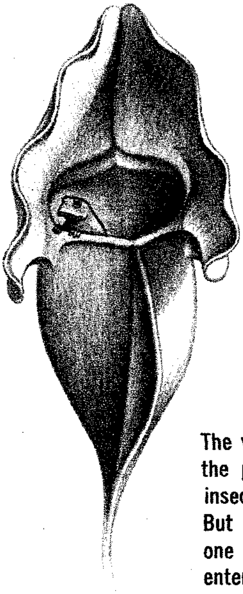
In the bare desert the giant saguaro cactus becomes a city in itself. The thick stem of the saguaro, pleated like an accordion, provides living space for spiders, silverfish and moth larvae. Water, caught in tiny crevices in the stems, provides a breeding place for swarms of protozoa and mosquitoes. A multitude of insects use the fruits, flowers and seeds as food. Woodpeckers puncture the stems with hundreds of holes that are often taken over by other birds, rats, lizards, snakes and scorpions. In fact, there is a tiny elf owl which will live only in holes made in this cactus, but the holes must be drilled by only two species of woodpeckers. The owl will not live in a hole in the saguaro made by any other kind of woodpecker, nor will it nest in another kind of cactus even if the hole has been drilled by one of the favored woodpeckers.

Moths and Mites

Dr. Asher Treat of The City College in New York has recently discovered the extent to which some forms of life will go to find a home in this crowded world. There is one kind of mite which lives only in the ears of a certain moth. There may be dozens of mites living in a single moth, yet they will all occupy only *one* of the moth's ears, leaving the other undisturbed. That way, the moth can still hear the approach of a bat, thus insuring the survival of both the moth and its mite guests.

Parasites and the Pitcher Trap

There is one kind of barnacle that



The water-filled cup of the pitcher plant traps insects and animals. But it's a cozy home for one type of enterprising lizard.

lives only on top of another kind of barnacle which lives only on the skin of whales. Sponges are often living hotels: one washed ashore on a Florida beach sheltered 17,128 animals of 10 different species.

Some seek safety in the very presence of danger, like the mosquitoes and tiny midges which have been found living on spider webs. The most unlikely dwelling for many kinds of life is the pitcher plant which traps insects and small animals in its water-filled cup. Certain mosquitoe larvae, tree toads and even a small lizard have been found living comfortably in pitcher traps. One kind of wasp selects the pitcher as the place to rear her young; but she first constructs a raft of grass fibers to float her eggs on the surface of the liquid trap. A spider spins its web just above the pitcher trap, thus hijacking prey before the plant gets it.

The Empire of Ants

No form of life on the planet has so many guests in strange associations as the ants. There are ants which "shepherd" herds of "cattle" in the form of tiny aphids, mealy bugs and leaf hoppers; others have adopted various kinds of fungi which they grow inside their nests. In fact, an ant nest is a place crowded with many other forms of life. There are about 15,000 species of ants in the world. And over 5,000 different kinds of life have staked their entire existence upon living successfully with them. The camp-followers include spiders who, as a form of self-protection, mimic the ants by holding their extra pair of legs high over their heads like antennae.

Arctic Staff of Life

Inanimate forms of life also are linked in the chain of nature. The most common example is that of the lichens, which can be seen as green crusty growths on bare rocks. Each lichen is made up of a microscopic fungus and a microscopic alga which together form a new being—the only form of life able to colonize bare rocks. The fungus partner takes minerals from the rocks by excreting acids, and the green alga is able to manufacture the minerals into plant food by photosynthesis.

Like a pebble dropped into a lake, this strange partnership sends out waves influencing other forms of life. For example, the reindeer moss of the Arctic tundra is not moss at all but rather a very large lichen, the only form of plant that can grow copiously in the inhospitable Arctic. These lichens furnish the main food supply for the caribou herds, and the caribou support the wolf predators. A study of Arctic life would show many birds, insects and rodents all linked to the existence of reindeer moss—the staff of life of the Arctic.

The Plover Bird

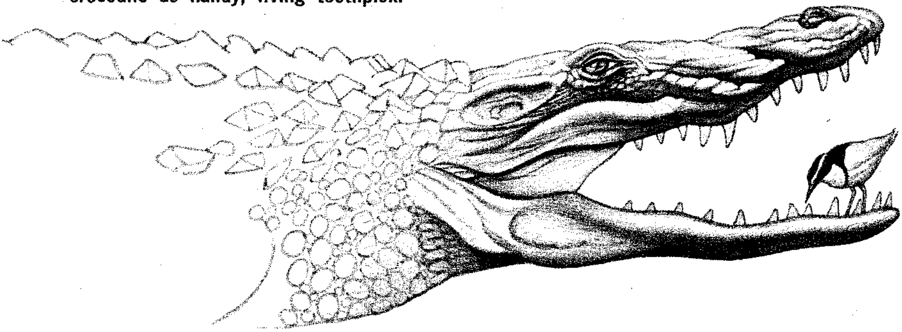
Many birds around the world have formed symbiotic relationships with grazing animals, such as the cowbirds and buffaloes in this country, the oxpecker and the African rhinoceros, the heron and the Indian elephant. In most cases, the animals allow the birds to clamber over their backs and hunt for insects. In return, the animals are rid of bothersome insect pests and the birds serve as watchmen, alerting the beasts to the approach of danger. Similarly, a plover has joined up with a crocodile: this bird picks bits of food lodged in the giant reptile's teeth, even entering into the crocodile's jaws to perform its dentistry.

Bark Beetles

As we watch prices change on food items, we seldom stop to think that often such price changes are the results of droughts or other breaks in the chain of nature. And we are linked to nature in more subtle ways, as can be seen by what happened in a Colorado forest a few years ago. This forest was a well-balanced community of life: the spruce trees grew high, the bark beetles attacked the older and weaker trees, a host of other insects and microbes broke down the skeletons of dead spruces and converted them into humus to grow more trees. The beetles were kept within limits because they were preyed upon by woodpeckers. In this forest were mammals, snakes, rodents, birds, each one forming a link in the living forest.

But a mere windstorm changed all that. It toppled many of the spruces, thus providing a sudden

In exchange for his meals, the tiny plover serves the giant crocodile as handy, living toothpick.



food supply of wood for the beetles. Their population exploded into multitudes and the woodpeckers were unable to cope with them. The beetles became so numerous that they were even able to attack healthy trees, providing even more breeding grounds for more beetles to attack more healthy trees. Finally, the rotting logs were ignited by lightning and fire burned off the remaining vegetation which had protected the soil.

But the chain of life had been snapped completely—the eroded soil could no longer hold back rain water, and sudden cloudbursts sent floods rushing across denuded land, inundating towns and cities in the valleys below. Ultimately, it was man who felt the final reverberations of this windstorm which occurred years before.

Mankind is directly involved in the acts of nature as well as in the acts of the woodsman's axe. We are part of the chain of life—a chain which cannot be broken without dire effects. The universe echoes with a twig's snap.

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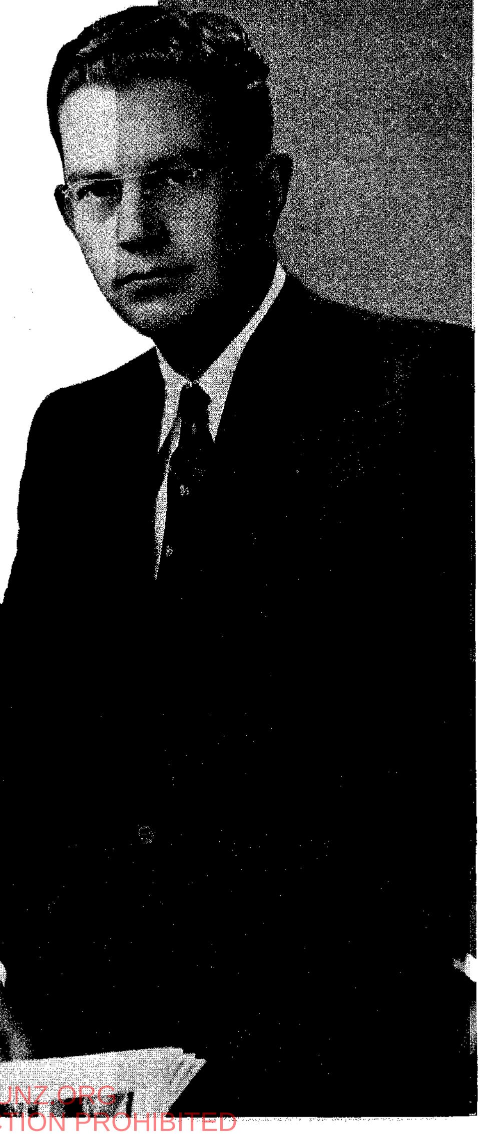
Ernest Vandiver

Governor, STATE OF GEORGIA



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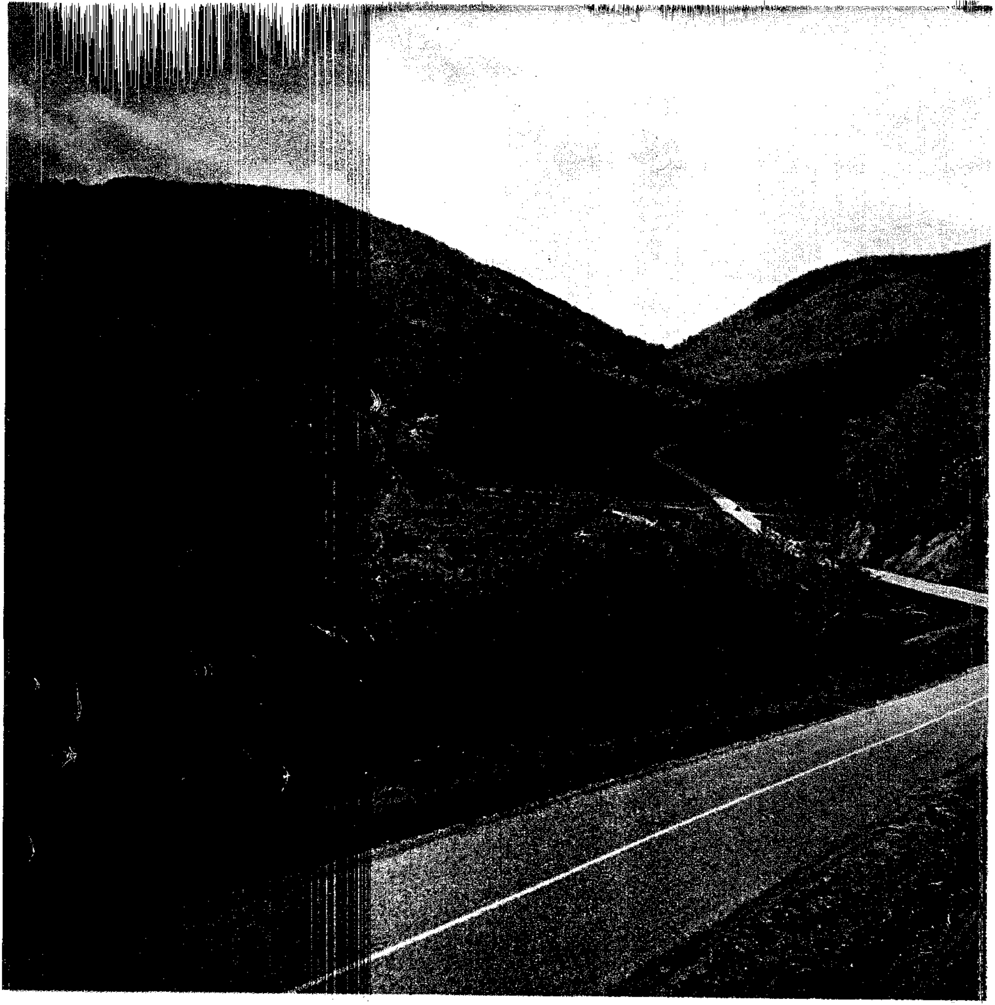

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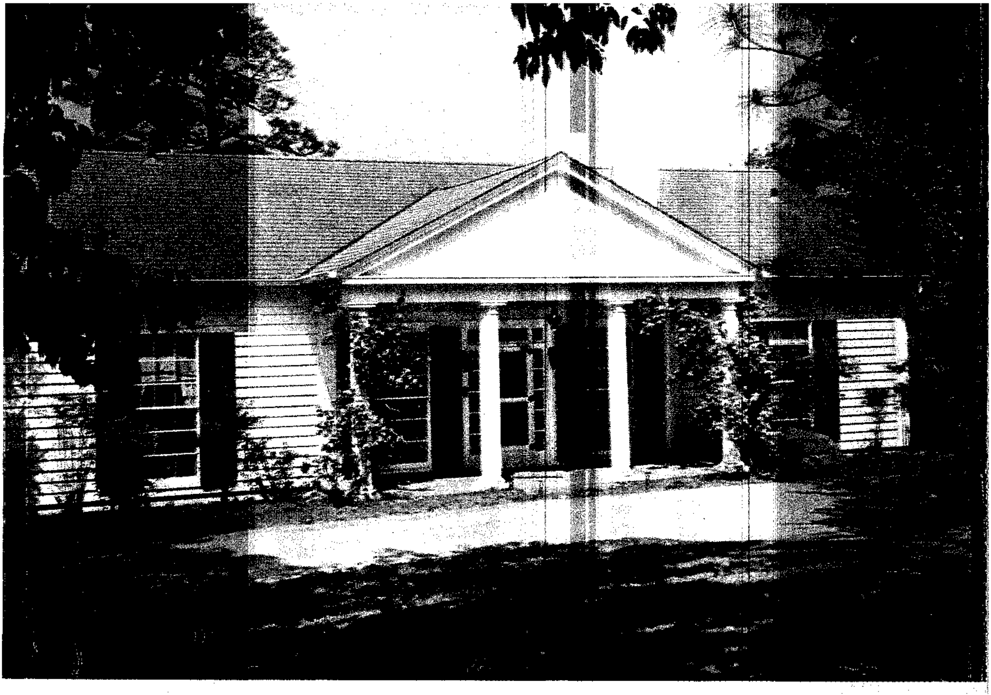
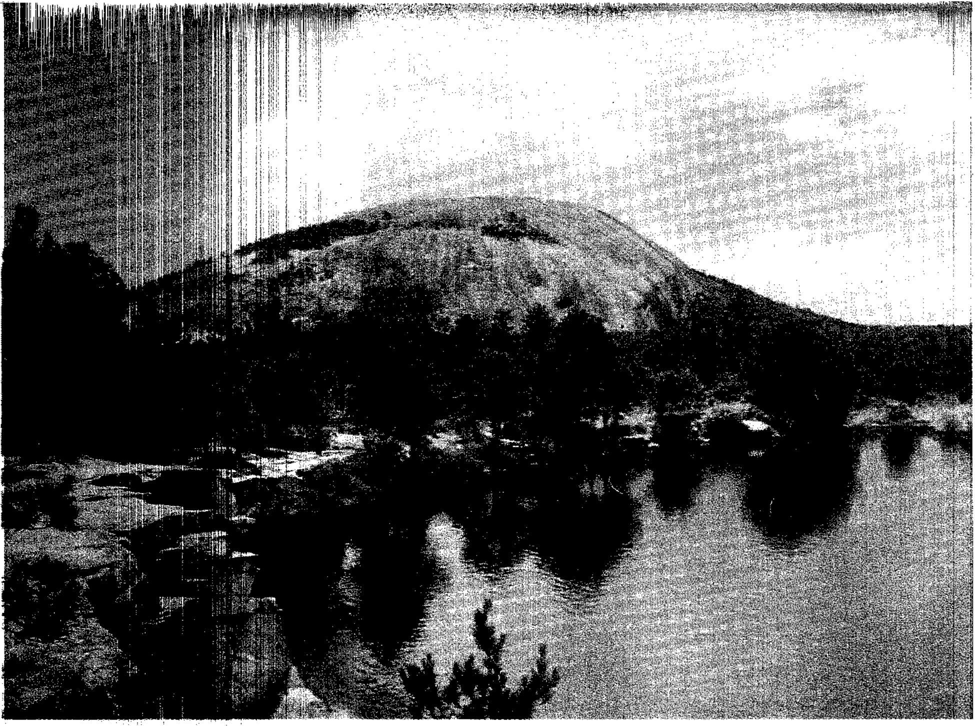


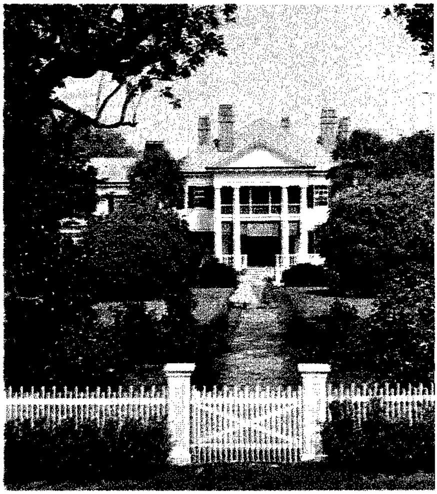
THE LITTLE WHITE HOUSE—Franklin D. Roosevelt's national shrine at Warm Springs.

AUGUSTA NATIONAL GOLF COURSE—President Eisenhower's Georgia retreat.



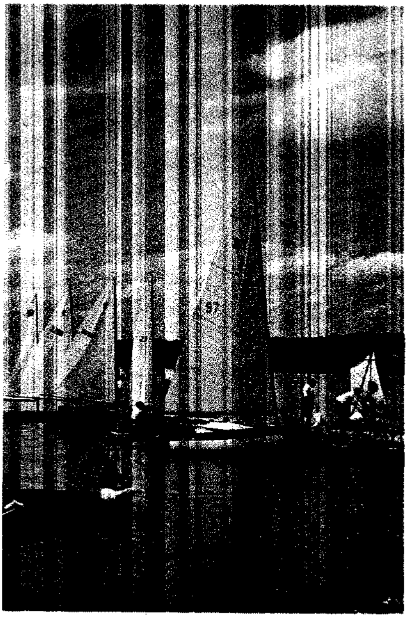
WORLD-RENOWNED STONE MOUNTAIN—largest solid body of exposed granite in the world, rising 800 feet over the surrounding terrain and bearing a massive, incomplete carving of Confederate leaders on its steeper side. Plans are now underway to make it a Confederate Memorial.

CHARM OF THE PRESENT...snowy dogwoods and showy azaleas make Georgia a showplace in the Spring.



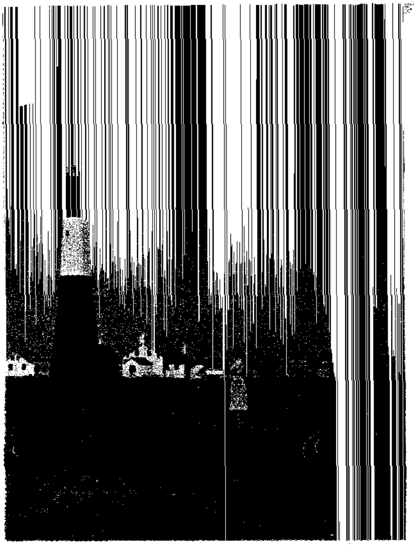
CHARM OF THE PAST...lives on in spacious antebellum houses, many furnished and open to visitors.

GEORGIA is famous for peach blossoms and peaches like these!



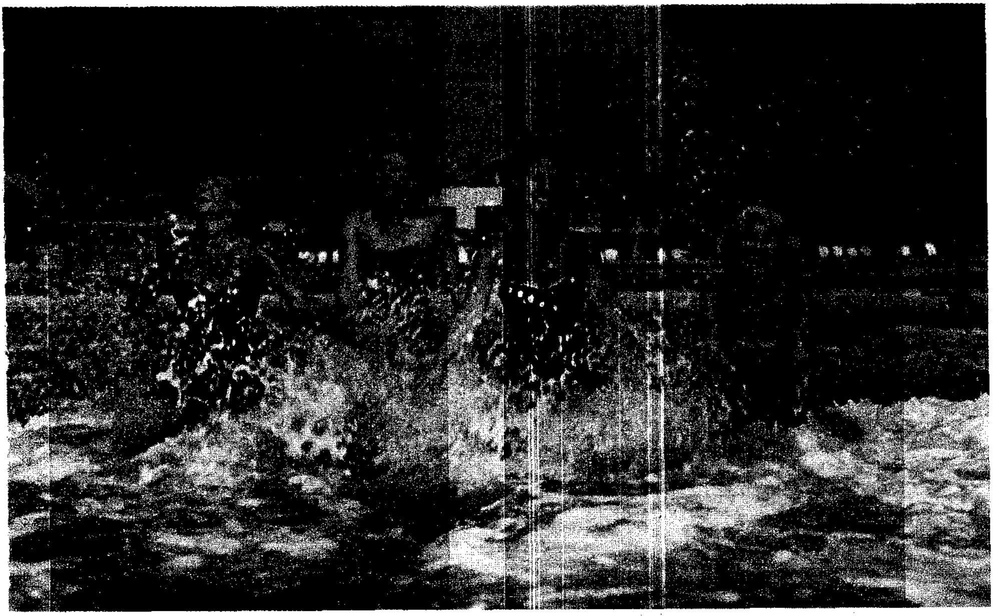
SAILBOATING is a popular sport on Georgia's man-made lakes, including Allatoona and Lake Lanier.

WATER SKIING in Georgia goes on the year 'round, thanks to Georgia's naturally mild climate.



SEE TYBEE LIGHT...famous old lighthouse built in 1753 by Oglethorpe and still guiding ships into Savannah Harbor.

VISIT OLD PIRATE HOUSE and Restaurant where Captain Flint of Treasure Island fame is said to have headquartered.



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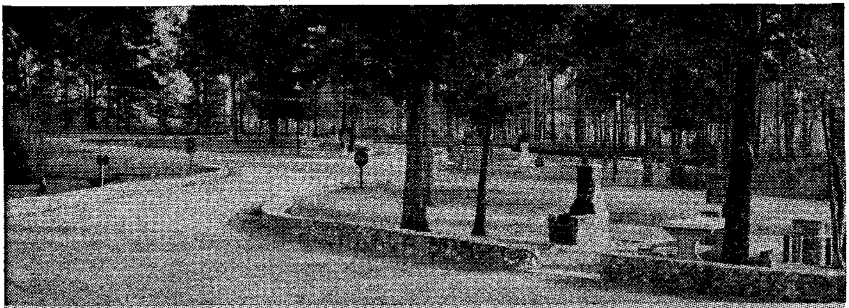

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The truth about YOGA

by Lester and Irene David

Mystic
mumbo jumbo
or a key to health
and happiness?
Here are
the fascinating
facts

In one year, a painfully shy young writer was transformed into a self-assured individual who no longer had to gulp courage from a whisky bottle before he could bring himself to attend a party.

In 18 months, a pretty brunette housewife who couldn't plan a daily meal without her husband's help became a confident mother, able to stand on her own feet.

A businessman conquered his long-standing insomnia, a lawyer his hypochondria, a student his desperate fear of examinations.

These are only some of the case histories we came across during a month-long investigation of this mystical thing called Yoga which is growing in popularity in America.

What is this strange system which conjures up visions of loin-clothed Hindus sitting cross-legged in deep meditation? Is it just a lot of mumbo jumbo from the exotic East which the cocktail set has accepted as its latest fad? Or can it really help people?

Most Americans believe Yoga is some sort of Hindu religion. It is not. Francis Yeats-Brown, British author of *Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and a profound student of the subject, declared: "Yoga sets up no God or gods, neither does it deny the existence of God." It can be practiced by Christian, Jew, Moslem, Buddhist, American, Eskimo or Australian Bushman.

Actually, Yoga is an ancient system of philosophy which was born in India and has a spiritual and mystical basis. It has been called a "science of living." *Yoga* is the name of the method—those who live by it are *Yogis.*

Lifelong Yogis in India *can* perform amazing feats, such as walking barefoot on glowing coals, crunching and swallowing glass, even permitting themselves to be buried alive for days. In 1951, the British medical journal, *The Lancet,* reported the incredible story of Shri Ramdasji, a Yogi priest, who was sealed into an airtight concrete cubicle on a main street in Bombay in full view of 10,000 spectators.

This was on a Wednesday. Exactly 56 hours later, a small hole was bored in the lid and hundreds of gallons of water were poured into the cubicle. Finally, at 8 A.M. on Sunday morning, the lid was removed and the Yogi lifted from the water. After a whiff or two of smelling salts, he stirred, opened his eyes and looked about.

Such stunts demonstrate the fantastic mental control Yogis possess over physical reality. Scientists and doctors have watched Yogis in action, even subjected them to extensive tests; and, while the doctors don't have all the answers, there are a number of logical explanations for the things the Yogis are able to do.

These performances are done after the Yogi enters a state of suspended animation. While in this trance-like condition, marked changes occur in many of his vital bodily processes. His metabolic rate is lowered, his heartbeat becomes fainter, his breathing slows considerably. For example, when doctors at the University of Michigan Medical Center tested a meditating Yogi recently, they found that he could lower his respiration to between four and seven breaths a minute, compared with the normal 15 to 23.

This would explain, at least partially, how the Bombay Yogi could survive in a small, closed cubicle. Breathing very slowly, he was able to get along on the small amount of air which remained when it was sealed. How about the water? Science frankly admits puzzlement. It's either a wonderfully ingenious trick, or Yogi powers have not yet been fully probed.

The deep trance Yogis enter is actually a form of self-hypnosis, doctors explain. In the hypnotic state, subjects feel no pain, even when teeth are pulled. The principle applies here, points out Dr. Melvyn M. Katz, a Long Island clinical psychologist. "Yogis apparently place themselves by auto-suggestion into a hypnotic state in which they are capable of isolating parts of the organism so that they don't feel pain," he says.

"You might say," he goes on, "they can unplug the switchboard in the brain so that pain sensations anywhere in the body are not received at the central station." Thus Yogis don't flinch when they walk over hot coals, drive nails into their palms or mutilate themselves in other ways.

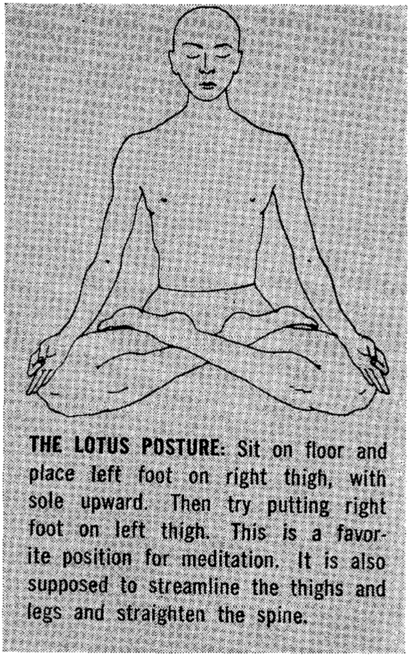
But the basic teaching of Yoga is not the ability to walk unscathed over embers. It is deeply spiritual. Yogis believe that everything around us which we can touch, see, taste, smell and hear—the world of tall office buildings, ICBM missiles and the sack dress—is not the real world at all. The only true one, they believe, lies within man himself.

A nonsensical notion? Perhaps not. After all, we know only what our brain tells us. Knock out a part of the sensory apparatus and—depending on which one it is—we lose the ability to touch, see or smell. If the nerves leading to our awareness chamber in the brain are destroyed, what are we aware of, actually?

The heart of the Yoga system is to separate man from this "false" existence of his senses so that he can rejoin the "real" world in his own being. When the Yogi is able to accomplish this, he attains a state of pure ecstasy because he believes that then, at last, his soul is brought into perfect harmony with what he terms the "essence of God."

To bring about this separation and achieve the union he seeks, the Yogi, by intense concentration sees nothing, feels nothing, responds to no outside stimuli. He is, truly, out of this world.

The Yogi reaches his ultimate goal through incredibly rigorous mental and physical discipline, which includes a series of unique postures and breathing exercises. The postures are aimed at keeping the body in trim, and at training it to the point where it won't interfere with the individual's ability to concentrate. The Yogi believes if he can control his breathing, he can achieve mastery over all parts of his organism, including his nervous system.


THE LOTUS POSTURE: Sit on floor and place left foot on right thigh, with sole upward. Then try putting right foot on left thigh. This is a favorite position for meditation. It is also supposed to streamline the thighs and legs and straighten the spine.

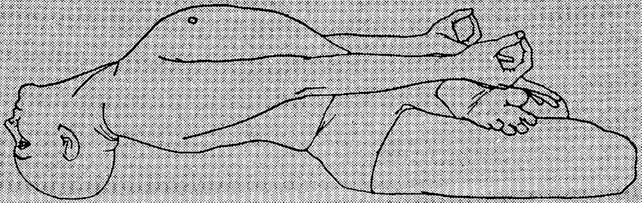
Often, it takes a lifetime to progress through the various phases of Yoga and attain the ideal. Of course, few students among the new converts make the top grade or even want to. But the point is that they can get benefits from the early and intermediate training of the body and mind which Yoga provides.

Here's why: The exercises tone up the system, the breathing relaxes it. If an individual can control his body, he can concentrate better on matters at hand. If he has peace of mind, he works far more ably. And perhaps most important of all—Yoga instills confidence in self. Thus if a man *believes* he is capable, he will *be* a good deal more capable. In this way, Yoga functions as nothing more or less than a form of psychotherapy, imparting feelings of adequacy in fearful persons.

How, exactly, can Yoga help a man and a woman? What, specifically, does it promise?

Many who study Yoga agree that it can bring peace of mind. An attorney gave us this endorsement: "I was so tense I felt stiff as a board almost constantly. My nerves jangled so loud I could practically hear them. After a few months of this (Yoga) I could tackle problems without tightening up all over. And I could handle them better."

Staying young is one of the prime aims of Yoga. A large group of ex-



THE FISH POSTURE: Assume Lotus Posture. Bend backwards, with support of elbows, until weight of body is supported by top of skull. Breathe slowly, steadily, retaining breath for two or three seconds. Supposedly benefits kidneys, neck and trunk muscles and the spine.

ercises focuses on the spine. Explains Yogi Gupta, founder of the Yoga Foundation of America: "A man is never old if his spine stays flexible." Yogi Gupta tells of a Himalayan Yogi who works an average of 15 hours a day, has a clear, strong voice and youthful vigor. Several years ago, he passed the century mark.

The claim that Yoga can help insomnia is based on this reasoning: Keyed-up people can't sleep because they remain tense long past the retiring hour. Yoga teaches relaxed but confident performance during the day, whether at home, in the shop, office or factory. Thus, when the day ends, the human motor can shut off gently and evenly. Sleep comes more easily.

Professor S. Majumdar, director of the Yoga Institute in New York, tells of one student, a 40-year-old businessman, who had unsuccessfully undergone psychiatric treatment for his insomnia. After a short time with Yoga, he was sleeping without pills—for the first time in four years.

Yoga can also help intensify your powers of concentration. Miss L. Bastien, founder of the Indian Cultural Center in New York, asserts: "It's astounding how much time Americans waste in performing jobs because they cannot focus long or hard enough on the task at hand. Yoga teaching enables one to resist distractions and concentrate until the job is done. That way, it gets done faster and better."

Want to try a Yoga exercise intended to improve the ability to concentrate? Here is one suggested by Yogi Gupta:

Light a candle, place it on a table and move from six to ten feet away. Sit or stand, but make certain that the flame is on a level with your eyes. Half-close your eyes and fix your gaze intently on the upper part of the flame.

Concentrate your mind on nothing but the tip of fire before you. If other thoughts enter your mind, don't wrestle with them or try to drive them away. Ignore them, and you'll find they will vanish. Writes Yogi Gupta: "Concentrate until the mind is well absorbed with the object of concentration. It helps to calm down the emotions and it clarifies ideas." For women beginners:

Do the exercise for two minutes at a time, once a day. At the end of a month, increase the time to four minutes. After another month, go up to five minutes. Men should begin with five minutes at a time, increasing it to seven minutes at the end of a month.

Can Yoga help improve marital relationships? With greater self-mastery, points out Miss Bastien, people acquire more equilibrium, more poise and greater control over their emotions — especially anger and irritability. Thus there are fewer marital quarrels and a deeper happiness. She tells of one wife-beating husband whose temper tantrums were eliminated through Yoga, to the relief of his wife.

How about sexual relationships? Professor Majumdar states: "Yoga can help overcome frustrations and inhibitions which bring about incompatibility in this area. The result would be an intelligent, natural approach to sex."

While Yogi instructors declined to comment on the point, it is clear that the detachment which Yoga training can give a man could be of great value in preventing premature climax—often a cause of sexual maladjustment in marriage. It is therefore logical to assume that self-mastery can go a long way toward helping husbands overcome this vital problem and thus attain a far happier marriage relationship.

Incidentally, there are several Yoga exercises which are supposed to tone up the sex glands. Higher forms of Yoga call for a strong degree of sexual control. Some groups even practice abstinence.

What are Yoga exercises like? They're nothing like the ones you learned in school or in the army. As you will see in studying the previous drawings, Yoga exercises are not calisthenics at all, but postures. The body is twisted and turned into a variety of shapes, some simple, some complex. Each is supposed to stimulate a special part of the body.

How long does it take to get benefits from Yoga? Instructors claim the majority of pupils can obtain results within three or four months of weekly lessons. The sessions are given individually or in groups. Fees, on the average, are from $8 to $10 for private lessons, and $3 to $5 for group instruction. To be safe, it's a good idea to check with your doctor before undertaking any rigorous exercises.

An age-old philosophy from the mystic East has taken firm root in 1959 America. We may look skeptically at the fantastic claims of its adherents, but we cannot dispute this fact which stands out with crystal clarity: it is helping people in their day-to-day living. And looking closely at the Yoga system, we can find some common-sense explanations of why and how.

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Hiding under a fake
cloak of "Americanism" and
"Christianity," bigots peddle
their poison—for profit.
Here's how they can be
unmasked—and defeated

HOW TO FIGHT HATE MERCHANTS

by William Peters

DYNAMITE DESTROYED A JEWISH TEMPLE in Atlanta, Georgia, early one morning last October. The police investigation turned up stacks of anti-Semitic and anti-Negro hate literature—the real dynamite that destroyed the temple.

About the same time, a student at San Francisco State College found stuck in a school reference book the first of what was to become a flood of anti-Jewish leaflets.

Not long before, a printed handbill was passed out by the White Citizens Council at a meeting in Montgomery, Alabama. It read, in part: "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary to abolish the Negro race, proper methods should be used. Among these are guns, bows and arrows, slingshots and knives."

These recent events have one thing in common: the preaching of hatred against racial or religious minority groups. All are part of a growing problem in the U.S.

The U.S. Post Office and Justice Departments in Washington estimate that the number of complaints about distribution of hate literature has risen 400 percent from five years ago. According to Malcolm Anderson, Assistant Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's Criminal Division, the increase dates from 1954, shortly after the U.S. Supreme Court's school desegregation decision. "My own thought," Anderson says, "is that when respected members of various communities began saying the Court's decision didn't have to be obeyed, it encouraged this screwball type of activity."

Hate publishers take advantage of almost any community controversy to inject their poisons. For example, the anti-Semite, hoping to tie in with the racial crisis in the South, floods Southern cities and towns with posters depicting a lynching and carrying the words: "DEATH! to the Traitors. It's time for an old-fashioned American Justice. Communism and Race-Mixing are JEWISH." This particular handbill is the product of F. Allen Mann, of Hinsdale, Illinois, who hides behind the name, "Christian Patriots Crusade."

Thus, too, the anti-Negro pamphleteer tries to rope in Northern anti-Semites by harping on the theme that Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter is a Jew and that school desegregation is therefore part of a Jewish plot.

Most authorities put the number of regularly published "hate-sheets" in the country at between 30 and 40. There are also hundreds of one-shot handbills, leaflets, letters and even books with the primary aim of inflaming Americans against minority groups and—not so incidentally—bringing a financial return to their authors.

Hate literature might also include some Southern daily and weekly newspapers which, continuously since the 1954 Supreme Court decision, have pounded away in editorial and news columns at the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Supreme Court, Negro leaders and Southern white desegregationists. Also to be noted are the products of propagandists like Joseph Kamp. His pamphlets attacking union leader Walter Reuther were widely distributed in California during last fall's election campaign.

Nearly all of the purveyors of hate literature of former generations are today out of business. But some persist from one decade to the next. With rare exceptions, these are the cynical salesmen of hate; the men who, whatever they privately believe, are in business for money; the men who shrewdly tailor their messages to the temper of the times.

To see how the authors of hate literature pattern their output to feed on community conflicts, it is necessary only to look at what happened in the busy little city of Rahway, New Jersey, 20 miles from New York. The story began one morning last August when James F. Roosevelt, the young City Administrator of Rahway stepped into his city hall office just as the telephone began ringing. Answering it, he found himself speaking with an irate woman who had just found on her front porch a four-page newspaper called *Common Sense.*

Its headline, she told him, read: "Fluorine—Deadly Rat Poison Added to Drinking Water!" Stamped on a margin were two legends: "RAHWAY WATER IS TREATED WITH

William Peters, a free-lance writer, is author of the forthcoming book, "The Southern Temper," a report on the racial crisis in the South.

FLUORINE," and "TELEPHONE YOUR MAYOR AND YOUR COUNCILMAN." For a moment Roosevelt thought his caller was protesting the city's water fluoridation program. But she quickly set him straight. Reading from other text in the newspaper, she quoted the following:

"The NAACP, Communist-inspired and motivated, has never cared a whit for the betterment of the Negroes; its sole aim and purpose is to stir up race hatred and dissension." "Sherman Adams is not the only Christian politician who is in the pocket of a Jew!"

Roosevelt ordered an investigation which showed that *Common Sense* had been placed on about 1,000 front porches in Rahway. The paper was published in nearby Union, New Jersey, by a notorious anti-Semite named Conde McGinley. McGinley, using the anti-Communist slant, ran his newspaper to attack Jews and Negroes, Zionists, brotherhood, fluoridation, the Republican and Democratic parties and a long list of other targets.

Roosevelt and Rahway citizens acted quickly. Churches, newspapers and civic organizations denounced the hate publication. On August 13, Rahway's City Council passed a resolution denouncing *Common Sense* and calling on the State Legislature to enact laws which would allow municipalities to control and prevent the distribution of "periodicals classified as scurrilous, scandalous, bigoted and intolerant." In November, the Council passed an ordinance that forbade throwing newspapers on porches.

The greatest danger of hate literature is that the uninformed—especially during times of tension—will be taken in by its lies and distortions. This is particularly possible where the hate-monger has cleverly tied his message into a genuine community conflict, as many Northern racists have in the case of the South. John Kasper, the anti-Semitic traveling salesman of segregation who only recently finished a prison sentence for conspiracy to incite a riot at Clinton, Tennessee, has written such tracts as one headed "Nigra is Jew Stooge."

Generally, this new mixture of anti-Semitism and white supremacy attempts to portray the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision as "The right of self-government . . . taken away from a sovereign state because of an erroneous decision made by the Supreme Court . . . under pressure of the Jew-financed NAACP"—to quote the ravings of editor Gerald L. K. Smith of *The Cross and the Flag,* another hate-sheet.

THE QUESTION of legal action against the hate propagandists is a difficult one, since any attempt to legislate against hate literature may well run up against the First Amendment to the Constitution with its guarantee of free speech.

According to Assistant Attorney General Malcolm Anderson, the recent Smith Act cases against Communist Party leaders closely defined what can be said under the free speech provisions of the Constitution without running afoul of the law. "To be punishable," Anderson says, "your words must be intended to incite others to immediate criminal activity of one of three kinds: treason, arson or murder. Most of the hate literature probably falls outside this narrow category. We do have in our files, however, separate pieces of hate literature which, if handed out or mailed together, would probably violate the law. An example would be one piece which advocates death to traitors accompanied by another which singles out specific individuals as traitors. Thus far, though, we know of no case where this punishable combination has been used."

As FOR THE USE of the mails to distribute hate literature, the Post Office Department, which receives and studies hundreds of examples yearly, is similarly bound by existing regulations. The law declares nonmailable any publication of an "indecent" character. According to Herbert B. Warburton, the Department's General Counsel, "The term 'indecent' includes matter of a character tending to incite to arson, murder, or assassination. One of the questions we have to decide," says Warburton, "is whether we should add bombing to this list."

Unless bombing is added to this list, hate-sheets of the kind that led to the dynamiting of the Atlanta temple are lawful. However, it is unlawful for this—or any other—written material to be placed in a mail box without payment of postage, Warburton points out. The fine for such a violation is a maximum of $300. Distributors of hate literature are well aware of this, which is why it is usually left on the front porch.

Because the legal means of dealing with hate literature are limited and—despite current pressures for new legislation—are likely to remain so, citizen action is vital.

There are two basic—and somewhat conflicting—ways to attack hate peddlers. One, based on the assumption that what bigots want is publicity and that giving it to them increases circulation of their warped views, has resulted in the formulation of the "Quarantine Treatment." This involves the use of legal means, where warranted, together with the distribution to key people—such as newspaper editors—of background material about the bigot, his literature or his meeting, with a request that he be denied publicity.

Other organizations, however, believe in broad exposure of the hate merchants.

In the case of most of the regularly published hate-sheets, exposure and denunciation are relatively simple matters. There is, for example, a wealth of readily available material concerning *Common Sense*. In 1954, the House Committee on Un-American Activities publicly labeled the publication as containing "some of the most vitriolic hate propaganda ever to come to the attention of the Committee." Almost every community-relations organization is likely to have a bulging file on such publications, and they know best how to fight them.

In Omaha, Nebraska, for example, a newspaper announcement that a Christian was to speak before a Jewish group was often followed by an anonymous letter warning the speaker of the dangers of mingling with such a group. Enclosed with the letter was usually a clipping from a hate publication. The writer of these anonymous letters was revealed by investigation to be a woman with respectable positions in several church groups. From that time on, recipients of these letters were advised to telephone the woman and notify her that her letter was most unwelcome. The "anonymous" letters stopped.

When hate-mongers began leaving anti-Semitic leaflets in the pages of reference books at San Francisco State College, the student newspaper reacted by publishing letters condemning the act and the leaflets.

In Union, New Jersey, which periodically has received wide-scale distribution of *Common Sense,* one Lutheran minister felt that the greatest danger of acceptance of the propaganda was by young people. Therefore, he had his church's youth group study several issues of the publication and pick them apart for misleading statements, half-truths and outright lies. The result was a group which not only understood the dangers of hate literature but saw for itself how it was constructed.

Last October, after the Greater Providence area was flooded with hate literature, Dennis Roberts, at that time Rhode Island's Governor, countered by proclaiming an "Emergency Brotherhood Week" to reaffirm the state's belief in racial and religious freedom. When a large number of Catholics in Appleton, Wisconsin, received an anti-Semitic publication bearing the imprint of a group calling itself "Advocates of Our Lady," the material was promptly denounced in the diocesan newspaper *Register.*

But exposure must be coupled with action. When the now-defunct anti-Semitic *Gentile News* made its first mass appearance on Chicago's North Shore, a group of citizens countered with a well-advertised mass-meeting at a centrally-located high school. The meeting to expose the hate-sheet and its owner drew an audience of more than 1,000 busy suburbanites. Weeks later, the temple of a large Jewish congregation was desecrated by swastika-scribbling vandals, and a second mass-meeting was held.

From these two meetings and the recognition that no permanent organization existed on the North Shore to combat the apparently growing racial and religious tensions, came a new organization, the North Shore Human Relations Committee.

It has kept the community alert to ideals of tolerance and fair play; has successfully worked to open hospitals in the area to Negro patients, employees and physicians; aided non-white businessmen and families to integrate into the community. The flooding of the North Shore communities with hate literature has never been repeated in the dozen years of the Committee's existence.

While no single plan can deal with every incident of distribution of hate literature, here are some steps which are generally applicable:

- Include in the police training course in your community a brief section on hate literature and its distributors, giving your police the information they need in case the hate merchants come to your town.

- Investigate the possibility of a local ordinance requiring door-to-door distributors of literature to register with the municipal clerk.
- Work to build up good human relations in the community by supporting existing community relations organizations or organizing one where none exists.
- Save all of the evidence, including the envelope, if any, and make it available to the FBI, local police, postal authorities, and your community relations groups.
- If the distribution has been small, concentrate on counteracting it within the small group of recipients. If it has reached a large segment of the community, enlist the aid of local ministers, veterans and service organizations, newspapers, radio and television.
- In exposing hate literature, concentrate on the background and record of the author; utilize previous denunciations by respected organizations; avoid reprinting the hate statements, referring to them where possible in general terms.

Above all, don't allow your concern to convince you or others that the dangers are larger than they really are. If people believe that they are surrounded by violent racists, many will be afraid to speak up against them. This, in essence, is one of the aims of the active segregationists in the South, and they have, in some areas, convinced the people that they represent a majority. But they do not.

The vast majority of Americans are citizens of good will and decent instincts. Again and again, they have demonstrated their feelings toward the salesmen of hatred by voting them out of office, ostracizing them in business, isolating them from community activities. Given the facts in the right way at the proper time, Americans will reject the peddlers of today's hate literature as they have those of the past.

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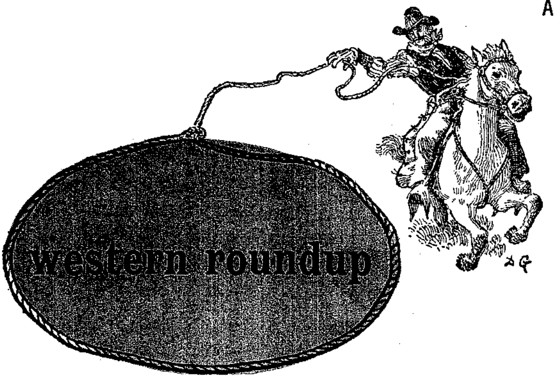
A CORONET QUICK QUIZ



western roundup

Saddle up, pardner, for a ride through the wild and wooly West with Guest Foreman Jack Narz, emcee of CBS-TV's "Top Dollar" (Monday through Friday, 11:30 a.m. EST). Set your sights on the questions below and fire when ready. Check your aim on page 144, Jack says.

1. The Pony Express carried on business for
   a. four years b. 19 months c. a year
2. Gold was discovered at Sutter's Mill, California in
   a. 1879 b. 1848 c. 1849
3. A "yellow-back" was a
   a. cheap novel b. yellow-fever patient c. coward
4. Dr. John (Doc) Holliday's profession was
   a. surgeon b. dentist c. veterinarian
5. The most popular hat of the 1880s was the
   a. Stetson b. derby c. flat-brimmed Mormon
6. The "Lost Dutchman" mine is in
   a. Nevada b. Montana c. Arizona
7. James Butler (Wild Bill) Hickok was shot by
   a. John Wesley Hardin b. Jack McCall c. Clay Allison
8. Dodge City's prosperity was based on
   a. gold and silver b. gambling and sin c. buffalo and cattle
9. The West's famous "hanging judge" was
   a. Isaac Charles Parker b. Roger Brooke Taney c. Roy Bean
10. Black Bart was a
    a. peace officer b. stage bandit c. train robber
11. In 1873, a Colt .44 revolver sold for
    a. $32.50 b. $50 c. $20
12. The first sheriff of Cochise County (Tombstone, Arizona) was
    a. Pat Garret b. Wyatt Earp c. Johnny Behan
13. Buffalo were killed primarily for
    a. meat b. hides c. sport
14. Early frontier dwellings were often constructed of
    a. sod b. brick c. wood
15. Geronimo surrendered in 1884 to
    a. General Crook b. General Custer c. Colonel Mackenzie
16. The first good road to the Far West was the
    a. Oregon Trail b. Santa Fe Trail c. National Pike
17. Jesse James lived in St. Joseph, Missouri under the alias
    a. Robert Ford b. Sam Bass c. Thomas Howard
18. The last territory to join the Union was
    a. Oklahoma b. New Mexico c. Arizona

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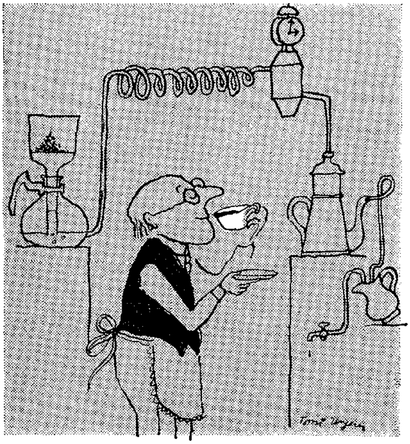


by Paul W. Kearney

the secrets of COFFEE

We drink about 138 billion cups a year—mostly bad—say the experts. But concocting the perfect brew is simple. Here's how

MADAME DU BARRY, capricious favorite of Louis XV, once persuaded the French King to prepare their breakfast coffee himself. But after one sip she flung her cup into the fireplace. "Monsieur," she said scornfully, "your coffee is as insipid as your conversation."

Today, in America, coffee is still a matter of taste. In dollar value, it is our leading food import. (We consume about 57 percent of the world's coffee exports.) Last year coffee was served in 98 percent of American homes and 138 billion cups were consumed.

What *is* a good cup of coffee? The answer not only reflects personal opinion but regional, and even national taste. For example, the coffee Americans drink today is vastly different from the third century Arabian concoction, in which both the leaves and the whole berry of the coffee tree were boiled into a bitter but stimulating beverage. Although for the past 500 years we have limited ourselves to roasting and grinding only the bean, the coffee-making art is still full of variations. And, sad to say, it is becoming a lost art in too many American homes—unnecessarily so.

Generally, Americans prefer a medium-light roasted coffee bean. A darker shade is favored in the South, a lighter shade on the West Coast and a true medium in the East. But the gamut runs from the very lightest "cinnamon roast" to the very dark "Italian roast," in which the beans are burned black. There is the French *café au lait* (half strong coffee, half boiled milk) and the Italian *caffè espresso*—made in a rapid-filtering machine in which finely-pulverized, black-roasted coffee is brewed by steam pressure and served demitasse, strong and black.

Between these types range such unique variations as New Orleans, Irish, Turkish, Russian, Viennese and Australian coffees (to name a few), not to forget the renowned

Café Brûlot of old New Orleans.

Genuine New Orleans coffee is one-third milk, one-third heavy cream and one-third black coffee. In contrast, *Café Brûlot* is a lavish drink involving sugar, whole cloves, a lemon peel, a cinnamon stick, brandy and boiling coffee.

Irish coffee is growing increasingly popular in the U. S. A jigger of Irish whiskey and a lump of sugar are added to a cup of hot, black coffee, then topped off with whipped cream.

For teetotalers, Viennese coffee, long a world-wide favorite, is simply strong, black coffee covered with thick whipped cream. The Russian variety is half coffee, half cocoa.

Authentic Turkish coffee is brewed in a tall, tapering, open-top pot called an *ibrik*. Four tablespoons of powdered sugar are used for each two tablespoons of pulverized, dark-roast coffee. Two cups of cold water are added to this mixture and heated until it froths to the top of the *ibrik*, at which point it is allowed to cool momentarily. This procedure is repeated twice more, then the coffee is served demitasse. Don't drain the cup, however, for a thick residue of mash is left on the bottom which the Turks, Greeks and Arabians, sometimes eat with their fingers.

If it's a meal you want, Australian coffee, or Coffee Foam, is your dish. It's a combination of eggs, milk, sugar and cold coffee stirred briskly with a whisk.

Regardless of what any individual considers a satisfactory cup of coffee, there are certain standards of brewing. Of course, you can deviate from the standard—but to do so intelligently, you should first know what the standard *good* cup of coffee is.

Superb coffee—or atrocious coffee—can be made by every known method or device. Experts in the trade, ranging from high-salaried professional coffee-tasters to scientists who have made endless laboratory experiments, agree that the vacuum method yields the best results—because it is most readily controlled. But you can't make a perfect cup of coffee unless you start with a standard recipe.

For years it has been accepted by most restaurants famous for memorable coffee that you can't get more than 40 to 42 cups of superior brew out of a pound of ground bean. Five years ago, when the average retail price of coffee zoomed over $1.17 a pound, many housewives began to skimp on the quantity they used until surveys revealed that the average "yield" per pound had soared to 65 cups or more! There is far less excuse for this kind of coffee-cheating now that the average price is down to about 75 cents a pound—or less than two cents a cup—yet the bad habit perseveres.

The secret of making good coffee is to extract all the flavor and none of the bitterness from the bean. Coffee beans are ground to facilitate the brewing process. And the finer you grind them, the shorter the contact with boiling water. Thus, while a percolator pumps water over the coffee for six to eight minutes, a vacuum device (using a much finer grind) does the job in approximately three minutes.

But no matter what method you

use, when you vary the amount of coffee or the volume of water, you are deviating from the standard "perfect" result.

The Coffee Brewing Institute, which has probably cooked enough experimental coffee to float a small navy, recommends this simple recipe: use two level measuring-tablespoons of coffee for every six ounces of water (or ¾ of a standard eight-ounce measuring cup).

Naturally, the type of coffee-making equipment you own determines what grind you use: regular grind for percolator; finer for drip; pulverized for vacuum. Many persons don't realize that using less coffee and brewing it longer does not produce the same result. The coffee may be strong enough, but when you brew overtime you are extracting more and more of the bitter caffetannic acid from the bean. Conversely, brewing an excessive amount of coffee for a shorter period is wasteful.

What's the proper thing to do with leftover coffee? Throw it away! To a real coffee-lover, reheated coffee is unfit for a man or beast. Actually, reheating radically changes the basic formula because you steam out the original water content and leave a heavy concentration of bean oil.

While coffee-making tricks vary, the experts agree on one basic rule: follow the formula. Let's say you're preparing ten cups at a time. This calls for 60 ounces of water, so perhaps you'll find it handy to do your measuring with a two-quart pharmaceutical jar marked in ounces on the inside. Since spoon sizes vary as much as cups, many vacuum-packed coffees today come with a standard-sized measurer in the can. This holds exactly two level measuring-tablespoons and is a great stride toward uniformity. An even better trick is to find a container which will hold *exactly* the number of measures needed for your usual batch of coffee.

Finally, some coffee connoisseurs recommend using a timer which rings a bell to clock the three-minute brewing time specified for the vacuum coffee-maker. When that bell rings, take the pot off the fire right away.

Actually coffee is a fruit; the bean we roast and grind is the pit of a cherry which passes from green to deep red as it ripens. Although sometimes pruned shorter to facilitate picking, coffee trees naturally grow 14 to 20 feet tall, bearing delicately fragrant white blossoms. Planted 500 to 800 trees to the acre, they must be hand-picked, since no machine can yet do the job.

Although synonymous with Latin America—especially Brazil—coffee originally came from the Middle East. The whole South American coffee industry stems from a single tree stolen from Louis XV's hothouses in 1723 by a French army officer, who carefully transported it to Martinique. Seedlings and cuttings from this pioneer plant finally reached the South American mainland, now the heart of the industry.

Legend has it that an Arabian herdsman discovered coffee when he noticed that his goats became quite frisky after eating red berries from a strange tree in the highlands. Trying some, he also felt stimulated—as did a monk in a nearby Mohammedan monastery, to whom the discovery was reported. The monk boiled the berries and leaves in water to produce a potion which he named *Qahwah,* "the invigorating." Since wine was prohibited by Mohammed, *Qahwah* soon became popular among the faithful as "the Wine of Araby."

In most countries to which coffee eventually emigrated, it was first used as a medicine. But before long it became a popular beverage in Constantinople, Venice, Paris—even Berlin, despite fierce competition from beer. Indeed, its popularity so disturbed the powerful German brewers that for a time coffee could be roasted there only under a license. (In contrast, the Turks esteemed it so highly that a husband's failure to provide coffee was made grounds for divorce.) The fad even spread to tea-drinking London which, by 1715, was consuming more coffee than any city on earth.

In Venice, Christians sought to have the Vatican ban it as a drink of infidels. French wine-makers fought coffee for obvious reasons, while militant English women, finding themselves "coffee-house widows," published "The Women's Petition Against Coffee." But, in contrast to their British sisters, German women loved the new beverage; the familiar term *kaffeeklatsch* was derisively coined by beer-loving German men to belittle coffee as a woman's drink. Johann Sebastian Bach's *Coffee Cantata* was composed to memorialize this conflict over coffee.

Today, the battle over what constitutes a good cup of coffee continues. A fortune has been spent on crop improvement, better roasting, grinding and packaging, and on more satisfactory brewing techniques. But one factor remains unchanged—the hand of the person making the coffee. Until this hand becomes more skilled, millions of cups will be barely palatable because of careless, slapdash coffee-making methods.

Pleasant Recollection

SOME YEARS AGO, I TOOK my grandmother on a tour of New York's Rockefeller Center. Our young uniformed guide was extraordinarily courteous. Grandmother was somewhat hard of hearing and he saw to it that she was always at the front of the group; he also helped her at elevators and gave her gentle attention throughout the whole tour.

At its conclusion, I called him aside to thank him for his thoughtfulness. At my request, he pencilled his name on the edge of the tour folder I carried. Today an autograph collector would find it interesting. The name written there was Gordon MacRae.

—JOSEPHINE C. WALKER

Mike De La Fuente's brotherhood broadcasts are conquering prejudice on both sides of the Arizona-Mexico boundary

He's making our border brighter

by Keith Monroe

THE TWO MEXICAN *peónes* were timid. They had never entered the U.S. before. As they sidled into the immigration office on the border, they were so ill at ease that they forgot to doff their hats.

A scowling American official knocked the *sombreros* off.

Another young Mexican saw this—and never forgot it. "There were two wrongs," he told the *peónes* later. "You for wearing your hats indoors; the American for knocking them off. Let's never try to even the score when someone offends us. It settles nothing."

The young man was Mario De La Fuente, son of an aristocratic family which had fled into exile in the U.S. in 1914 after supporting the losing candidate in a Mexican national election. Instead of feeling bitter, Mario had made up his mind to be happy in the U.S.

Because he has stuck to that resolution, the state of Arizona and its neighboring Mexican state of Sonora are better neighbors today.

For years, it had been hard for people to forget the Mexican-American War, the border raids of Pancho Villa, the expedition into Mexico by Pershing's troops, and countless smaller grudges. The feuding was particularly bitter in Nogales, a town split by the International Boundary Survey of the 1880s. Nogales, Arizona, and Nogales, Sonora, were really one town—until the high steel fence of the Mexican-American boundary artificially divided it. People who lived in the two Nogales rigidly kept to their own side of the fence, and called those across the way "gringos" or "greasers."

Sometimes, impoverished Mexicans ventured over in search of work in the U.S. They risked being jailed, beaten or killed. In 1940, an Arizona rancher put a bullet through a Mexican ranch worker's head. "I was just having fun with the 'greaser'," he explained in court. "I only meant to scare him." His sentence: five months in jail.

Mexicans believed that in Arizona nobody served more than a year for killing a Mexican. But a Mexican who parked overtime on an Arizona street might be heavily fined. And in Nogales, Mexico, any American who got into trouble with a Mexican traffic cop was taken straight to jail.

Hatred is still visible today in some U.S. states which border on Mexico. But in Nogales, it began to disappear soon after Mario De La Fuente arrived in a battered old Ford.

IN 1928, young Mario had enrolled in the University of Texas, where he naïvely tried out for the college baseball team. But at the very first practice session, the American athletes told him, "We don't want greasers here."

"Then I'll practice with you just for fun," De La Fuente replied mildly.

The squad made sure he didn't have much fun. But by his junior year he had earned his varsity "letter"—the first Mexican to win this distinction in any major Southwest Conference sport. And in his senior year, he was an All-Conference pitcher. His teammates nicknamed him "Mike"—to show that he belonged.

A few years after he finished college, Mike went to Nogales, Sonora, to take a job with the Standard Oil Company of California. Later he decided to work for Mexican-American friendship, and started a program at Nogales' Mexican radio station—XEHF—called *Baseball on the Air.* Mexicans, who love sports, slowly became interested. Some ventured into Arizona for the first time in their lives to watch high school baseball games.

When he became well-known, Mike began talking about more than baseball. He talked of international friendship. "The way to have a friend is to be one," he kept telling his Mexican and American listeners. He became chairman of a new International Relations Committee in the Nogales, Sonora, Planning Board.

After a while, things began to happen. One afternoon a procession of Mexican women, bearing trays of steaming *tamales* and *fréjoles,* passed through the International Gate into Nogales, U.S.A. "We hear your PTA has a food sale tonight," they told a startled American. "We want to donate our food."

Naturally, the PTA was grateful. Mexicans with passports began crossing the border oftener, yet there were no brawls. When Mike De La Fuente announced on XEHF that a March of Dimes campaign was starting on the other side of the fence, hundreds of his listeners went over and contributed dimes. When he said that a Red Cross bloodmobile was parked in Nogales, U.S.A., there was a rush of blood donors from Mexico.

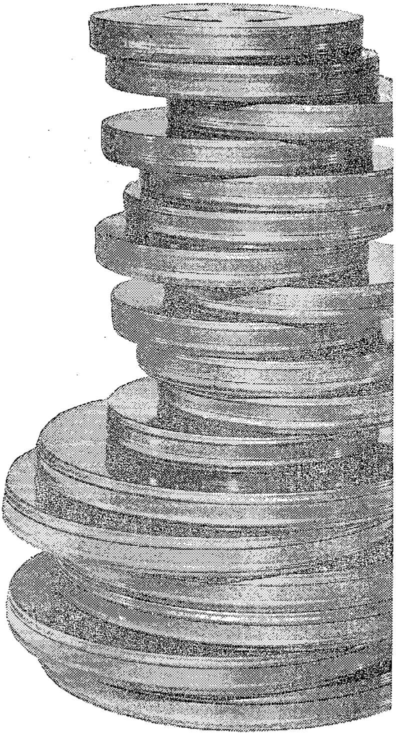
The Americans could not let themselves be outdone. The fire depart-

(*Continued on page 84*)

A powerful new aid

NEW CORONET CHEMISTRY FilmSet

A series of 18 educational films to help teachers clarify fundamental concepts of chemistry.



Experience has proved that chemistry can be taught most effectively by a qualified teacher. Although motion pictures should not attempt to supplant personal teaching, there are many laboratory experiments involving more equipment and time than is usually available to teachers. Also there is a need for relating classroom theory dramatically and visually to the applications of chemistry in a rapidly changing world.

To meet these needs, Coronet Films announces its new *Chemistry FilmSet*—18 basic motion pictures covering the key concepts of chemistry that definitely help chemistry teachers do a better job. These films are not designed as teacher replacements but as teaching tools—to assure accelerated learning and to meet new challenges of the space age.

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Everyone concerned with the teaching of chemistry should see these motion pictures. Without obligation you can get the complete story by using the coupon on the adjoining page!

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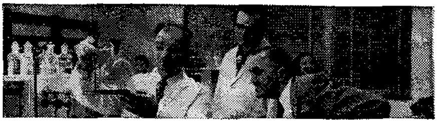

Films in the Chemistry FilmSet:

Coronet Film	Unit of Chemistry
Acids, Bases, and Salts (21 min.)	Acids, Bases, and Salts
Carbon and Its Compounds (11 min.)	Carbon Carbon Compounds Hydrocarbons
The Colloidal State (16 min.)	The Colloidal State
The Halogens (11 min.)	The Halogen Family
Hydrogen (13½ min.)	Hydrogen
Introduction to Chemistry (11 min.)	Introduction to Chemistry
Ionization (18½ min.)	Ionization
Laws of Conservation of Energy and Matter (8 min.)	The Science of Matter and Energy Composition of Matter and Energy
The Laws of Gases (11 min.)	Properties of Gases Gas Laws and Gas Measurements The Atmosphere and Inert Gases
Metals and Non-Metals (11 min.)	Important Non-Metals Metals
Nitric Acid Compounds and the Nitrogen Cycle (18½ min.)	Nitric Acid Nitrogen Compounds
Nitrogen and Ammonia (16 min.)	The Nitrogen Family Ammonia Nitrogen (The Atmosphere)
Oxygen (11 min.)	Oxygen
Properties of Water (11 min.)	Composition of Water and Properties of Liquids
Solutions (16 min.)	Solutions
Sulphur and Its Compounds (11 min.)	Sulphur and Its Compounds
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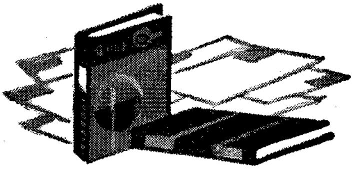
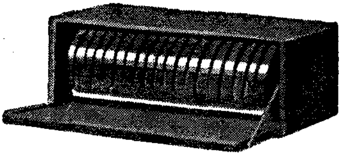
The Coronet Chemistry FilmSet also includes:



At no additional cost, a sturdy steel cabinet to house as many as 24 films; ten guides for each subject to help teachers use the films; correlations of the films to leading textbooks; and a complete booking system to keep a record of reservations and use. For full details, mail the coupon below.



The 18 films in black-and-white are priced within the means of virtually every school system—only $1,270, or in natural color at $2,370. They may be purchased outright—or on a choice of convenient rental-purchase plans, spreading the payments over two, three or four years and bringing the price as low as $280 a year. The cost per student will be nominal, the teaching value inestimable.

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(*Continued from page 81*)

ment on the Arizona side put out a big fire in the Mexican town. American doctors and nurses began crossing over for sick visits, but charged no fees. When a boy named Miguel Medina fell ill with leukemia, dozens of Arizonans went into Sonora offering to give blood. The youngster died—but both nationalities were drawn together in trying to save him.

In Nogales, visits "across the fence" are now part of everyday life. As Mike keeps saying on XEHF (he is now co-owner of the station), "It's fun to be in the other fellow's country when you're there to do him a favor." When Mexican Nogales celebrates its national holidays, American bands come over to join the fiesta. Mexican Army officers as well as entertainers return the compliment on Veterans Day and other occasions.

This Good Neighborly feeling has spread to Phoenix and Tucson, where police now give friendly warning cards, instead of traffic tickets, to autos with Mexican license plates. As Alex Jacome, owner of a Tucson department store, says, "People like De La Fuente are selling Mexicans on us. We better sell Americans on them."

When the Mexican town of Hermosillo wanted advice on installing traffic signals, Tucson businessmen sent traffic expert George Bopp and paid his expenses. Seeing other Mexican towns plagued by sewage disposal, street cleaning and other civic headaches, Arizona committees sent technicians and equipment.

The course of international friendship does not always run smooth. The worst crisis came in 1952, when a Tucson charitable group, the Sportsmen's Fund, sent Mike an invitation for ten underprivileged Mexican boys to spend a week, free, at a camp in Arizona. A wave of suspicion swept Sonora. "Why do they ask our sons to go alone into the United States?" parents demanded. "This may be a plot to kidnap them for farm workers, or force them into the American Army." Not one family let its children enroll.

Not until Mike promised to go with the boys, and personally guaranteed their safety, would anyone sign up. Then there was trouble with the U. S. State Department, which required that each boy have a passport photo and pay a $3 visitor's fee. But Russell Jordan, the U.S. consul in Nogales, Sonora, got on the phone to Washington and persuaded his superiors to waive the fee and photo requirements.

When the boys returned from the U.S. they brought with them an award as "Cleanest Boys in Camp." Every summer since then, Mexican boys have been guests at the camp. Recently Mike put a group of them on XEHF to discuss their experiences. "What was the greatest difference between you and the American boys?" he asked.

"No difference," they answered. "We are all friends together." Along the Arizona-Mexico border, that's the way almost everyone feels nowadays.

EVERY ONE OF US is a self-made man. But only the famous or the rich ones will admit it. —*The Kiwanis Magazine*

HUMAN COMEDY

A NOTORIOUS BANK THIEF was reported driving through Tennessee and every law-man in the state was alerted to be on the lookout for him. One conscientious sheriff decided to stop every car on the highway and cross-examine its occupants. When she was stopped, a stately dowager in a sleek limousine took this amiss and demanded angrily:

"By what authority do you presume to stop this car?"

"By this authority," said the sheriff pulling his badge out of his pocket. Then, taking a look at the badge, he blushed violently and waved the woman on.

His eight-year-old son had switched badges. The badge he had shown was a tin affair marked "Space Ship Patrol." —BETH DELVER

SOME TIME AGO, the Black Hills players presented the Passion Play in our city. Josef Meier and his wife, who had the leads in the play, were guests at the hotel where I am employed.

One morning I remarked to a waitress in the dining room that I was disappointed I had not yet seen our famous guests.

Imagine my embarrassment when a short time later the waitress came hurrying through the lobby calling, "Oh Milly, if you want to see Jesus and Mary, they're in the dining room having breakfast!"

—MILDRED SEMPLE

THERE'S A MAN IN WISCONSIN who thinks he has discovered a true son of Scotland. Offered a lift by a friend one day, he climbed into the car that was parked alongside a parking meter. Some minutes later he noticed his friend made no move to start the car. "What are you waiting for?" he asked. His friend replied, "For the time to run out."

—MRS. HAROLD ALBRIGHT

MY PRECOCIOUS NIECE, age five, loves to fill in blanks in newspapers. Here are some of her responses to a quiz entitled "Which Side?"

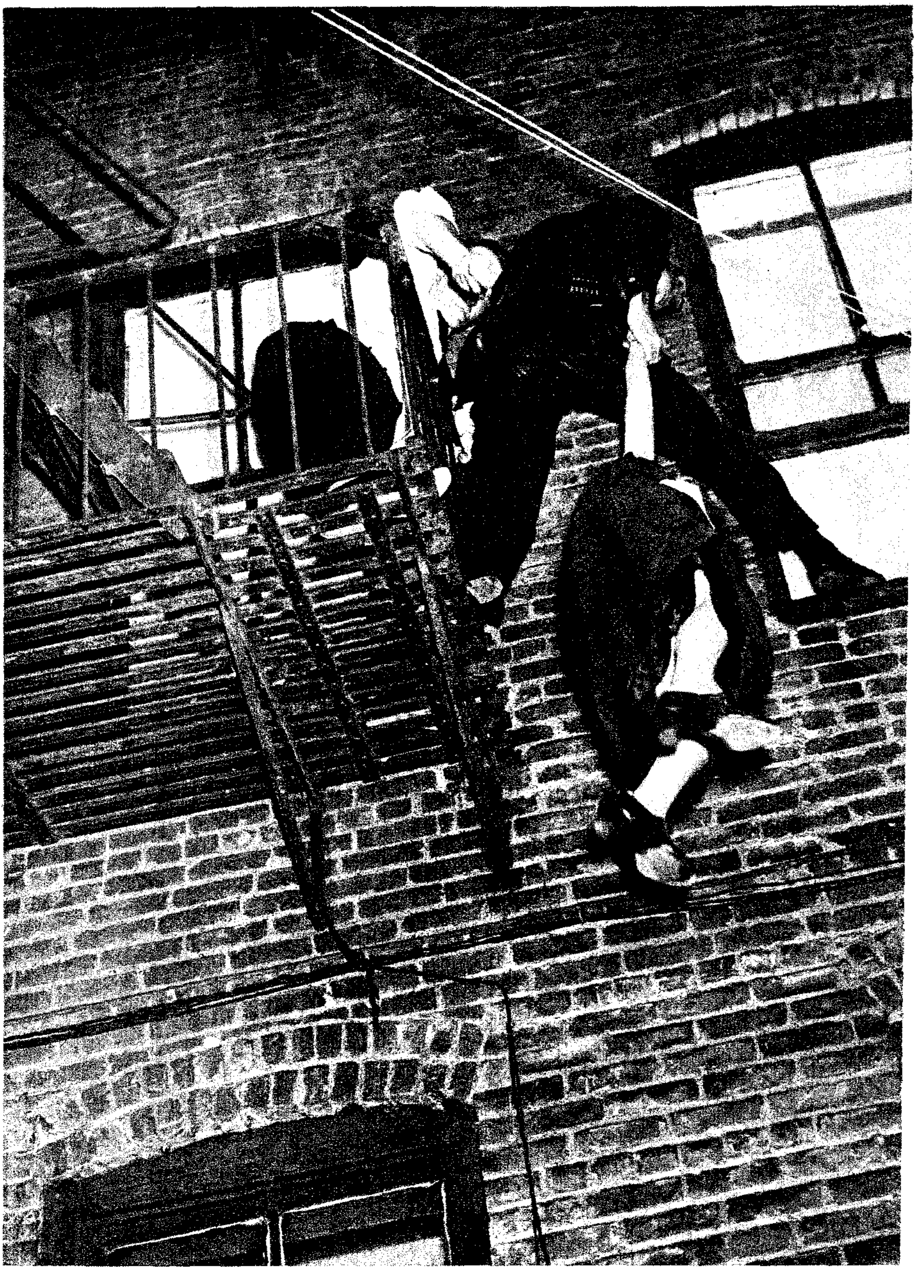
On which side do you mount a horse? *top side*

On which side do you button a man's coat? *out side*

On which side do you milk a cow? *back side*

On which side does a United States driver sit when he drives a car? *in side* —MRS. WILLIAM GRAYBILL

Do you remember any funny original stories in the world of Human Comedy? Send them to: "Human Comedy," Coronet, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. Payment on publication . . . No contributions can be acknowledged or returned.



Coons snapped this picture as patrolman caught leaping woman by the wrist. Such alertness has brought the photographer numerous trophies, cash prizes.

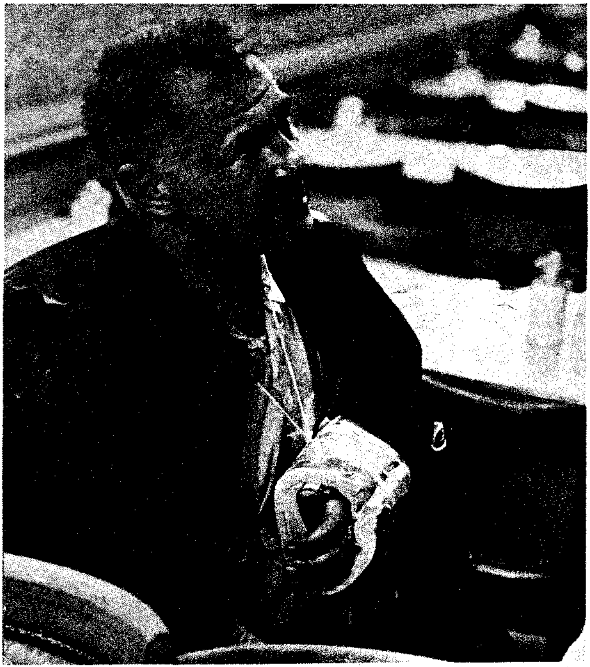
HE "SHOOTS" THE NEWS

Trapped in rush-hour traffic in his New York Mirror radio car, news photographer Barney Coons heard over the police radio that a woman was threatening to leap from a window ledge a few blocks away. By boldly following a police car that jumped the curb and sped up the sidewalk, Coons got to the scene in time to shoot the startling picture at left. With it, he scored a memorable news beat and was also awarded $2,200 in photographic prizes. Such a feat is all in the day's work for Barney Coons, who is typical of the news photographers who serve as "eyes" for millions of American newspaper readers. His photos (set off in colored borders) on the following pages depict the violence, beauty, pathos and passion of everyday life on the streets of New York.

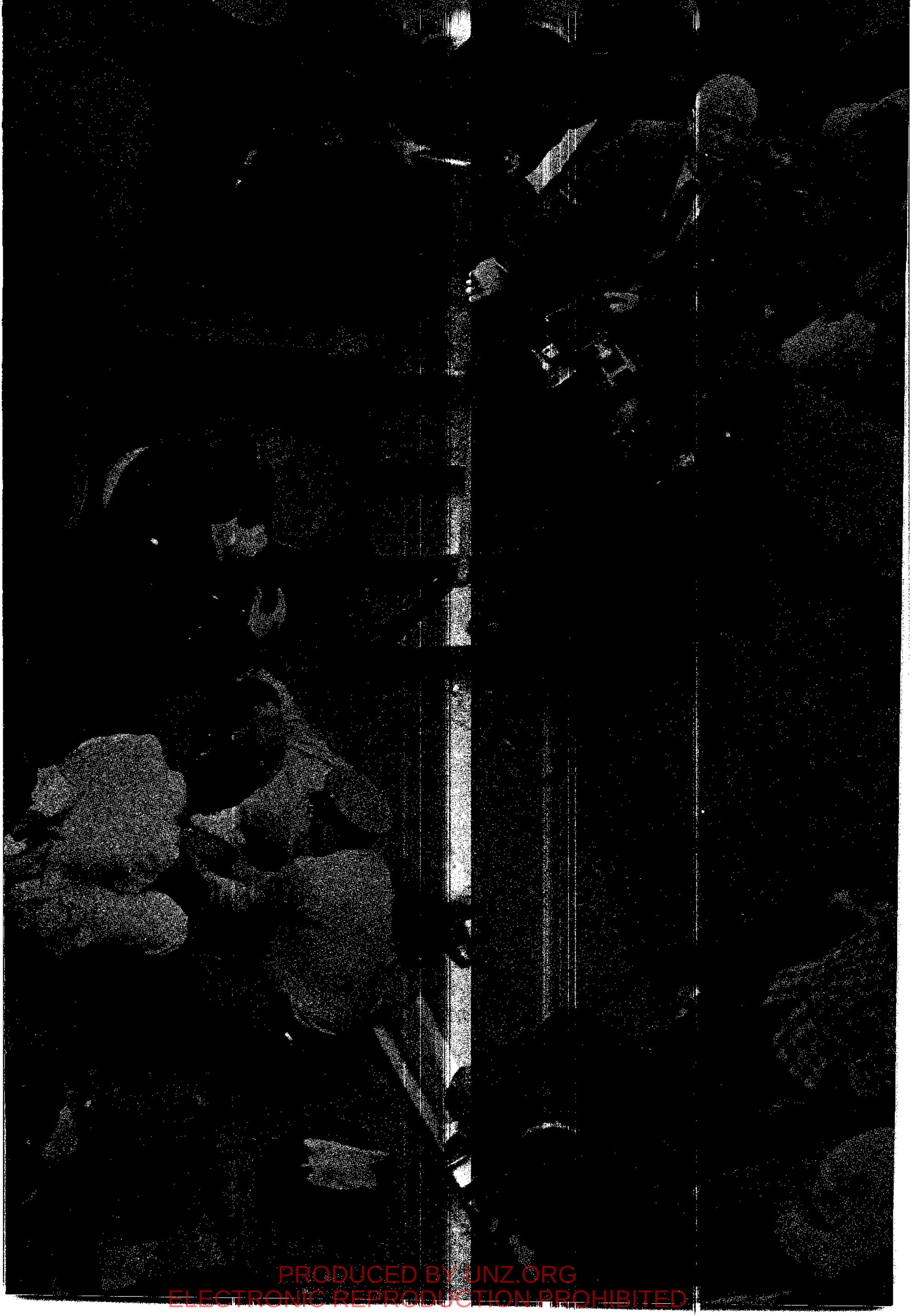
Text by James A. Skardon
Photographs of Coons by Heini Mayr

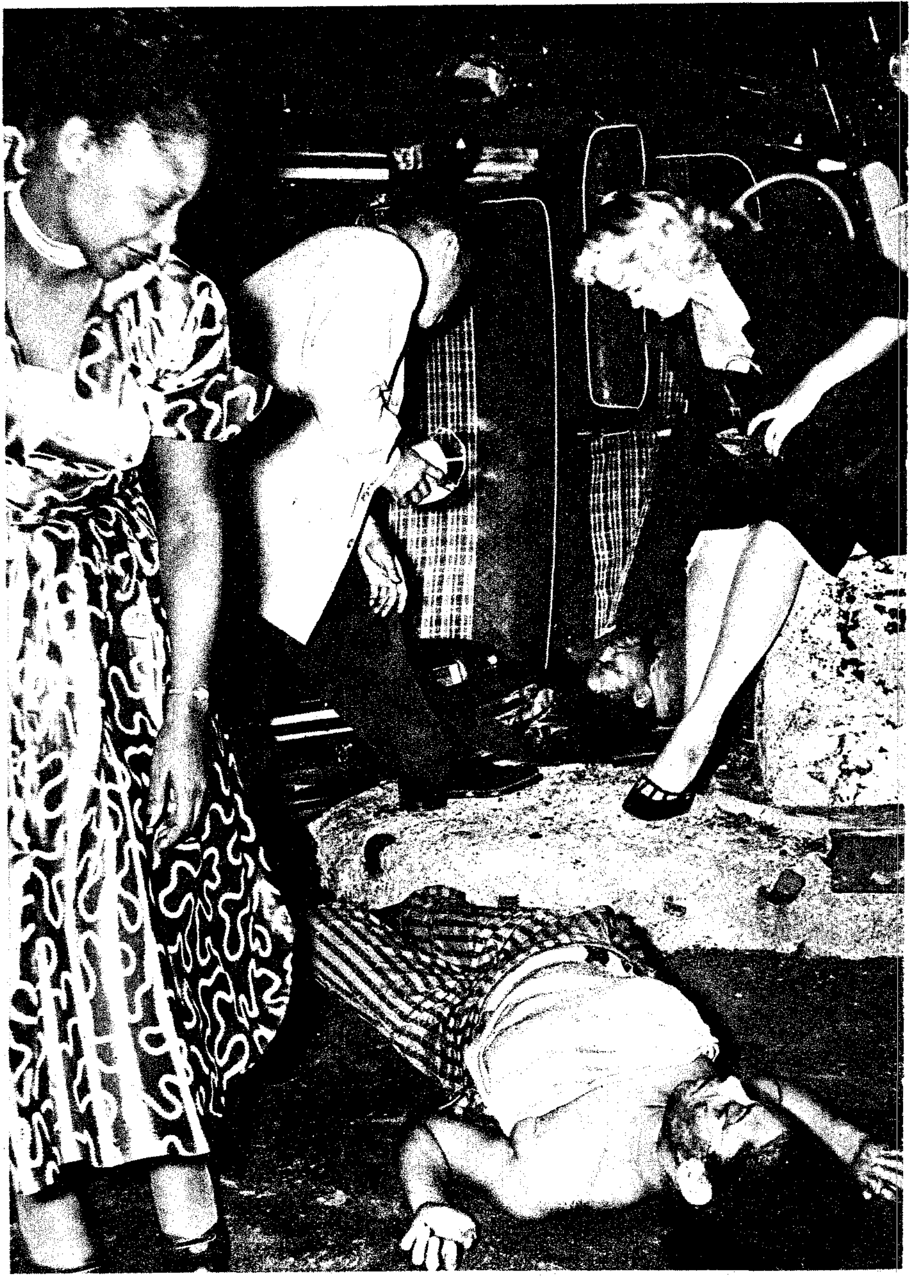
At right, he photographs victim of fall, then camera poised, he keeps eye on screaming woman in window above him.

Coons, 47, has been a Mirror photographer for 25 years. He started as a free-lance cameraman, selling pictures to the New York newspapers from his native New Jersey. Then he went to work as a messenger for the Mirror, and did such a fine job during the 1932 Lindbergh kidnaping trial that he was promoted to staff photographer. He began at $35 a week, worked all night for years. He now earns $150.50 weekly, working from 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. He cruises Manhattan in a red car with two radios—one receives police and fire calls, the other gives him two-way communication with his paper. He answers 15 to 20 calls a day and often fails to snare a publishable photo for several days. "What sounds dramatic on the radio sometimes turns out to be a big nothing," Coons says.



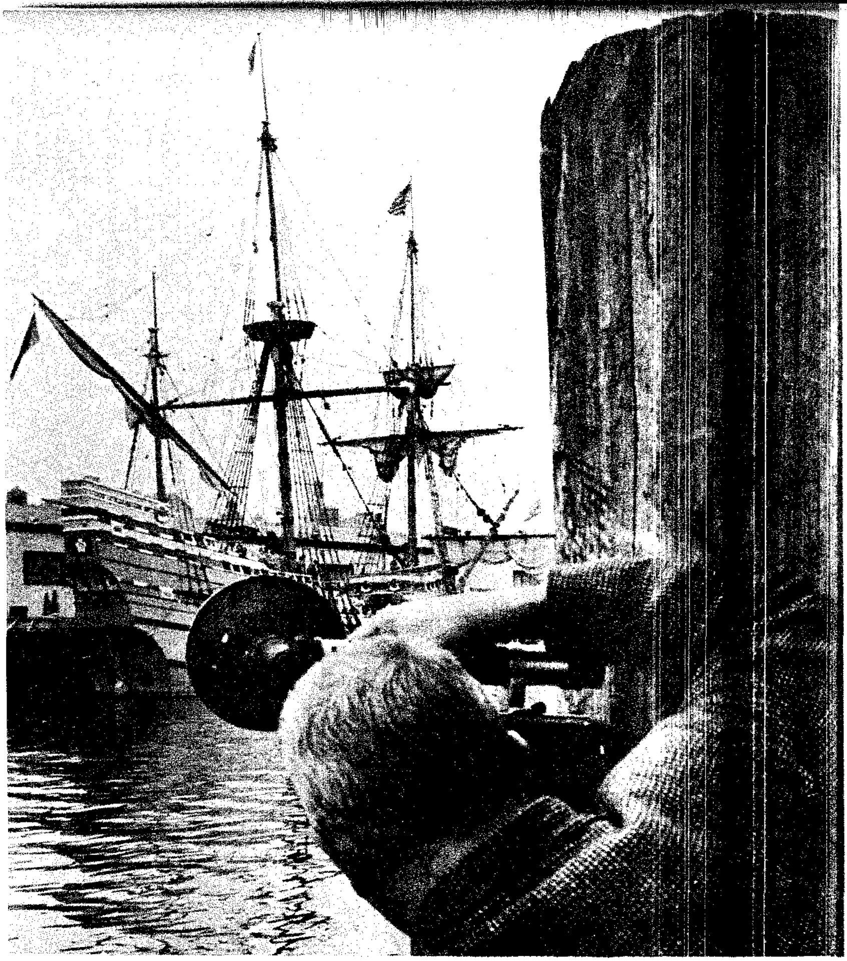
Turning away from fire, Coons catches character study of injured fireman. Phone book served as an arm splint.





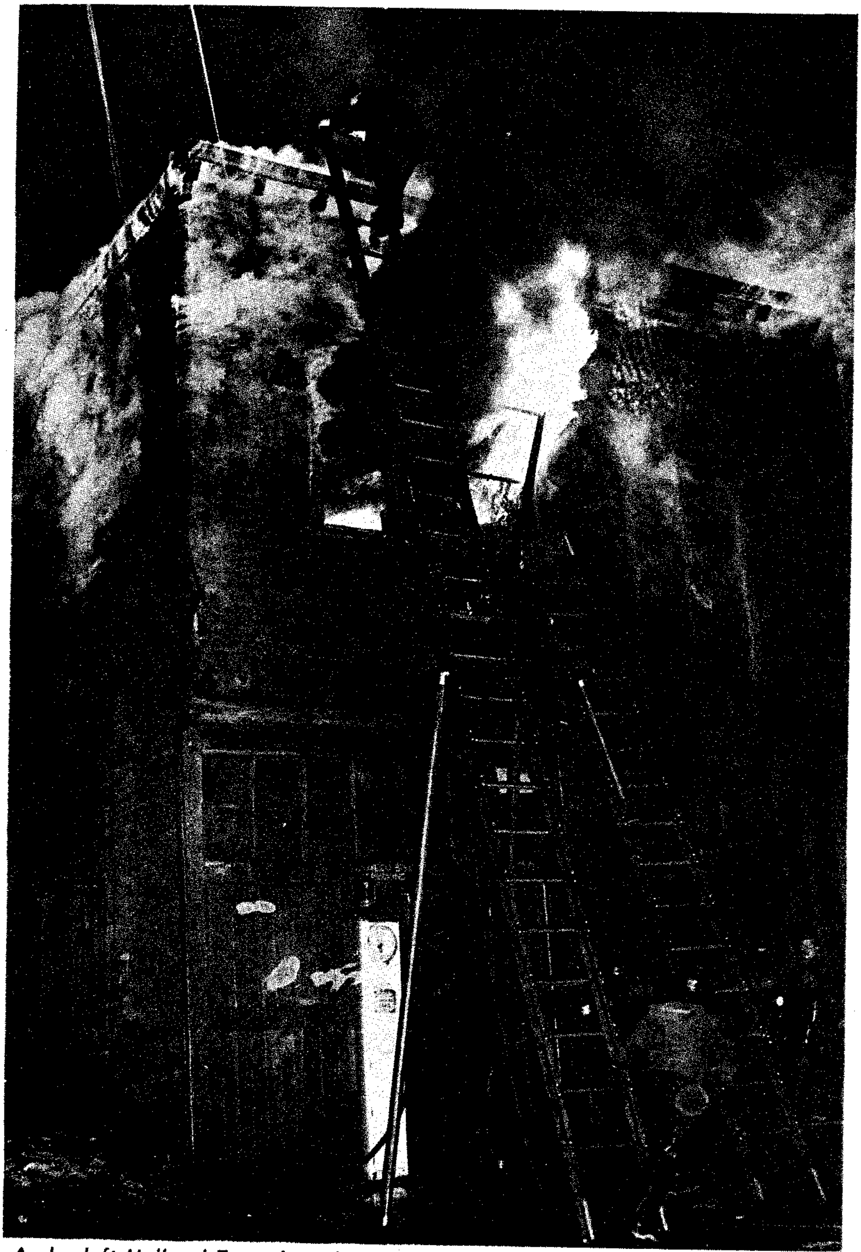
Bad smashup on the West Side Highway led to this outstanding shot which Coons made at 3 A.M. *Woman in center is passer-by who stopped to comfort driver.*

Exhausted after series of tense dashes to scenes of violence, Coons—under pressure all day—relaxes a moment.



Usually shooting swiftly, Coons relishes this rare chance to be "arty" as he does a camera portrait of the visiting "Mayflower II."

Coons' pictures cover a wide range of human experience, from births in taxi cabs to politicians' funeral processions. But the assignment he likes best is a fire. "The routine 10-9 (fire alarm) is the one that gives you the great shots, if you get there fast," he says. "All the good pictures are made right after the fire breaks out. If you wait until all the equipment arrives, you might as well go home." Whatever the story, Coons doesn't become personally involved. "Look," he says, "I can't shoulder all these problems. I tell myself, 'These people are strangers to me.' If I didn't, I'd go off my rocker. As it is, I've gotten so that I can sit down and eat lunch right after covering a murder."



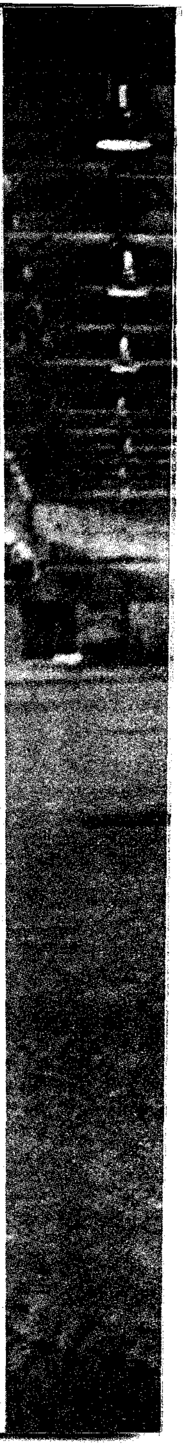
As he left Holland Tunnel explosion scene, Coons spotted this spectacular fire.

20¢1ST
5¢EACH ADDL

On hand minutes after cab hit post, Coons is able to catch all the horror of the accident in this shot.

At work, Coons wears sport jacket and slacks ("to be ready for anything from a luncheon to a street fight") and keeps foul-weather gear in the car. He smokes from 10 to 15 cigars each working day, and has worn out seven cameras in his quarter-of-a-century of stalking the news. He lives in Jersey City—25 minutes from the Mirror's New York headquarters—with his wife Ann and their dachshund, Bismarck. He looks forward to retiring soon and running a tavern and fishing in the surf at Sea Bright on the Jersey coast. "I've seen too many guys in this business drop dead from heart attacks because they kept running off to fires when they were too old for it," he says. "I want to be able to enjoy life while I can."

Another action-packed day over, tired Coons heads back to the office through deserted pier shed.



Rod Steiger used to moan about what a "heel" he was. Now that he likes himself better, so does his public—and he's become a top star

"I'm a weeper no more"

by Richard G. Hubler

WATCHING BURLY Rodney Stephen Steiger on a TV or movie screen, women usually want to hit him first and cuddle him later. Sometimes referred to as "Little Boy Slob," the 34-year-old actor exudes a sullen-faced sex appeal that has made him one of America's great stars.

In his six years on TV, Steiger has played over 300 parts—including his memorable portrayal of the lovelorn butcher boy, *Marty*. Then, switching to motion pictures, he contributed equally powerful performances as Marlon Brando's brother in *On the Waterfront,* as a tyrannical movie executive in *The Big Knife,* and as the villainous Jud Fry in the movie version of *Oklahoma!*

Steiger himself can't pinpoint his audience appeal. "I like to experiment all the time," he says. "I have to know what I'm acting about." He tackles a part furiously, and keeps working with unswerving concentration.

Recently, a friend dropped into Steiger's $175-a-month Malibu beachside home and stayed for a six-hour, one-man show. Running his fingers through his dark, curly hair and striding up and down his tiny living room, Steiger read and enacted his own 80-page, 608-scene movie, *The Untold Story*. He recited a few dozen of his own poems. He exhibited five of his oil paintings, sang for an hour, displayed a collection of more than 50 art photographs and showed off two or three examples of his sculpture. He did a soft-shoe dance, improvised a dramatic scene and delivered a lecture on philosophy and art. "Hollywood has no culture," he declaimed. "You have to create your own."

A muscular, hulking, blunt-talking man, Steiger has a "lust for art." When he became dissatisfied with his 200-book library, he ordered all 361 books in the Modern Library editions. "They cost maybe $700," he says, "and I've only read about 50 of them." He has a $30,000 collection of etchings and paintings by Matisse, Van Gogh, Renoir, Modigliani, Picasso—and Steiger. "I got one of mine appraised at $350," he says, "including the frame."

Steiger also claims to have written a few popular songs, *I See a Robin*, *Goodbye My Love*, *City Sailor's Lament*, and *Money Lover*. The song titles reveal much of his personality—as does the memorable line he spoke in *Marty*: "I'm a weeper myself."

"I cried over myself for years," Steiger says. "It got so that I could squeeze out a tear any time—just by thinking what a louse I was—and everyone thought it was great acting." But Steiger, acutely self-critical, knew he was overdoing it. "I had problems and I needed a tool to fight them," he says. "I didn't think happiness existed. I suffered from a kind of restless loneliness." He decided to consult a New York psychiatrist.

Steiger has been undergoing psychoanalysis for the last five years and has spent $12,000 on it. When the analyst told him he was weeping for an imaginary character in his past, "bells rang and I heard the clatter of truth."

"I finally got so that I could keep from crying," he says. "I'm not saying that to be a good artist you have

to be analyzed, but in my case it helped."

Lately, Steiger has been doing less and less TV work because "I found everyone else imitating me after *Marty*—and I even started imitating myself." His stage experience, largely between 1951 and 1954, included such plays as *An Enemy of the People, Seagulls Over Sorrento* and *Night Music*—none of which lasted more than 36 performances. This winter he came back to Broadway, co-starring with Claire Bloom in the stage version of the great Japanese movie *Rashomon.*

Steiger has appeared in nine motion pictures. "My next job," he says, "will be to help produce, direct, write and star in my own picture. The only thing I won't do is put up my own money."

Money worries him. He took the role of a Confederate soldier in the Hollywood movie *Run of the Arrow* "because out here they classify people by salary, not by talent. I wanted the publicity machine of a big studio behind me. Over the weekend I noticed the difference. Friday night, they said: 'Blow, Rod!' Monday morning, they said: 'Good morning, Mr. Steiger.' I appreciate little things like that."

Before *Run of the Arrow,* Steiger got $45,000 a picture. After it, his asking price went up to between $75,000 and $100,000.

For the time being, cash rewards are subordinate to his desire to do a good job. "I want to telescope time, and show ten years in two hours. I want to give color to what I show: red gets across, not white. I want to turn pretending into reality."

Under his acting system—a refinement of the so-called "Method" of New York's Actors Studio—Steiger tries to put together bits of his own life to help him in projecting a character. Sometimes he has to call on artificial aids. "In *The Big Knife,* I hated Stanley Hoff, the producer I played, but in one scene I had to get furious at the hero, a character I admired. I couldn't work myself up to it. Worrying about it, I went to see a newsreel and I caught a picture of the Nazi extermination camp at Dachau. That was my key. I simply imagined that Jack Palance, playing opposite me, had been the guy that pulled the gas lever—and I blew my top!"

Rod was born April 14, 1925, in Westhampton, Long Island, of French and German parents. His father was a pianist and dancer. His mother was also in show business, "but their marriage broke up before I was a year old. Steiger means 'mountain-climber' and I guess I started right away."

HIS HOME LIFE left a bitter taste in his mouth. "The whole place was breaking up," he says. "I always felt as if I wanted to get away." Big for his age, he worked as an iceman, a carnival barker, a soda-jerk and a leather-cutter. At school he learned how to finger a violin, "but I only played one tune: *Over the Seas, Let's Go Men.*"

In 1941, World War II gave him his chance to get away. He went to a Navy recruiting office, lied about his age (he was 16) and signed up for five years. He was at Eniwetok, Iwo Jima, Okinawa and on duty in the Atlantic aboard the *U.S.S. Taussig,* a 2,800-ton destroyer.

In the Pacific, when Japanese planes attacked, Steiger would get on the ship's intercom. "This is The Shadow," he would announce portentously, and go into an impromptu playlet in which he would enact all the roles. That ended one night when a stern voice broke in: "This is the Phantom on the bridge. The Shadow will get the devil off the intercom and keep silent."

Plagued by severe acne, Steiger finally had to be shipped to a hospital ashore. There they discovered he was allergic to the Navy uniform. He got a medical discharge the day after V-J Day and took a civil service job with the Veterans' Administration in Newark, N. J.

"I always liked the girls in the office and they kind of liked me," he says, "so I was worried when they turned me down night after night when I asked for dates." He discovered it was nothing personal; they were busy working with a V.A. theater group. Steiger promptly joined them.

His first role was King Menelaus in *Helena's Husband,* his second was the villain in *Curse You, Jack Dalton!* "Now I believe there's no such thing as a villain," Steiger explains, "but in those days I really was sold on it." Eventually, however, he had an argument with his V.A. superior and tramped off in a rage to take dramatic training under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

It was the best move he ever made. He went on to study at the American Theatre Wing and the Actors Studio. He made his Broadway debut while he was still in his early 20s, playing a 55-year-old detective, and received enthusiastic notices from the critics. During these years, he earned $75 a month, plus an additional $70 a month from the Navy for 30 percent disability, and lived in a $5-a-week basement where he "made friends with the cockroaches."

"I got to be the off-beat actor of all time," Steiger remembers. "Any producer who had to fill the role of a laughing killer or a guy with dark glasses and a cane called for me." On one TV show, he played Prohibition gangster Dutch Schultz. A week later, a tight-lipped man in a trench coat sidled up to him in a drugstore and said: "Duh gang liked what ya did for Dutch on the show, kid." Says Steiger: "I wonder what they would have done to me if they felt critical?"

While in New York in 1952, Steiger married Sally Gracie, a redheaded young actress. They separated shortly thereafter, although for four years Steiger lived in Sally's apartment whenever he came to New York. In 1955, he took her to England with him in a vain attempt to save the marriage. Today, they are still separated—but not divorced. Steiger goes out with relatively few women; his latest romantic interest is a night club singer who is a devotee of Zen Buddhism and other esoteric Far Eastern religions.

In 1953 Steiger's emotion-packed TV performances won him the Sylvania Award, and the next year he won an Academy Award nomination for his acting in *On The Waterfront.* "That's when I had to get my first agent—to defend myself," he says wryly.

Steiger has demonstrated his versatility in a wide range of roles. "He is the only man who might fill the shoes of such character actors as Paul Muni and Emil Jannings," declares one director. Steiger himself idolizes the late French star, Harry Baur. At the moment, he yearns to play such notable personalities as Thomas Wolfe, Clarence Darrow, Beethoven and Jack London. "Toscanini," he says sadly, "was too little and too thin."

Steiger's press agents claim that he danced in *Oklahoma!* and on the screen he certainly appeared to be dancing. The big actor denies it. "All I did was pick up one guy who weighed 200 pounds," he says, "and lift him over my head—'Slowly, slowly!' yelled the director. It nearly killed me." Steiger estimates that in another scene he lifted the 125-pound heroine over his head 22 times. "I figure I lifted 2,750 pounds in less than six hours," he explains. Secretly proud of his baritone voice—which he has used professionally only while singing for a week in a Maine summer stock operetta with Gordon MacRae—he was happy that his own voice was to be used in *Oklahoma!* "I was shattered when I suddenly found out that they had dubbed in somebody else's voice on the final print," he recalls.

In another film, Steiger played a role in which he had to shoot two friends so they would not fall into the hands of savages. Steiger tried to recall something in his own experience that would enable him to enact his "mercy killing" scene realistically. He could find nothing.

That afternoon, in despair, he played a Toscanini recording. Suddenly he said to himself, "Suppose I'm going to kill Toscanini! With what he has given the world, what a situation I face. But I have to, to save him from the savages!"

He describes the movie scene as he actually played it: "When the gun went off, it scared me. Then the memory of the music and Toscanini came back, and all of a sudden the gun had dropped, my hand was in my mouth, I was in tears. I grabbed the top of my head and I wound up with both hands folded, looking up to God, as if I was saying, 'Oh, my God, why did you choose me?' "

Yet Steiger does not believe that the theater should absorb all his energies: "When the theater is your whole life, you are pretty sick." Instead, he feels that living is the important thing. "I want to be happy," he says. "If someone were to offer me five years of happiness as against 20 years of life, I'd take the five years."

Why Editors Leave Town

FROM THE SOCIETY column of a Florida newspaper: "Mr. and Mrs. Charles L...... and Mr. and Mrs. Russell ...... of Tampa will entertain at open house Sunday, from *three until tight.*"

—Gay Atlanta

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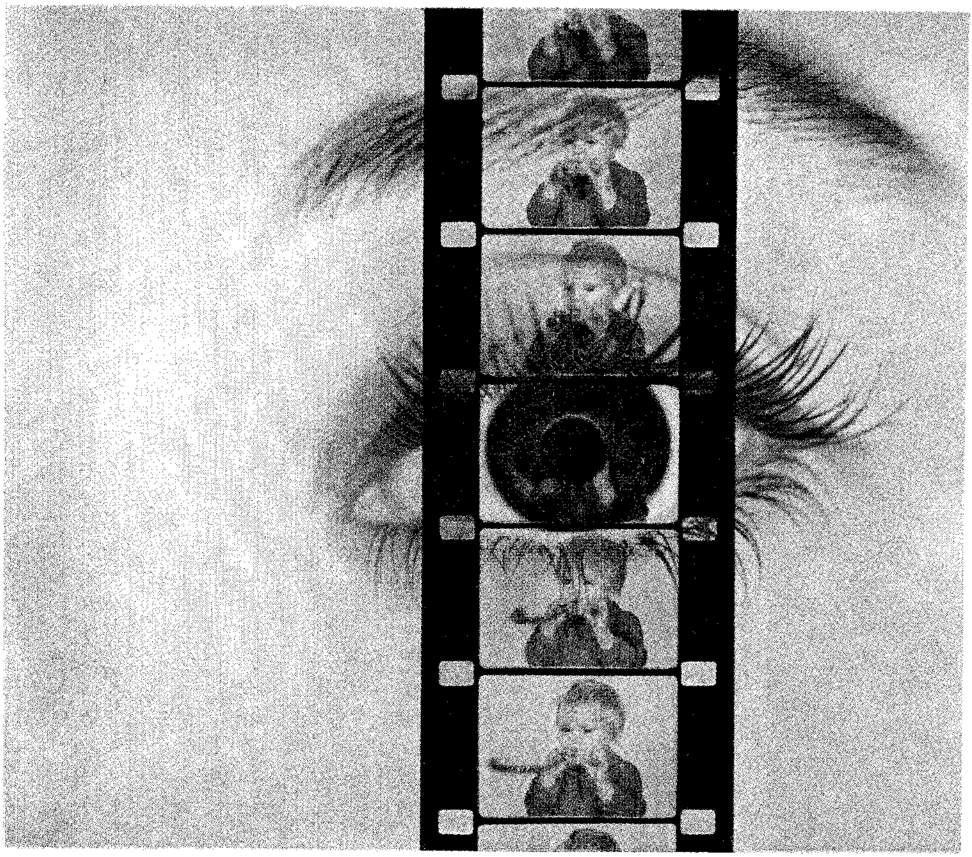

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What's behind Florida's fantastic land boom?

by Ben Funk

Easy living and low-cost housing in the tropical sun lure about 600 new faces a day to the state's burgeoning cities

EVER SINCE PONCE DE LEÓN waded through Florida's swamps in search of the legendary Fountain of Youth, America's Sunshine State has been the site of large investments of imagination. Shortly after World War II, shifty real-estate operators began preying on frostbitten Northerners who longed for a place in the sun. Newspapers carried flowery ads in praise of new "country club" cities and subdivisions. One speculator offered lots "ten minutes from the sea"—true only if you traveled by jet. Other promoters promised paved streets, water systems and public utilities that just weren't there.

Americans purchased thousands of such lots on the mail order plan, sight unseen. Many who came down to inspect their property often found that it lay under several inches of Everglades water.

Florida took quick and effective steps to rid itself of these shady real-estate operators. When the phony ads began to appear, the State Legislature quickly passed a law requiring truth in out-of-state real-estate advertising. It carried tough penalties of imprisonment up to five years and fines up to $100,000, or both.

The Post Office Department stepped into the picture, too. One operator who had been selling swampland on the mail order plan was indicted for mail fraud and won probation by returning the money to the buyers. Another who had advertised "the birth of a new city" on watery land occupied only by snakes and mosquitoes, also returned all deposits after postal inspectors questioned him.

As a result of this quick policing action, says M. M. Smith, Jr., secretary of the Florida Real Estate Commission, the new housing developments advertised today are well planned and the promoters trustworthy. And as a consequence, the building boom is going ahead at full speed.

Stepping up this vast boom is a population that is swelling at the rate of 225,000 a year. Every time the sun rises over the Sunshine State, it shines on about 600 new faces.

Why are they coming? What can they expect?

Some of the newcomers are retired people who had put off the big move until their pensions were secured. The majority of the migrants, however, are young people prospecting the pleasures of year-round life in Florida's balmy outdoors. For young and old, the foremost problem is where they will live.

Most of Florida's new citizens want to live along the coasts, where employment opportunities are greater. Scores of industries have moved into the state to take advantage of this huge pool of skilled labor. When Pratt & Whitney Aircraft ran two blind ads in newspapers throughout the country, one soliciting men who wished to work in New England, the other for workers in Florida, the majority of applicants wanted the Florida jobs. The company went ahead with plans to construct a huge plant in the Everglades for the manufacture of jet engines.

The Glenn L. Martin Company threw up a big missile-building plant at Orlando. Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Company now builds missile parts and inertial guidance systems near St. Petersburg. In that same area, General Electric is doing work for the Atomic Energy Commission. The Chemstrand Corporation built the world's second largest nylon plant at Pensacola. In the last three years, 1,593 industries have moved into Florida.

This influx of industry has helped the state achieve a balanced economy on which to make solid growth. Florida has developed its natural resources, made phenomenal strides in industry, and is attracting thousands of permanent settlers as well as tourists. Providing reliable, low-cost housing for these people has been an enormous problem and a challenge to private enterprise.

The Mackle Company was one of the first Florida builders to launch low-cost housing on a mass-production scale. The company is run by the three Mackle brothers, Elliott, Robert and Frank, Jr., who have built 25,000 homes in south Florida and predict that by 1965 they will be building 25,000 a year.

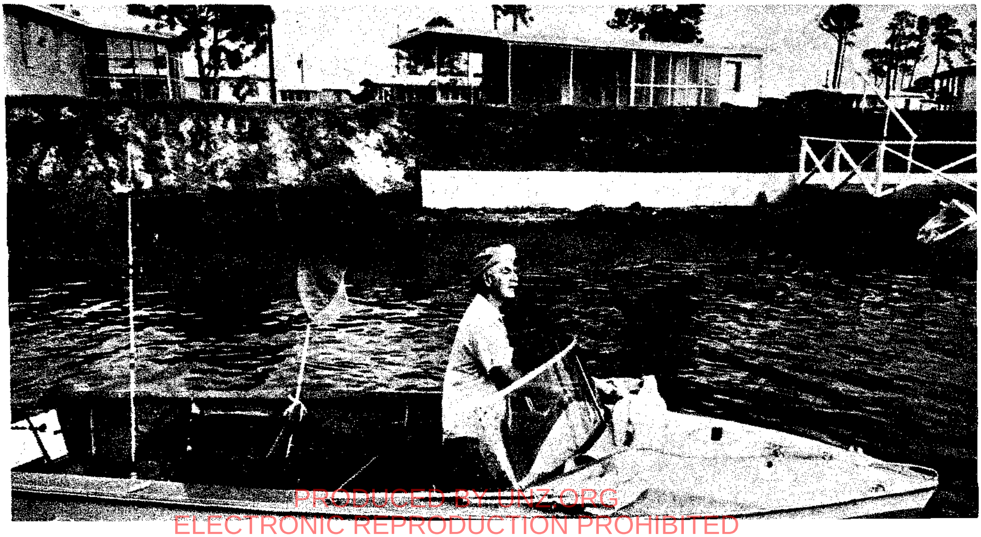
After World War II, the Mackles started building a pre-planned city in which costs were geared to the family with a $160-a-month income. Pompano Beach Highlands on the lower Atlantic coast was completed in two years, with 1,500 homes, recreation park and shopping center. Several similar developments followed in rapid order, all of them close to established communities, so that residents could take advantage of nearby shopping centers, schools, churches, hospitals and libraries until the developments became complete cities in their own right.

Meanwhile, Miami was growing at a fantastic rate, eating up mile after mile of land up and down the southeast "Gold Coast." The city needed to expand westward and break out of the narrow coastal strip in which it was trapped. But to the west lay a seemingly insurmountable barrier—the Everglades. The Mackles moved boldly out into the swamp, going farther west than any builder had gone before. They bought 1,000 acres of watery submarginal land. To bring it up to FHA standards, they dug two lakes embracing 28 and 46 acres, crushed the coral rock that was recovered and used it to raise the surrounding ground to a high and dry level. At the same time, they made the tract more valuable by creating facilities for water sports. In 30 days, the brothers sold $5,580,000 worth of homes priced at $6,000 to $16,000. Almost overnight, Westwood Lake became a complete community of 2,500 homes.

From Westwood Lake, the Mackles moved across to the southwest Florida coast to start the most ambitious development Florida has seen —an 80,000-acre pre-planned city called Port Charlotte, located on high pineland bordering Charlotte Harbor and the Gulf of Mexico.

For this massive undertaking, the Mackles needed more capital. To get it, they became associated with Chemical Research, Inc., a Canadian holding company; eventually this grew into the General Development

At 80,000-acre Port Charlotte, a pre-planned development where 40,000 homesites have already been sold, a network of canals gives residents direct access to the Gulf of Mexico.



Corp., now listed on the American Stock Exchange.

So far, the Mackles have sold 40,000 homesites and built 1,000 homes at Port Charlotte. Lot buyers may bring in their own builders or the Mackles will erect any size house desired. Models range from the one-bedroom, one-bath Croton Harbor model for $6,960 to the Biscayne Harbor style, which sells for $15,950 and includes three bedrooms, two baths and such modernistic features as a skylight in the kitchen. Down payments vary from $210 to $1,200. One new Port Charlotte resident, a retired industrialist worth a quarter of a million dollars, chose the smallest house, with one bedroom.

"I figured that when I settled in Florida," he says, "relatives and acquaintances up North would descend on me like locusts if I had room for them. I don't want any part of that. For the first time in my life, I'm going to relax in peace."

The lot he picked is on one of the canals. At his back door is anchored a high-powered cruiser that will put him in tarpon fishing territory in ten minutes.

Although the majority of their home buyers so far are retired people, the Mackles try to settle a young couple with children in every block. "That way, it becomes a typical community, not just a colony of old people," says Robert Mackle.

No development ever remains a city of old people for long. With the oldsters come youngsters to man the services, the businesses and the industries that inevitably spring up around the new cities. And in time the developments begin to look very much like any other American town.

The idea of pre-planning cities is actually older than Athens. But once such a city has "grown up," not many people recognize its origins. Coral Gables, a charming suburban city of Mediterranean architecture southwest of Miami, was entirely blueprinted before a single foundation was laid. George Merrick laid out Coral Gables in the 1920s. His dream city survived the land value crash of '26 and remains one of the most attractive communities in the world.

Golden Isles, between Miami and Fort Lauderdale, is certainly one of the most beautiful and ambitious projects in Florida. Golden Isles began in the mind of Hubert B. Layne, an Indiana farmer's son who has made several million dollars erecting and selling prefabricated houses in Ohio. On his first Florida vacation, Layne spotted a 340-acre coastal swamp covered by ghostly mangrove trees and inhabited only by land crabs and big salt marsh mosquitoes. This miserable chunk of real estate fired Layne's imagination because it lay right in the heart of Southeast Florida's Gold Coast. Layne made inquiries. The price tag was $1,900,000! The idea of paying $5,588 an acre for a morass that was mostly under water at high tide was enough to startle anybody, especially a Hoosier who bargains hard and doesn't sell easily.

But Layne paid the money and in February, 1957, he went to work on the swamp. First, dynamiting crews blasted the coral rock underlying the black muck. Draglines followed and cut a network of great canals 120 feet wide and each ranging in depth from eight to 25 feet. Rock recovered in this operation was thrown up to form a group of islands. Sturdy sea walls were built around the islands, the rock was graded to the desired elevation and dredges sucked up sand from the canal bottoms and spread it over the rock.

Today, only two years after Layne attacked the swamp, it has been transformed into nine beautifully-manicured islands with 500 homesites. Each faces a canal big enough for ocean-going yachts and with direct access to the Intracoastal Waterway and the Atlantic Ocean. One large half-moon shaped island has been reserved for swank apartment houses.

What will Layne do when Golden Isles is finished this year?

"Why, I'll find another swamp," he replies.

There are other lovely new communities in Florida sitting astride what was just a few years ago ugly and useless land. Twenty-five miles inland from the Gulf coast near Fort Myers, a group of young developers headed by Lee Ratner, an industrialist from Chicago, are building a pre-planned community, Lehigh Acres, in an area most tourists had considered part of the Everglades.

Here an 18,000-acre cattle ranch had been operated by Ratner for several years. Gerald Gould, a young Miami Beach advertising man, saw it from the air and talked Ratner into turning it into a housing development. An adjacent 15,000-acre spread was added to the project. The land is now 19 to 30 feet above sea level, which is high ground in Florida. Water which stood in some low spots during the rainy months has been eliminated through $2,000,000 worth of drainage canals, bridges and erosion control. And digging out some low spots has created fresh-water lakes.

About half of the Lehigh Acres lots have been sold. The firm is now concentrating on development and home construction, with new homes going up at the rate of 30 a month. They range in price from $5,500 for one bedroom, one bath and a covered patio, to $18,000 for three bedrooms, two baths, a sun room and garage, air conditioning, a swimming pool and other luxury features.

Florida is doing all it can to make sure that its growth continues on a solid basis, with none of the flamboyant foolishness of the old boom days. But the Florida Development Commission urges elderly persons to look before they leap into retirement in Florida. "You do not have to be wealthy to live in Florida," the Commission states, "but you do need sufficient retirement income or capital resources to participate fully in community life. If you can meet this test, Florida offers you more dividends for your money than perhaps any place on earth."

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The day Bombay blew up

by *Art Widder, Jr.*

ONE OF WORLD WAR II's most memorable "now-it-can-be-told" stories happened on April 14, 1944, in the war-busy harbor of Bombay, the "Gateway to India."

Outwardly, there was little to distinguish the 7,000-ton British merchant ship *Fort Stikene* from the many other freighters discharging their cargoes of Allied war supplies on Bombay's miles of docks that day.

The unusual thing about the *Stikene* was that in her hold were 3,000 tons of cotton, 1,500 tons of TNT, and 155 ingots of gold valued at $5,000,000 which had been sent by Britain to stabilize the Indian rupee.

Throughout the morning and early afternoon, her steam winches whirred as cargo hooks swung loads of baled cotton from the *Stikene* to the dock. Then at 2:18 P.M. an Indian deck hand in Number 2 hatch thought he saw a wisp of smoke coming from the stacked bales of cotton. He notified the hatch boss.

In a few minutes, the *Stikene* began a frantic series of short blasts on her whistle which meant—fire in an ammunition ship.

On board the *Stikene,* work stopped. Indian deck hands stood about waiting uneasily for instructions. The mate on watch hurried down the gangway to telephone for the Bombay fire brigade. The crew broke out the ship's fire hoses and began to play murky harbor water down on the packed bales.

Within minutes, two pumpers of the port's fire brigade arrived and, under the direction of Col. J. R. Sadler, the port superintendent, sent additional streams into the smoking hold. There was no panic. It was a very dangerous situation but with the prompt arrival of the fire trucks there seemed no reason to think that the fire could not be controlled.

Soon, however, it became clear that the fire-fighters were losing ground as unseen blazes ate through the packed bales of cotton toward the cargo of high explosives below. Hurried calls went out for more and more apparatus. By 3 P.M. a large part of Bombay's fire brigade was on the pier. A tangle of hoses snaked up the freighter's rusty side pouring thousands of gallons of water into her hold.

Still the fire gained. The packed cotton itself was preventing the water from reaching it. As Col. Sadler directed operations, the deck under his feet grew hotter.

By now it was clear that the fire in the *Fort Stikene* was out of control.

She was listing sharply from the tons of water in her hold and the only hope was that it might somehow drown the flames. Her sides were a cherry red.

At 4:04 the *Fort Stikene* blew up.

Col. Sadler, his 18 fire engines and all his firemen disappeared from the face of the earth. A 5,000-ton ship 50 yards away was lifted bodily out of the water and thrown across an adjacent pier. The *Stikene's* three-ton anchor hurtled half a mile and snagged in a ship's yardarm.

Blazing cotton from exploded bales spewed over Bombay's massed wooden tenements for a quarter of a mile around, starting fires wherever it fell. A mile away, a gold ingot weighing 28 pounds and worth $30,000 dropped at the feet of an aged Hindu squatting on the floor of his hovel (to this date no one knows what became of most of the rest of the bullion).

The harbor was a shambles, with 11 ships destroyed outright and nine heavily damaged. At one stroke the key port of Bombay had been taken out of the war. Ashore, as the sun set, an unseasonal monsoon wind swept the flames toward the center of the city in a raging inferno visible for 75 miles.

During the night, American soldiers moved in and helped British and Indian teams to clear hundreds of tons of explosives out of the threatened area. In the morning, under a dark red sun almost obscured by the pall of smoke hanging over the city, the fire still roared on. With a major portion of Bombay's fire brigade blown to bits along with the *Stikene*, there was little hope of stemming it.

As the evening of April 15 approached, authorities ordered a fire lane dynamited through the center of the city and everything on the harbor side of the lane conceded to the flames. Indian and British troops with fixed bayonets moved everyone out and by morning a swath through downtown Bombay lay in rubble. For two weeks the fire burned in the devastated area. But it never crossed the fire lane.

No exact toll of the dead and injured will ever be known. Estimates run into the thousands, and damage at more than a billion dollars.

Was the disaster due to sabotage? Certainly the results were a saboteur's dream. The answer can never be known with certainty. However, according to a hasty check reported shortly after the fire was discovered, the disaster appeared to have been caused by spontaneous combustion of the baled cotton in the *Fort Stikene's* hold. ♛

Russia's grim "glamor girl"

by Edward Hymoff

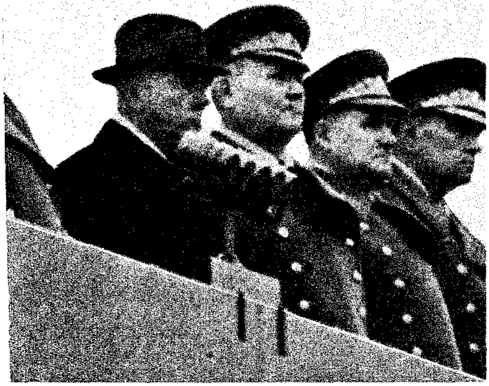
On May Day, 1955, Soviet boss Nikita Khrushchev was holding court atop the rust-colored Lenin-Stalin mausoleum overlooking Moscow's jam-packed Red Square. Suddenly, the stocky Russian leader leaned down over the marble balustrade, shouted and then vigorously beckoned to someone on the reviewing stand below.

Necks craned as diplomats and newsmen tried to identify the person unexpectedly singled out by Russia's unpredictable strong man. Then the crowd parted before Ekaterina Alexeyneva Furtseva, a buxom, plainly dressed woman who pushed her way to a place of honor at Khrushchev's side—the first time a woman had been invited to join the Soviet hierarchy during an event as important as May Day.

Today, this matronly blonde with deceptively merry blue eyes is the most powerful woman in the Soviet Union, the first of her sex to become a member of the Presidium, Russia's top policy-making body.

Madame Furtseva is a hefty, five-foot, five-inch woman with a strong

Hitching her wagon to Khrushchev's red star, buxom blond Ekaterina Furtseva has become the Soviet Union's most powerful woman



Slavic face. She has milk smooth skin and youthful features. Depending on which version of her childhood you believe, she is either 49 or 54 years old. As a high-salaried member of the Soviet ruling class, she wears a "uniform" of dark, severely-cut suits and man-tailored blouses, sometimes with a necktie. Her hair is always swept back in a tight bun and she disdains make-up and jewelry other than a wrist-watch.

When Madame Furtseva (although married, she is known by her maiden name) first vaulted to prominence, little was known about her. But before long, an official Soviet biography of Comrade E. A. Furtseva appeared to dispel certain "incorrect" facts.

The Soviet Encyclopedia says that she was born in 1910 in the little village of Vyshniy-Volochok near Moscow. Her parents were workers in a textile mill until her father, Alexei Furtseva, was killed in World War I. After finishing seven grades in school young Katya, as she was then called, went to work in the same mill. At the age of 14, she joined the Komsomols (the Communist Youth League) and attended night school. In 1930, she became a full-fledged Communist Party member—one of the youngest ever accepted, according to this official version.

In 1937, Katrina entered the Moscow Institute of Chemical Technology, graduating four years later with a degree in chemical engineering. When the Nazis invaded Russia in 1941, one of her Party duties was to inflame the Russian people against the Germans.

Her tireless efforts at street corner rallies were noted by a rising commissar named Nikita Khrushchev. Late in the war, Comrade Furtseva —with Khrushchev's help—was appointed to her first important post as Party secretary of Moscow's Frunze District. In 1950, she was elected second secretary of the Moscow City Committee, headed by Khrushchev.

This is the version of Madame Furtseva's life the Kremlin wants the world to believe. But her early years, according to those who knew her way back when, were not that proletarian. They claim she was actually born in 1905 to the moderately wealthy merchant Alexei Furtseva, who did die serving his Czar—but as an officer.

According to this uncensored version, pig-tailed Katya had all of life's advantages as a child, and her cultured voice and grammatically correct use of the Russian language tend to bear this out. Her family's fortune was lost during the Russian Revolution, and she was herded into the Komsomol movement.

She soon became an ardent champion of Russian women, using Article 122 of the Soviet Constitution as her shield. Article 122 guarantees women "equal rights with men in all spheres of economic, government, cultural, political and other public activities."

MADAME FURTSEVA often tells visitors that Soviet women are independent and don't have to rely on men as Western women do. But she does not believe that women—unless they are pioneering in the "virgin lands" of Central Asia and Siberia—should continue digging ditches and doing other forms of heavy manual labor. Recently, 12 pregnant women in a textile plant complained that they had been given "work norms beyond our powers." Shortly thereafter—thanks to Comrade Furtseva's intervention—plant managers were ordered to transfer the women from "heavy and harmful" work.

Like most Communist officials, Madame Furtseva refuses to discuss her private life. Once she rebuked a visitor who asked about the secret of her success, snapping, "You must not talk about my career. That implies personal ambition. I am only one of the millions of Soviet women serving society as best they can."

Madame Furtseva is married to dark, stocky Nikolai P. Firyubin, a Soviet deputy foreign minister. Of necessity, much of their married life has been run by remote control. Her husband's duties often take him out of the country, while Madame Furtseva is one of Russia's most widely-traveled leaders; she has visited Great Britain, France, Italy, Czechoslovakia, Communist China, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia and wants to visit the U.S.

Since, in the Soviet hierarchy, she outranks her husband, she is often seen without him at important social events. But both their non-political lives rotate around their 17-year-old daughter, Svetlana, a high school student, who brightens up their five-room apartment on Moscow's exclusive Gorky Street.

On her visit to London three years ago, Madame Furtseva was accompanied by Svetlana, then a shy 14. As they descended from their airliner, they were engulfed by cameramen and reporters. Svetlana panicked and tried to run from the blinding flashbulbs.

Out of the corner of her eye, Madame Furtseva saw her daughter's predicament. Swiftly, she gripped Svetlana by the arm and, without once losing the smile that creased her face, drew the girl back and whispered briefly in her ear. Then she held Svetlana close while both of them posed for the cameras.

Known for her abundant energy, Madame Furtseva arises at 6:20 A.M. In her bedroom, she spends 20 minutes doing calisthenics to the count of an announcer broadcasting over Moscow Radio. At 8:45, she is met by a chauffeur-driven, black limousine and is sped to her office in the block-wide City Soviet Building. Between nine and ten she holds a staff conference in her huge office, decorated with pictures of Lenin and Khrushchev.

One persistent bit of gossip about Madame Furtseva insinuates that she and Khrushchev have been conducting a clandestine love affair. But Russian experts brand this a rumor and no more. Yet, as if to refute it, Khrushchev is now seen more often in public with his wife and children.

Ekaterina Furtseva's emergence as a national figure has added gayety and life to the otherwise drab Kremlin atmosphere. On November 7, 1955, she was the belle of the ball staged to celebrate the 38th anniversary of the Russian Revolution.

Dressed in a flowing white evening gown, Madame Furtseva waltzed into the small hours of the morning with white-haired Red Army hero Marshal Kliment Voroshilov, Premier Nikolai Bulganin and other Presidium members. Her performance, one Western observer said dryly, gave her the unofficial standing of "Heroine of Glamor."

But there is nothing glamorous about Comrade Furtseva as she delivers her Party orations. For on the rostrum she can bite with bitter sarcasm—as she did at the 19th Communist Party Congress in 1952. At the time, she was just a low-echelon functionary assigned to review educational progress in Moscow. Stalin was present, looking bored and drowsy. Abruptly, the old dictator sat up and listened intently as Comrade Furtseva leveled charges of academic favoritism in the Moscow Physics Institute. She complained of easy admissions and high grades for students because "102 of the personnel are relatives, some of whom are working under direct supervision of their relatives."

This was one of the first official disclosures of *blat,* or influence-peddling, within the Soviet Union.

A dedicated Communist, Madame Furtseva refuses to admit that the Soviet system has failed on occasion; she blames all mistakes on individuals. Following Khrushchev's criticism of Stalin, which shook the Communist world, she made the remarkable admission that Russian history books are being rewritten to eliminate some of Stalin's lies and distortions. "They will tell the full story of our past," she explained. "Surely it is a sign of our strength and our confidence that we reveal our mistakes honestly."

When asked why she and other Russian leaders waited until Stalin was dead before excoriating him, she has a glib answer. "These things take time to prepare," she shrugs. "People need evidence. Stalin was a great man . . . we all make mistakes. But I think that you in the West think about our mistakes too much."

Madame Furtseva was, however, among the first to back Khrushchev in 1957, when conflict seethed inside the Kremlin. In late June, the Central Committee met in a showdown session. Khrushchev and his followers were aligned against old-line Stalinists Vyacheslav M. Molotov, Lazar Kaganovich and Georgi M. Malenkov.

Comrade Furtseva was the first speaker. Without warning, she lit into Molotov, Kaganovich and Malenkov, sitting on the dais behind her. The faces of the three men blanched as she denounced their "foolish and dangerous" policies. All three were demoted and exiled to minor jobs in far-off towns. Shortly thereafter, Comrade Furtseva was awarded one of the vacant seats on the Presidium.

Despite her high position, Madame Furtseva not long ago was subjected to a humiliating experience few Soviet chiefs have had to endure. During one of her tours of Moscow factories, she stopped at a ball bearing plant to spur lagging production and denounce increasing absenteeism. The workers began to mutter angrily, and one man shouted that Madame Furtseva had never worked with her hands and had an easy job. Emboldened, a woman worker demanded to know how much Comrade Furtseva earned in a month.

"Yes, how much? How much?" The chant was picked up by the crowd. "Tell us, comrade! Tell us!" Finally, Madame Furtseva had to admit that she earned about 30,000 rubles a month (slightly more than $6,000). The workers were stunned into silence. It was their first indication of how well Party and Government leaders fare financially.

The five factory officials who accompanied her to the speaker's platform discreetly vanished. They, too, were part of the wealthy bureaucracy. Workers hissed and booed and then shook their fists at Comrade Furtseva. By her admission she earned at least 20 times the monthly wage of the men and women assembled before her. Flushed with rage and embarrassment, she departed hurriedly under police escort.

Can Ekaterina Furtseva—or any other woman—become Premier of the Soviet Union? At present, it seems unlikely. Madame Furtseva is in a men's game, and so must play according to men's rules. Thus, in the ups and downs of Kremlin politics, she will not be spared because she is a woman. However, there are now more than 350 women among the 1,700 members of the Supreme Soviet, Russia's rubber-stamp parliament, and the number keeps increasing.

But even if Madame Furtseva's "personal ambition" extends no further than her present job, she remains the most powerful woman in Russia—and perhaps in the whole world as well.

So That's Why

FROM AN OLD ISSUE of London's *The Family Herald*: "The subject of christening ships with bottles of wine is about to be taken up by the temperance people, who assert that the rolling of vessels at sea is mainly caused thereby."

—LOIS A. NICHOLS

An authority on family economics tells you how to get more living per dollar

money-wise

by Sidney Margolius

CARS: label-law loopholes

When you visit an auto showroom these days you see something new besides the cars. Every model on the floor carries a prominent price tag, required by a new Federal law.

The biggest advantage of the label is that you now know exact prices of accessories, once a well-guarded trade secret. But there are points to remember about the new law:

1. Don't assume that the law requires that the dealer sell only at the labeled price. This is merely a suggested retail price. You still can bargain, and most dealers still give discounts off the labeled price.

2. The law requires only that prices of factory-installed equipment be listed on the label. It does not include the cost of accessories the dealer installs. Nor does the law prevent dealers from charging extra for preparing the car for delivery, even though the manufacturer has paid them an allowance for that purpose. These loopholes allow possible overcharges if you aren't watchful.

LIFE INSURANCE: economy-sized policies

Rather than carry numerous small policies, families can make worth-while savings by buying two kinds of "economy-sized" insurance policies now offered at discounts. These are:

1. The economy-sized individual policies which typically give you an annual discount of $1.25-$1.50 per $1,000 of insurance if you buy $5,000 or more at a time, and $1.75-$2 on policies of $10,000 or more.

2. The new family policies which cover all members for less than the cost of separate policies. For example, a family policy offered by one insurer for $123.35 a year before dividends, provides $4,000 of whole-life insurance on a father aged 35, $1,320 of term insurance for a mother aged 31, and $1,000 of term insurance on each child under 21, no matter how many. (Whole-life insurance is the kind that accumulates cash-surrender value; term insurance is inexpensive "protection" insurance which pays only on death.) If the parents had each bought this much insurance on their lives alone, this insurer would charge about $122. Thus the children ride free under the family policy.

The family policies are especially good for large broods. But when money is limited, a family buys most protection by concentrating insurance on its breadwinner's life, and buying term insurance which provides most coverage for least cost.

PART-TIME FARMS: bonanza in the bucolic boom?

The demand for small farms near cities has sent land values climbing, and astonished real-estate experts.

The new part-time farmers are city people who see land as a "hedge" against unemployment, and an additional source of income. Shorter work weeks, better rural schools, improved highways and lofty tags on homes in heavily-settled neighborhoods have all contributed to the trend. Another advantage is the potential tax saving. If your honest intent is to make a profit from your part-time farming, you can deduct from other income whatever losses you may incur.

Lest the dream of bucolic security become a nightmare, potential part-time farmers should be on the alert for exaggerated land prices and over-optimistic expectations of productivity. Sometimes, if well managed, the farms can pay for themselves in specialty-type farming; but it is a good idea to keep your job—just in case. Also you may need more down payment to buy a small farm than a suburban home. Lenders usually don't advance as large mortgages on farms. But some sellers do take back second mortgages themselves.

Other costs? In the Northeast, for example, you can generally figure about $500 an acre for most small farms; and as low as $200 for the larger, more remote properties. Typical small farms with habitable houses generally go for $10,000 to $18,000. The farms run in size from 20 to 80 acres.

Possible small-acreage, part-time enterprises include poultry and eggs; vegetable gardens; maple sugar in New England; Christmas trees; small greenhouse or shrub nursery; summer guests, and winter skiers. You should choose a property suitable to the enterprise you have in mind.

EDUCATION: loans for learning

Since it takes almost $2,000 a year now to keep a youngster in college, it's generally difficult for the average family to finance the whole cost on its own. Savings, work, scholarships and veterans' benefits make up part of the needed funds. And these sources can now be supplemented through the Federal Government's new student program which provides loans at an interest rate of 3 percent. The Federal loan can be repaid over a ten-year period. Graduates who enter teaching can have as much as half their loans forgiven.

College authorities can supply information on the new Federal program. They can also offer this money-saving advice: that pre-college savings plans are less costly than loans. In pre-payment plans, you are paid interest on your money. In loan plans you pay interest.

REAL ESTATE: syndicates pro & con

Any small saver impatient over the usual 3-4 percent interest he gets for his money would croon happily over an 8-10 percent return. In our generation, real-estate investment has brought this high rate. Thus, real-estate syndicates which pool a number of small investments into a kitty big enough to buy a fat-yielding apartment house, office building or shopping center, have become widespread. Typically, 250 or 500 small investors chip in $1,000 apiece to buy a big property. The management of the syndicate operates the property and the investors share the income after expenses are paid.

Besides high return, real estate has a tax advantage. You can deduct "depreciation" of the property from your income. Well-selected, carefully-maintained real estate also "hedges" a family against inflation. As prices in general increase, so do property values.

But you also can lose, if not your shirt, at least your buttons.

Many people who think real-estate syndicate shares are like mutual-fund shares—readily-redeemable any time they want their cash—are headed for trouble. For if real estate is one of the most profitable investments, it's also the least liquid. Some of the larger syndicates try to maintain a "market" for shares by keeping waiting lists of prospects. But there is no guarantee that you can easily sell your part of the venture. Whether through a syndicate or on your own, real estate always must be considered a long-range investment, never a place to commit all your available investment cash.

More dangerous is the fact that this new type of investment already has been marred by some exaggerated and even wholly-fraudulent promotions. One example: some syndicates promised as much as 12-15 percent return. But the holdings needed so many repairs that the yield turned out to be considerably less. In fact, sometimes investors have had to pony up additional capital.

To protect yourself:

1. Check reliability of the promoter with local Better Business Bureau and State or City Attorney General. His ability and reputation are your only real safeguards against loss of your investment.
2. Try to get an independent appraisal of the value of the property offered by the syndicate.
3. Ask your lawyer or a qualified real-estate expert to analyze the offering to see whether an excessive part of the income will be taken by the syndicate promoter or management.

LAWNS: *more green for less green stuff*

The secret of a good lawn is regular feeding in early spring and early fall with balanced lawn food (containing nitrogen, phosphoric acid and potash). But the money secret is to use the 10-6-4 grade (10 percent nitrogen, 6 percent phosphoric acid, 4 percent potash). Many homeowners buy 5-10-5, traditional for small homes because it costs less per pound. But the 10-6-4 formula costs less for a given area because you *need only half* as much.

For practical purposes, lawn fertilizers with the same basic formula have essentially the same effectiveness though prices may vary. Thus, check the label to see what formula you are getting for what price.

Timing is vital. Desirable lawn grasses such as blue grass and fescues grow faster in cool spring and early fall weather than they do in the summer. Fertilizing too late in the spring helps only the crab grass.

Tip: Fertilizers containing partly organic material (bag or box will be *so marked) cost a* little more but release lawn-nourishment more slowly, more uniformly, and for a longer period.

The Impala 2-Door Sport Coupe with Body by Fisher.

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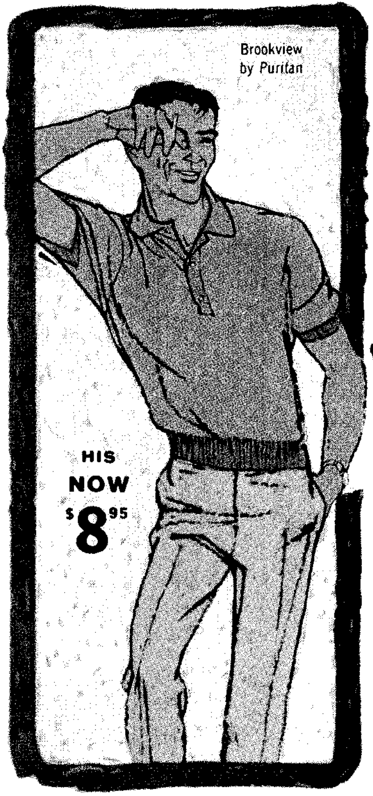

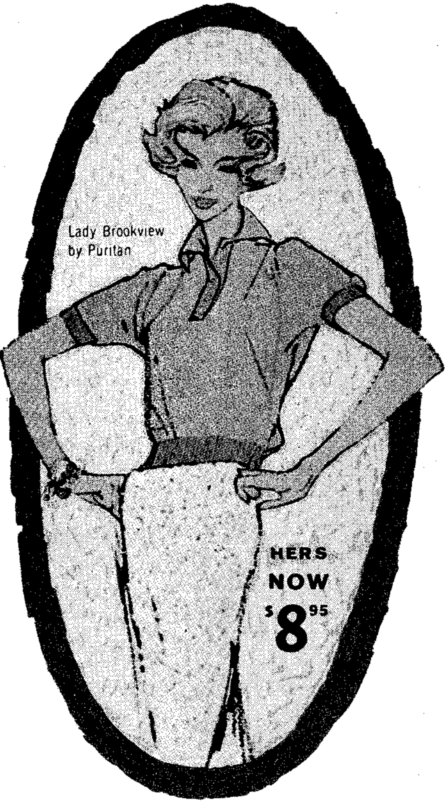

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How to improve your personality

by L. W. Robinson

For your big problems you may need professional help. But for the smaller ones, you can do the job yourself—if you really want to

HAVE YOU EVER wished you could change your personality? Wondered if you could change it without the help of a psychiatrist? Then said to yourself, "How do I know if I really need to change?"

Many of us do need to change certain aspects of ourselves. For in the hurly-burly of modern existence we sometimes take on neurotic patterns that interfere with our daily lives. When these patterns are complicated, change is impossible without psychiatric help. But when they are minor, as they frequently are, we can often do the job ourselves.

To do it successfully, two vital factors are involved: You must actually *want* to change. And you must keep your goals *small* and *specific.*

As for knowing when you really need to change, no one can give you an absolute answer. But there are definite guideposts, according to a group of leading psychiatrists and psychologists who were recently interviewed on the subject. They declare that you may be right in suspecting that a little change would be a big help if you are afflicted with any of the following personality traits:

When order is out of order

Being systematic and orderly are admirable qualities—if you don't overdo them. But if you've become a slave to routine, you may be burying your spontaneous and creative instincts and assuming a filing-cabinet-eye-view of people and life.

For example, if cigar ash or mud

on the carpet, a necktie on a doorknob, or a baseball glove on a living room chair infuriate you, you are probably a compulsive housekeeper. You can achieve a house that is always neat as a pin by hounding your husband and children into conforming to your perfectionist standards. But that won't make your house a home. Only love and affection can. And they can be a joyfully romping and disorderly pair.

The whiplashing wit

When you're at a party do you raise your ego by spearing someone else's with sharp retorts? Doubtless your barbed wit has caused *you*—as well as the person you make squirm—some uncomfortable moments. And it may even have lost you some friends. Actually your clever tongue masks a streak of sadism in your nature. By recognizing the hidden springs of your behavior you can help yourself control a behavior pattern you don't really like.

Next time try bridling your tongue instead of unleashing a stinging rejoinder. For a moment you may feel robbed of the perverse pleasure of making somebody wince. But as you see him walk away with his head still straight up rather than bowed by your remark, you may feel a strange new satisfaction at having passed up your hollow triumph. This new pattern, repeated by you, could ultimately become a constructive part of your personality.

The nay-sayer

Count the times you veto other people's projects at home, in the office or among your friends. If the number of your nays exceeds your yeses, it's time to take stock.

You may be hiding behind the belief that you're being "constructively critical." Drop that rationalization. For you may be developing a habit which could permanently sour your outlook.

With children, the nay-sayer is often a nagger. And if that's you, remember that by continually heckling or finding fault, you are depriving your children of a basic source of emotional strength. For without your praise and encouragement, they may inherit your attitude and become nay-sayers to life.

"Life is but a dream"

Daydreaming can bear much creative fruit. But you're out on a limb if your fantasies are a substitute for reality. Dr. Helene Deutsch, in her book, *Psychology of Women*, notes that intense daydreams, such as becoming a glamorous actress or dancer, are normal for the adolescent girl. Carried over into adulthood, however, these dreams can be at the root of an unhappy family life.

To a young woman with exaggerated romantic notions of love, reality may be a nightmare. When her husband fails to act like her "dream man," she may wind up blaming *him* for not measuring up to *her* unrealistic expectations.

The wavering mind

Do you put off making up your mind about things—even small things? Do decisions sometimes seem like life or death matters? Are you always having conferences to find out what other people think about any problem which you are faced with solving?

The fear of making decisions is a trait you should nip in the bud because it can finally paralyze your ability for swift, independent action.

Next time you have a decision to make call a conference of one—yourself. Rely on your own judgment for a change. A little practice like this can restore your mind's ability to act on its own. If your decisions are occasionally "right" your self-confidence will be bolstered; if sometimes unsuccessful, you'll discover that being wrong is not a major disaster.

The hit-and-run decider

He goes much too far in the opposite direction from the person above. He has a mental portrait of himself as a smoky-eyed tycoon with a mind that combines the finest aspects of Univac and a steel trap. He's sure he can look at any situation, no matter how complicated, size it up in an instant and decide what should be done. He can be a little Hitler, indifferent to others, so great is his self-opinion. "Results, results" is his war cry. But because of his haste, far too many of his decisions come a cropper.

If you suffer from this trait, you need a daily injection of humility; and you should thoroughly study the six points for change listed later.

The big planner

In business he is often called a "wheeler and dealer." He feels it necessary to sell himself on the basis of fast talk and big promises. He will promise anything. Far too often he can't come through. And sooner or later he is found out and is told to go wheel and deal elsewhere.

If you are a Big Planner, you have mistaken glibness and front for real work. You may be a very competent performer. But until you are able to change this trait, you will be looked upon—and quite rightly—with mistrust, first by your fellow workers and later by your boss.

Socially, you may think you have a lot of friends. It's doubtful, however, that they regard *you* as such.

The worrier

"When I haven't got something to worry about I feel nervous until I do get something." That's what a typical worrier discovered about himself under psychoanalysis. But you don't have to undergo intensive therapy to learn this about yourself.

Actually, most worrying is a habit and like most habits it will grow on you till you feel deprived without your worry.

To break this habit, learn to look each separate item you start to worry about right in the eye. Appraise the grounds for your worry. And remember what Winston Churchill once said: "The things I worried about most, never happened."

Cringing at criticism

A talented writer had had two novels accepted by his publisher. When he turned in the third, however, he was asked to make some revisions. Angered by the criticism, he had the book published elsewhere. But it was a failure. The critics pounced on it, pointing out the same weaknesses as had the author's first publisher. What was the author's reaction? He could not learn from his experience; he was crushed and could not write for years.

This is an extreme case. But if you see any parallels to yourself, beware. Oversensitivity to criticism can make you afraid of using the most productive part of yourself. Your underlying error is that you take a criticism of something you do or say as an attack on your entire personality. You've got the part mixed up with the whole.

Over-competitiveness

Competition is certainly the lifeblood of our society. If you're out to win, you need a normal quota of competitiveness.

But the "What Makes Sammy Run?" kind of person makes his co-workers mistrust him. They soon realize that any friendliness he might show is often aimed at using them in some manner for his advancement. Modern industry places great emphasis on teamwork. So if you sincerely value personal relationships, you will get ahead faster than the rugged individualist who walks roughshod over anybody who stands in his way.

ONCE YOU KNOW what you want to change in yourself, how can you go about changing it? Nobody can lay down an inflexible program, because there are many ways you can modify your personality. However, most experts agree that the following six measures are a good prescription for self-change:

1. You must be convinced change *is* possible for you. Nobody, of course, can quite believe this at first. But if you concentrate on the initial successes of your efforts, no matter how small they seem—rather than on your failures—you will gradually realize you *can* succeed.

2. Shoot low. If you aim too high, discouragement may make you quit.

A careful look at yourself will make you see what your chief failing is. Determine to change *that trait* and *no other*. When you have succeeded completely, then tackle another aspect of yourself which displeases you.

Success in self-change, as in other areas of creative endeavor, lays the foundation for further success.

3. If you have spotted the trait you would like to change, but don't know how to set up a specific goal, look for a model to imitate. Imitation is one of the best techniques for learning anything. You may find your model practically anywhere—within your own family or business, in a play, a book or among your friends.

4. It is a known psychological fact that if you wish to change your outward behavior, you must change your inner life. The reverse is also true. If you *act* the way you want to be, inner change may follow.

If, for example, our Nay-Sayer type will force himself to act *as if* he is a positive personality, he will eventually find this habit becoming a part of him. You can apply this technique for change to any of the other traits listed above.

5. Changing your social group is another extremely effective method for change.

Many experts claim that most of us usually gravitate toward social groups which encourage our shortcomings, because unconsciously we feel more accepted by people who share our deficiencies. Thus the Big Planner veers toward a blow-hard, non-performing group, the Daydreamer toward those who plump for a world of make-believe.

The thing for you to do is to choose the company of a group of people who markedly possess the new characteristic you wish to acquire. Join them in all possible activities even if, initially, you find this difficult or apparently unrewarding.

Professor Robert L. Sutherland, director of the Hogg Foundation for Mental Health, tells of a young man with a whiplashing wit who decided to give up the who-cares-a-damn group with whom he associated. "He joined," says Dr. Sutherland, "a residential group with a different, more open, more positive outlook and yet with similar intellectual capacity. Without too much direct awareness, he found himself taking on a more friendly role. It was the pattern prevalent around him. It was the behavior condoned and rewarded by the approval of his new associates."

6. Dr. Smiley Blanton, one of America's most prominent psychoanalysts, claims that if you are truly determined to change for the better, you will be helped tremendously if you can achieve a vital faith. His view is now widely shared by psychotherapists, who hold that the Golden Rule is still the best yardstick for judging whether your personality needs to be changed. For as Dr. Erich Fromm, in his book *The Sane Society,* put it: "The mentally healthy person . . . lives by love, reason and faith . . . respects life—his own and that of his fellow man."

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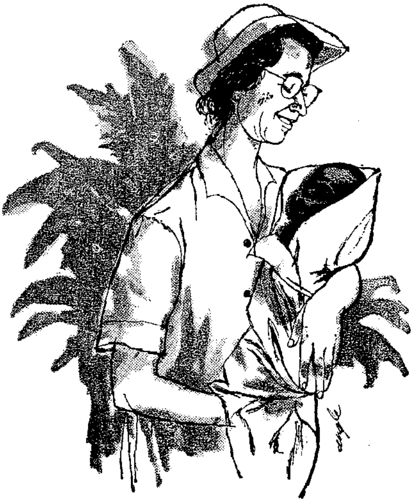

Queen of the lepers

by Fergus Cronin

For over 15 years, this fearless Canadian woman has used her Bible and her medical skill to battle Africa's arch enemies —disease and superstition

THE THRONG OF more than a hundred Ngambai natives were making such a din that the stocky little white woman with tousled brown hair awoke. Curious and alarmed, she dressed and hurried out, following the distant drumbeats.

The screaming and the sound from the drums and the marimba-type instrument with its five-note scale grew louder . . . the burial ceremony! She quickened her pace, reached the outer circle and heard the wail of an infant.

Squeezing her way between the press of half-naked natives, she burst into the center clearing and snatched the wailing infant off the white-shrouded corpse of its mother just as the grave diggers began to push in the earth. The noise stopped. She scolded the natives loudly in their own tongue, then hustled back through the silent mourners, ignoring the hostile glares.

She was one of the very few white women in Africa who could have escaped unmolested after flouting the ancient tradition among these people that babes-in-arms must be buried with their mothers.

It is this power to command respect, coupled with her courage and medical knowledge, that have proven indispensable to Helen Keller in her war against leprosy and superstition in the Tchad territory of French Equatorial Africa.

Canadian-born Helen Keller—no relative of the famed, blind author-lecturer of the same name—first sailed for Africa in 1943 as a 27-year-old missionary for the North American branch of the Sudan United Mission—one of 42 such organizations in the world which are non-denominational. She learned French and Ngambai, and as time passed she picked up a smattering of the other eight languages spoken by the tribes of the Logone region assigned to her mission, south of Lake Tchad. Leprosy, she found, speaks all languages.

Everywhere she worked she found pathetic, horribly crippled lepers. Shunned by their tribe, they usually crept away into the wilderness where, if they escaped wild beasts, they would die of starvation or pneumonia—for leprosy itself does not kill but makes its victim more vulnerable to other illnesses.

BY 1952, SHE had convinced her missionary superiors and the French Government that a leper colony was the only answer. On a 12-acre tract near the village of Beladja, she began a voluntary exile among the misshapen wretches who, even in this age of great medical achievements, had never received treatment. The lepers flocked to Beladja. With help from the International Christian Leprosy Mission of Portland, Oregon, she began to give them regular injections, vitamins, baths and, later, pills containing avlosulphon.

She taught the natives cleanliness, convinced that although medical science still does not know how leprosy is transmitted, the filth in which most African natives live is responsible for most of their health problems. She became their schoolteacher and religious instructor as well as doctor, although she had had only a year's training as a nurse at the Missionary Health Institute of Toronto.

She started with 25 lepers and when she left on furlough last summer the population of her colony was 950, of whom 549 were lepers and the rest members of their families. In addition, she had established five treatment stations at points outside the colony, and here an additional 500 lepers report weekly for treatment.

Helen set up housekeeping in a mud-brick house with a thatched grass roof, which differed from that of the natives' only in that it had a cement floor as protection against the white ants which devour anything made of wood. Throw a piece of wood on the ground at night, she says, and by morning there will be only a sliver left. Ants also eat the 18-inch-thick grass roofs which effectively keep out the heat and rain. Natives build themselves a new house about every six months, but if she was to have time for her work, Helen knew she needed a more permanent dwelling made with kiln-hardened bricks and a metal roof. She could buy aluminum sheeting 35 miles away in Moundou.

With only a picture from an old American magazine for a plan, she supervised while the natives made permanent bricks out of a combination of dead ant-hill soil and mud, and built a dispensary and a five-room house. She pitched in as workman as well as architect. Next she had built a combined storage shed and garage, the latter for the mission's half-ton pickup truck for which she had raised the money. Finally, in the fall of 1957, Helen completed a combined church-school in which 250 natives could sit—African style, on the floor. She had other missionaries visit the station for the formal opening and wrote to a friend back in the U. S.:

"It was most touching to see the lepers march into the building. Some walked with a firm tread, others limped, still others just barely could walk, with Mbaide (a leper) coming along on his knees for he cannot walk upright. It was with difficulty that I could restrain the tears."

Before leaving on her present furlough—members of her mission get a year off for every four years spent in the field, but spend most of the year making speeches and raising funds—Helen had the thrill of discharging her first group of patients: 204 natives who had been declared by the overseeing French doctor at Moundou to have had their disease arrested in 1956. The French Government requires two years free of lesions before considering a leper "cured," although the disease may subsequently return.

Lepers at Beladja must line up once a week for their pills and have their ulcers inspected daily and cleansed if necessary. Periodically, Helen has to check their blood count because avlosulphon has a tendency to cause anemia. When the count is low, she has to give the patients heavy doses of ferous sulphate along with their vitamin pills.

Fighting disease of the body has been only part of Helen's struggle. With her drugs and her Bible she has also been fighting the deep-rooted superstitions of the simple African tribes, best symbolized by the ubiquitous witch doctor.

"All witch doctors," she says, "are evil. They prey upon the people, enslave them to superstition and become wealthy from the payment they exact for their mumbo jumbo."

For a few chickens, an umbrella or perhaps a goat, witch doctors in the Logone region will put a curse on your enemy, or murder him by the ingenious method of slipping finely-chopped leopard whiskers into his food or drink. The tiny bits embed themselves in the lining of the stomach, fester and eventually kill. Their curses, too, can be fatal. For when the curse is made known, the subject becomes almost paralyzed with fear, sometimes succumbing to despair—or starvation through fear his food is poisoned.

The executive secretary of Helen Keller's mission in America is Reverend John Russell, who has offices in both Brooklyn and Toronto. Russell tells of an incident a few years ago in Nigeria. A woman came to the mission station one day, frightened almost to death. She said she had been chosen to be the living sacrifice to the gods for the sins of the community for that year. Each year the witch doctor chose the prettiest woman of the village to be burned at the stake. Russell told her she had nothing to fear as long as she stayed in the mission home.

That night the witch doctor came with a crowd of natives. They stopped a hundred feet away from the home and started to beat the drums. After a time the girl began to cry that she would have to go. The missionaries pleaded with her but she wouldn't hear them. She joined the group in the darkness as the drums quickened their pace. After

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A CRY IN THE NIGHT

Lieutenant Jackson shivered. The harsh Korean winter wind penetrated the thickness of his army overcoat. He held up his hand to protect his face from the biting cold and made a dash for the protection of a wall at the side of the road. As he felt his way along the wall in the darkness, he stumbled over a soft bundle. The bundle moved and a little voice cried out in the night, "Hey, watch out, Mister!"

The bundle that spoke turned out to be a little Korean boy, about 7, who explained that his name was Ho Song and he was huddled against the wall because it was the warmest place he knew in Seoul.

Lieutenant Jackson picked up the youngster and carried him to the camp kitchen. The cook gave him a cup of hot soup and thick slices of bread and put a cot behind the kitchen stove where for the first time in his life, Ho Song slept within warm walls.

The Lieutenant became fast friends with Ho Song and his little Korean playmates. Inevitably, however, it came time for Lieutenant Jackson to return to the U.S.A. But his departure did not mean the end of his friendship with Korean children.

Home in the U.S.A., Lieutenant Jackson and his fiancée arranged to sponsor a Korean child through Save the Children Federation. They found that a little child across the sea would receive supplementary food, warm clothing, new shoes, household articles and some cash through an SCF Sponsorship. And correspondence with the child through SCF meant hope and encouragement.

Won't you join the Lieutenant and the thousands of other SCF Sponsors who bring hope and help to children in destitute areas of the free world?

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Contributions are Deductible from Income Tax CO-4-9 that night she was never seen again.

Another incident occurred in Helen's own Logone region of the Tchad. About midnight the entire village, where she was visiting with another missionary couple, was awakened by screams. Everyone tumbled out of his hut and crowded around a woman who was beating her breast and yelling repeatedly, "My child is dead! Someone has eaten the spirit of my child!"

The chief arrived and sent for the witch doctor, who began chanting and leaping and, with impressive ceremony, placing long straws plucked from his belt: one on the dead baby, another in the door of the woman's hut, others about on the ground.

Finally he picked up all the straws and said, "I have it. There is a witch in this village and she has eaten the spirit of the baby." He asked the mother if she had any enemies. She said she knew of none. Then he asked her if she had had any dreams lately that she could recall.

She thought for a few moments, then remembered that a few nights previously she had dreamed that her neighbor, who was her best friend, had asked if she could mind the baby for a little while. The witch doctor pointed an accusing finger at the neighbor, cringing in the crowd, and shouted, "You're the one. You stole the spirit from that child."

As the poor woman shrieked denials, the men began to shout, "To the tree! To the tree!" and, with only the moon to light the scene, she was dragged to the edge of the village. The missionaries followed fearfully, not knowing what was to happen, but hoping they could interfere. They finally came to a huge mahogany tree, stretching fully 60 feet into the black sky, with a curious opening in the trunk which ran from top to bottom. The crowd stopped and the witch doctor told the woman what she already knew: that she had to climb the tree as far as she could, then jump down through the opening, and if she were indeed innocent of being a witch, she would not be hurt.

The wretched woman screamed and began to cry out her life history, shouting, "You know my family. You know I'm not a witch. Don't make me climb the tree." But the crowd was unmoved and she began the climb. At every main branch she would pause and harangue the crowd but, receiving no response, she would continue upward. She reached the top, then with a final scream, threw herself off—and was killed. The natives quietly returned to their sleeping mats.

Indirectly, witch doctors keep cropping up as an influence on Helen's work. Apart from her treatment of lepers, she has as many as 200 other cases a day, such as pneumonia, bronchitis, syphilis, cuts, burns and snake bite. Once she tried, in vain, to save the life of a boy who had been sleeping outside his hut when a hyena attacked him. Usually the natives go to a witch doctor first, and when his treatment has obviously failed and the ailment is probably worse than ever, they come to Helen. Often, too, she will learn that a patient whom she has been treating successfully has been lured away by a witch doctor who will claim his own magic has been responsible for the eventual cure.

Although inroads upon superstition and disease have been made by Helen and her fellow missionaries, they have made little impression upon the natives' passion to disfigure their bodies in order, as they believe, to add to their beauty.

"I have seen a mother," says Helen, "put her child on its back, head between her knees, then take a knife and cut three lines down both cheeks and three small ones at each temple. And all the time she did it she completely ignored the child's screams and my own pleadings. Then she took wood ashes from her fire and rubbed them into the bleeding cuts. This is to make them heal into welts. It's little wonder that a tremendously high percentage of the native children die before the age of two."

Many of these lives are lost in childbirth, which normally takes place under filthy conditions; and last year Helen began to offer her dispensary as a maternity ward and herself as a midwife. In seven months she safely delivered 80 babies. Then she was told by the field director of the Sudan United Mission that she would have to take a course in midwifery to continue and to train native women in the art.

So last October Helen left for London where she is taking a two-year course offered by the Salvation Army. She will resume her position as Head Nurse of the Leper Colony at Beladja but, she said before leaving, "If leper work is petering out I'll just have to find a new job."

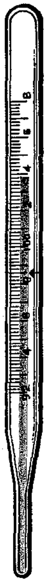
All this she does for $1,400 a year —out of which she is allowed $65 per month for field expenses—and enormous satisfaction. "My life is exciting in every sense of the word," she says with the fervor typical of her fellow missionaries throughout Africa. "Of course, our medical work is intended simply to give us the opportunity to teach these poor people the Word of God."

She confesses that while she looks forward to her furloughs and to seeing her family and friends—scattered between Toronto and Chilliwack, British Columbia, and especially in Edmonton, Alberta, where she grew up—after a couple of months she is anxious to get back "home." All she owns is at Beladja. And she would rather be there, seeing white people perhaps once every two months, than in America where she says "problems scarcely exist."

Signs of the Times

A NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK, church, tired of having its lawn constantly showered with confetti, posted this sign as a notice to bridal parties: "If You Must Throw Something, Throw Grass Seed." —MRS. RUBY CORDER

SIGN ON A SMALL bridge over a small creek: "When this sign is out of sight, it's unsafe to cross the creek." —BUCK HERZOG (*Milwaukee Sentinel*)



FEVER the heat that heals

by Herbert S. Benjamin, M. D.

Your health can depend on
the body's built-in
"oven" which literally burns
up disease germs

IN AN EMERGENCY hospital tent of World War II, doctors and nurses stood anxiously over the cot of a wounded infantryman. The wound seemed slight—a small gash just above his right ear. But when the soldier's blankets were removed his temperature plunged well below normal. When he was covered again, his temperature soared.

The doctors were baffled by these reactions—and were even more puzzled when the soldier died a few hours later from his apparently minor wound. Then a post-mortem solved the mystery. A minute splinter of shrapnel had penetrated to the man's brain thermostat—a thumb-sized area of nerve tissue located behind and above the bridge of the nose.

So vital to human life, this thermostat controls not only temperature, but appetite, sleep, blood pressure and emotional tone of the body. But we are usually unaware of its existence except in the phenomena known as fever.

Fever is perhaps the most common, yet least understood, symptom of the human body. It has long been considered a reliable sign of illness. But today it is known that fever can also indicate that the body is inherently healthy. To understand why, it is first necessary to have a look at how the brain's amazing thermostat works under more normal conditions.

When your skin is swept by cold air, cold signals travel from nerves in your skin up to this thermostat, which sends off jarring commands to your muscles to make them contract rhythmically—thus generating needed new warmth through the muscle work involved in shivering.

In a room with temperatures below 70°, this watchful thermostat switches off the activity in your sweat glands and keeps you warm. When it's cold outdoors, insistent cold sensations, traveling up from skin to brain, press the thermostat to rouse the thought-control centers of your mind, keeping you alert and busy to heat yourself with activity and exercise. It notifies your brain's appetite control—automatically inviting you to warm your body with the fuel of food.

In hot weather, on the other hand, when heat sensations in your skin telegraph your brain, appetite drops, sweat pours out as much as a quart per hour, and muscles relax and lose tone, as the thermostat makes you lazy and douses your initiative to keep your temperature down.

The temperature of "cold-blooded" animals, such as the frog, which has no fever thermostat, changes with the warmth of its surroundings. When placed in cold water, a frog's temperature recedes; and in winter when it is too cold for its brain cells to stay awake and burn fuel, a cold-blooded animal drops into a long winter sleep called hibernation.

Different parts of the human body have slightly differing normal temperatures. The mouth reading of 98.6°, taken under the tongue, is about one degree lower than normal rectal temperature, 99.6°—and about ½° higher than groin and armpit temperatures, which run around 98°. Skin temperatures are not usually important in health and are rarely measured. They are relatively low, and the ear lobe, instep and nose tip score the very lowest in—or on—the body, often far under the 90° mark. The liver, site of the body's most intense chemistry, continually has the highest temperature, about 101°.

Normally, oral temperature drops to its coolest point, about 97° or a bit lower, between 5 and 7 A.M. Toward evening the day's height is reached, around 98.6°. If it goes a degree higher, the result is a "fever."

Fever's heat may be a *good* sign that your body is healthy enough to fight it out when threatened by an infection. It is an indication of poor health and low resistance when, attacked by a major infection or infectious disease, a patient fails to respond with a rise in temperature. In fact, it is still an occasionally necessary medical procedure today to induce fever artificially in patients who suffer from chronic stubborn sickness when their temperatures stay low—or to raise their temperatures even higher by artificial means when they run only mild fever.

You have probably noticed—if some part of your body has ever become infected and "inflamed,"—that it not only hurts, but it also produces at first a kind of miniature fever right at the place of infection. If this little "local fever" does not rub out the infection, toxins mount up and reach the brain's thermostat which fires up the whole body to battle it out.

Thus a sickness which is characterized by such a fever is no longer a minor or local infection, but something serious enough to call out all the body's defenses. Therefore, special precautions should be taken for your health. When the question arises of whether or not to call your physician, a reading a degree or two over the little red "normal" mark on the household thermometer should swing the decision to a definite "yes." And you should stay in bed as much as possible to allow the extra heat to battle toxins instead of fatiguing your body.

Almost any infecting germs will cause a fever if enough toxins are set loose. But any substance which differs chemically from normal human tissues may have the same hot result. For example, certain drugs when excessively used can cause a fever. So can bits of one's own broken-down body tissues which have been damaged by injuries or burns, reabsorbed into the blood stream, and carried to the brain and temperature control.

When poisons are set loose by harmful viruses or bacteria in the body, they enter the blood stream and flow up to the base of the brain where a health-protecting group of toxin-sensitive cells are bunched. Alarmed by the poisons, these nerve cells send emergency messages to all parts of the body which play a role in conserving heat. As the heat outlets are closed, the patient's skin becomes dry. At the same time, blood vessels contract, making him ghastly pale, but preventing fever-heated blood from cooling off at the body's surface.

Thus a feverish body is transformed into a kind of natural heat cabinet of its own, protectively overwarmed and tightly insulated by nature until the poisons within are overcome.

With every degree of rise in temperature, the alerted thermostat's brain cells intensify their emergency command signals to all vital organs, quickening life inside the body—accelerating the beat of the heart, the rate of breathing and the flow of blood through veins and arteries.

Germ-damaged body cells are rapidly flushed out to make room for healthy new cell replacements, and all one's hormones and cell enzymes, now heat-activated, hasten the turnover of body chemicals in the struggle.

Sometimes fever's natural defending warmth overcomes disease germs simply by burning them out, since many germs can not live above normal body temperature. Weakened by fever, disease germs become easy targets for the blood's heat-energized antibodies. Moreover, drugs like *penicillin* have been tested and found to work best against germs at fever warmth.

Temperature control may be lost and temperatures soar when the delicate nerve tissue of the thermostat is damaged by brain disease or head injury. In infants and young children, the brain thermostat is not perfectly developed, and often in young bodies high temperatures are triggered by only slight infections. On the other hand, in persons of advanced age, temperatures tend to stay relatively low no matter how serious the ailment.

Every healthy person reacts to stresses with some temperature change. Once every month during the middle of the menstrual period,

Personal grooming tips
for young girls

How to Take Care of Yourself on Trying Days

Beauty experts say: You can scrub away half your complexion problems before they start. The time to get rid of a blackhead is when it's just a smidgeon of dust. The time to do something about a pimple is when you spy that tempting sweet.

But if, in spite of your efforts, you do get bumps, don't panic. You can always use a "cover-up" preparation and fool people all evening.

What can't be fooled with, however, is the fact that your pores are working overtime during certain days of the month. That's the time you should be extra careful about odor and perspiration.

There's nothing like a bathful of frothy suds to smooth away all hint of odor—to soothe you back to flower-freshness. No need for time-of-the-month to keep you out of the tub. When you wear Tampax—you can bathe with complete security.

Do everything you can to feel your best on those days. Don't give in to monthly blues. Think happy—you'll feel happy! Get into loose clothing—feel free! Smart girls won't wear anything that binds on difficult days. That goes for their protection, too. They prefer wearing Tampax® internal sanitary protection.

Because it's worn internally, Tampax prevents odor from forming. Banishes all telltale signs of externally-worn protection. Keeps your secret safe.

When you wear Tampax, you're hardly aware of the difference in days of the month. You feel poised, confident, free—free to do what you like, whenever you like. So much a part of your active life, Tampax is available wherever drug products are sold. It's the modern way.

Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

(*Advertisement*)

a woman's temperature rises a half a degree after ovulation. Exercise, digestion, excitement, and emotional tension also call up more heat in your body.

Recently a group of college students taking final examinations had their oral temperatures measured before, during, and after two-hour tests. Under the pressure and excitement, many ran elevations of two degrees, but when the crisis had passed all the students had normal temperatures again.

The thermostat's efficiency may also be strained in summer months. Most of the discomfort, as everyone knows, comes not from the heat, but from humidity. In very moist, hot weather with no breeze, sweat will not evaporate and warmth may store up in the body to a feverish degree. In such cases, cold baths or ice packs usually reduce even fierce fevers of 107° or 108° to normal in a relatively short time.

In winter other fever factors play a role. The viruses which cause flu or "grippe," and the common cold have been cultured in laboratories and found to take hold and thrive when they are exposed to sharp changes in laboratory temperature. Once these viruses land in a person's breathing passages the result is the same. Your body's natural resistance will destroy them more easily if you don't expose yourself—especially your throat and windpipe—to extreme changes in air temperature during winter days.

Comfort in mild fever cases may be obtained by a light cold sponging once a day, but since it is now known that moderate fever rarely harms a person's health, cooling measures are used only to ease a patient's discomfort, or as a last resort in the rare cases when a danger limit of 105° is reached.

The human body can support temperatures up to 105°; readings above that are extremely dangerous. No one has been known to live with a temperature over 112°. Running a fever above 105°, a person may suddenly begin to thrash about in his bed, and delirium may set in. Overheated brain cells may cause rage, confusion and uncontrollable fear, followed finally by nervous exhaustion and unconsciousness. Narcotics may be needed to dope up the brain's thermostat until the crisis has passed over.

EARLIER IN THIS century Dr. Julius Wagner-Jauregg, made a Nobel prize-winning experiment in fever. He injected a number of advanced syphilitics with malaria parasites, causing malarial fever. Eighty-three percent of the doomed patients recuperated and went home cured.

Today, standard artificial fever therapy, using malaria, typhoid vaccine, or heat cabinets, rescues nearly every victim of brain syphilis, and helps many suffering from other brain diseases, rheumatic joint and heart disease, gonorrhea, eye degenerations, and numerous chronic severe infections affecting all parts of the body—even when the wonder-drug antibiotics fail.

Relief from mild fever may be obtained by small doses of relatively non-toxic drugs like aspirin and phenacetin. The famous "A.P.C." pill contains a little of each of these

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EDWARD A. SAND, Vice President and member of the Board of Directors of Parents' Institute, Inc., Publishers of PARENTS' MAGAZINE, has long been dedicated to the well being of American parents and their children. And, like so many others who provide dynamic leadership to our nation's outstanding industries, Mr. Sand rose from the ranks of magazine subscription salesmen.

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two ingredients plus some caffeine. Aspirin ("A") and phenacetin ("P") have been found to give the best results when combined together in comparatively small quantities.

Caffeine ("C"), which is extracted from coffee beans, is added because caffeine is said to expand the brain's blood vessels, bringing more blood to the brain. Thus more of the aspirin and phenacetin absorbed from the stomach can reach their target, the brain's thermostat. Prodded by these two drugs, the thermostat advises sweat glands to increase mildly their flow of sweat, easing the fever's heat somewhat and relieving discomfort.

Aspirin and phenacetin also effectively reduce pain in ways yet unknown to medicine. But as non-toxic and effective as these drugs are in stopping pain and dropping fever, their use is not to be recommended in more than mild doses. This is because fever is usually busy rubbing out whatever caused the trouble in the first place. Better, bundling with extra covers at night will often drive common cold temperatures up to a final healing peak and bring the cold to an end with a relieving sweat.

A fever patient needs rest and nourishment above all, and the expression, "starve a fever, feed a cold," has been proven wrong, as far as fever is concerned. Each degree of temperature rise may burn up as much as four pounds of your body's most precious reserve protein in one day. Thus the loss would be weakening, if not replaced by rich nourishment at a time when reserves are most needed. Colds, and fevers especially, are treated with plentiful, easily digestible solid foods, and extra liquids to compensate for needed water lost from the blood into the thirsty hot tissues.

The next time you have a fever, it should be of some cooling comfort to know that your body is automatically on the job, hotly contending with whatever is ailing it. The best way to cooperate with nature and your physician's treatment is to "play it cool"—take it easy in bed, relax and don't worry. You'll mend quicker that way.

SMALL BOY'S DEFINITION of wind: Air that's in a hurry.

—FRANCES BENSON

IN MAY CORONET

STORY BEHIND DR. ZHIVAGO

A tale of intrigue and terror lies behind Boris Pasternak's epic novel. Read how a bold Italian editor defied the Communists and saved this Nobel Prize book from oblivion.

THE MURDER OF MASCULINITY

With a thoughtless gibe or gesture, a woman can lacerate her husband's masculine pride and jeopardize her marriage. Here's how to avoid these little-known pitfalls.

The shocking abies-by-mail” scandal

by Norman Sklarewitz

Abuse—instead of a happy home—is he fate of many children imported to the U.S. through a legal loophole that permits proxy adoptions

WHEN A MIDWESTERN couple tried to adopt a child last summer, the local child welfare agency denied their request. A routine preadoption study of the couple's home had shown that the would-be father was a heavy drinker, often unemployed. The would-be mother was extremely high-strung and quarreled frequently and violently with her husband. The couple had separated several times.

The husband grew abusive when the adoption application was refused. He called the agency's social workers “nosy busybodies,” then stormed out with his wife, saying he was off to get a child on his own—“one of them foreign kids.”

When the door closed behind them, the social workers looked at each other in sorrow and frustration. They knew that this couple *could* adopt a child and there was nothing anyone could do about it.

Once home, the man wrote to a former Army buddy in Yokohama, Japan. This soldier had little difficulty in finding two unwed Japanese mothers who were willing to give up their American-fathered children. The soldier lined up the cute little youngsters one sunny Sunday and snapped their picture. He sent the photo, along with some blank forms, to the couple in America, who chose the child they wanted and returned the completed forms to the soldier.

Still acting as go-between, the soldier in Japan then took the forms to the local Family Court. The procedure was approved (as a matter of routine) and the Japanese orphan, sight unseen, became the legal ward of an American couple 8,000 miles away!

This amazing situation — and many others like it—has been possible because of a special law passed in September, 1957, to fill the gap left by the expiration of the Refugee Relief Act. Part of this law makes it possible for a couple to adopt a foreign child by using a third party as an intermediary. It's often called the "proxy" adoption or "mail-order baby" loophole.

Through such "mail-order" adoptions, thousands of foreign-born children have been placed in American homes. Most have been adopted from Japan and Korea. These children are mostly of mixed parentage—Oriental-Negro or Oriental-white. But many have also been brought in from Greece, Italy and other countries where children have been left homeless or in institutions as a result of social and economic disruptions following World War II. Although exact figures are not available, it is estimated that more than 15,000 such foreign-born children have been adopted into American homes from all over the world since the end of World War II.

Many of these children are today healthy, happy youngsters—a delight to their new parents and a credit to their new-found country. But experience shows that too often such adoptions are either total failures or only partial successes.

Practically every state and local welfare agency has come out against the "mail-order" adoption because it reverses the sound practice of finding a home for a child, rather than a child for the home. Neither the background and particular requirements of the child *nor* those of the prospective parents are considered in "mail-order" adoptions.

Many of these foreign children have suffered unusual mental and physical hardships. Because of mixed parentage, they may have been ostracized in their native land. Unwanted and uncared for, they often suffer from malnutrition and disease. Such children require more than ordinary care and sympathy.

IN THE FOREFRONT of those anxious to solve the problem is the International Social Service. I.S.S., as it is known, is a world-wide voluntary agency and through its WAIF adoption program handles countless professionally-referred adoptions of foreign children by Americans. Such applications are first processed and approved by local and state child welfare agencies. The child and parents receive all possible protection.

But in "mail-order" adoptions, the parents-to-be usually know little more than the child's age and sex. They must trust the judgment of the third party who represents them overseas. Most of these intermediaries are well-meaning persons. Often they are connected with some missionary group or church which sincerely wishes to help ease the suffering of homeless children. "Yet, in their hurry to take short cuts, they risk the happiness and even the lives of the children," says Florence Boester, Far Eastern representative for the I.S.S. Police and agency records support her statement.

In the summer of 1957, an Oregon grand jury indicted a 46-year-

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old housewife in the second degree murder of a 22-month-old Korean orphan she had adopted by mail. It was charged that in a fit of anger, the woman struck the child and killed it. She was later acquitted.

In Michigan, police charged a 37-year-old woman with beating her nine-year-old adopted Japanese son with the arm of a chair. In court, the woman admitted she repeatedly struck the boy because he refused to learn his Sunday School lessons. She called the child a "half-breed."

Any detailed check on the results of proxy adoptions is difficult since few records are kept once the children are turned over to their new parents at the airport. (One couple, disappointed by their "mail-order" child, actually gave the child to a couple they had met while waiting at the airport.)

The extent of failure of "mail-order" adoptions was indicated in a sample study completed recently by the Child Welfare League of America and the American Branch of I.S.S. Laurin and Virginia P. Hyde, prominent sociologists, found that out of 97 random proxy adoptions called to the attention of social agencies, 29—almost one out of three—did not succeed. The researchers found a grim trail of mistreatment and emotional strains.

But such statistics do not deter the baby brokers who often receive enthusiastic newspaper coverage of their "orphan air lifts." One individual, Harry Holt of Oregon, has gained world-wide fame for bringing more than 1,200 mixed-blood Korean orphans to the U.S. His standards for adoption were considered lax by most social welfare agencies. Holt based his pre-adoption home study primarily upon credit investigations. He also published a directory of the names of adoptive parents, their addresses and the names and birth dates of the adopted children. This, his critics felt, violated the confidentiality of adoptions and exposed the family to possible blackmail.

Among the persons approved to receive overseas orphans under such private programs was a man who was in a tuberculosis sanatorium at the time the child arrived. He died shortly afterward, leaving the Korean girl again fatherless.

One woman, known to local welfare authorities as being "extremely disturbed," applied for a child. She had been married three times and had four children. Yet, with the help of her attorney, she got a Japanese orphan by mail. Soon after it arrived, the woman's husband deserted her. So she and the five youngsters went on county relief.

Scheming individuals have been quick to spot the "proxy" loophole as a chance to make money. In January of this year, at a special hearing of the New York State Joint Legislative Committee on Matrimonial and Family Laws, the Committee's special consultant, Ernest A. Mitler, testified that a New York City official with "extensive contacts in Greece" was helping place children through a law firm that charged $2,800 a child. He estimated that actual expenses for bringing a child from Greece were only $1,200.

Mitler also said that Chicago was

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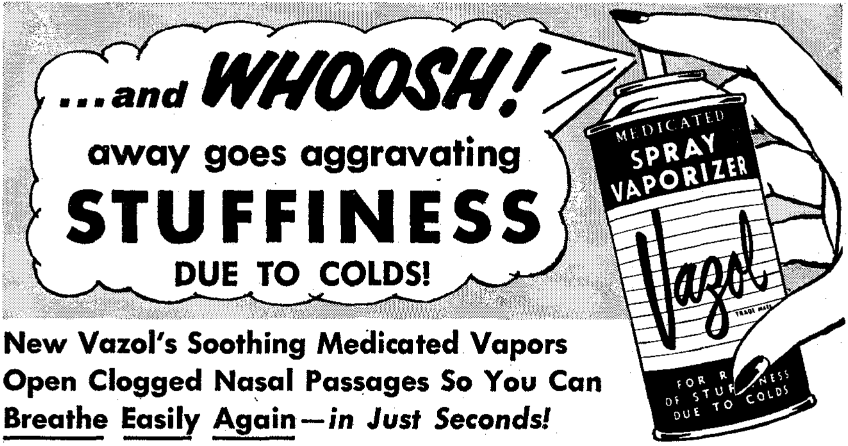
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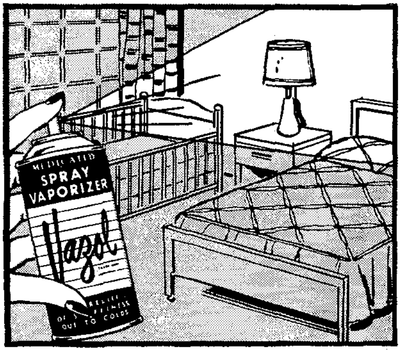
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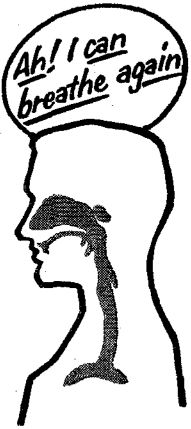
Ah! I can breathe again

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the center of a baby-selling racket. He testified that William Manella solicited babies all over the Midwest, offering unwed mothers $600 to go to Chicago and surrender their babies for placement, chiefly with New York couples. Harry D. Cohen, a Chicago lawyer, was named as "the key figure in the Chicago baby-selling racket." Cohen asked $2,100 for an infant, according to Mary Grice, one of the Committee's investigators. Miss Grice also said that a New York lawyer named Jacob Cohen had told a man posing as her husband that he could obtain a Greek orphan for $2,800, payable in four installments.

The National Broadcasting Company turned over to I.S.S. a letter from Germany, asking that an announcement be broadcast offering "a baby for placement—for not under $1,000—boy, two months old, sound family, now unemployed," and giving the child's name and religion.

Some overseas mothers do not realize that they give up all claim to their children when they sign an adoption release. Often they assume that the infant is merely being reared by some kindhearted American. Occasionally a mother tries to emigrate to the U.S. thinking she has achieved citizenship because her child was adopted by Americans.

In view of this report, one may wonder how the "proxy-adoption" law could have been passed in the first place. Actually, it was written to accommodate American service families and others living abroad who wished to make local adoptions. But the law did not say exactly this. It only required that the child be *adopted overseas;* nothing was said about the parents being there. Because of this legal loophole, all the measures established over the years to protect orphans can thereby be circumvented.

Fortunately, the law is due to expire next June 30. Some provision will have to be made to replace it. Welfare agencies are urging Americans to request the 86th Congress to prohibit adoption abroad except when the prospective parents are actually present in the country.

Such a provision would assure countless children not only of homes in America, but of the love of provident parents. Such assurance can only be given when the practice of "mail-order" adoptions has been abolished. ♛

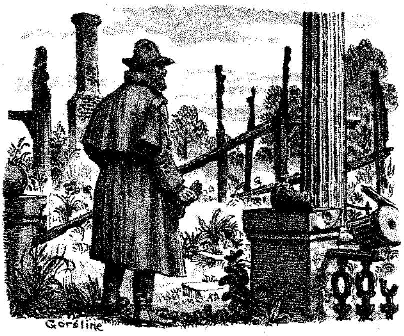
Western Roundup

(Answers to Quiz on page 73)

1. (b) 19 months; 2. (b) 1848; 3. (a) cheap novel; 4. (b) dentist; 5. (b) derby; 6. (c) Arizona; 7. (b) Jack McCall; 8. (c) buffalo and cattle; 9. (a) Isaac Charles Parker; 10. (b) stage bandit; 11. (c) $20; 12. (c) Johnny Behan; 13. (b) hides; 14. (a) sod; 15. (a) General Crook; 16. (b) Santa Fe Trail; 17. (c) Thomas Howard; 18. (c) Arizona.

by Margaret Morgan Mabry

The man who hated Lincoln



NEARLY EVERY AMERICAN knows of the virulent hatred that led a mediocre actor named John Wilkes Booth into Ford's Theatre in Washington, D.C., one April evening to murder President Abraham Lincoln. Almost equally *unknown* is another ardent Rebel whose fabulous hatred for Old Abe festered for more than half a century.

Joseph Pinkney Parker (known as "Pink"), scion of an Alabama plantation family, volunteered in 1861 and fought bravely with General Lee throughout the Civil War.

After mustering out, Pink returned to find his graceful Coffee County plantation mansion reduced to ashes, his servants and livestock vanished. And the property itself was eventually confiscated to satisfy the ruinous taxes of the Reconstruction.

Pink Parker thereafter nursed a consuming, irreconcilable, and unreasoning hatred for the one man he considered responsible for his plight —Abraham Lincoln. Settling down at last in the small town of Troy, Alabama, Pink embarked on the full-time avocation of tending the altar fires of his obsession.

Slowly, his friends began to drop away, appalled at the vituperation that came from his lips at the merest mention of Lincoln. At length even his church dropped his name from its rolls.

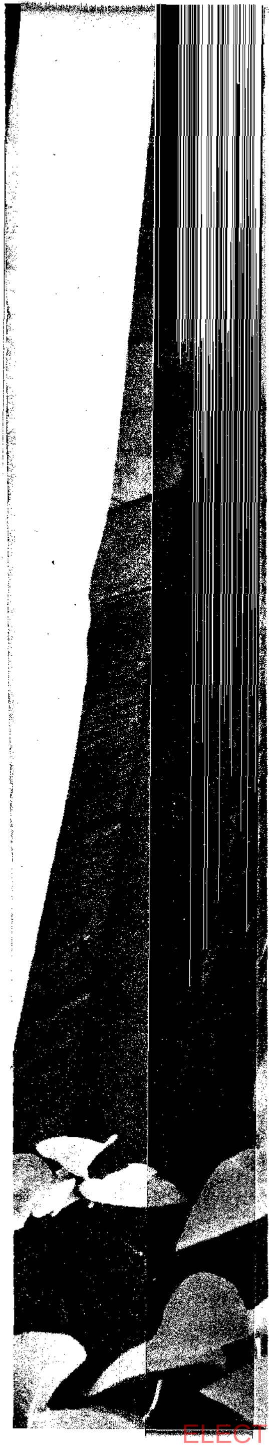
Undeterred, Parker went on, year after year, celebrating April 15, the date of Lincoln's death, as his own personal national holiday. In 1906 he purchased a granite monument. On it he ordered the following inscription:

ERECTED BY
PINK PARKER
IN HONOR OF
JOHN WILKES BOOTH
FOR KILLING OLD
ABE LINCOLN

When officials coldly declined the "honor" of erecting the monument in the town square, Parker placed its stubby granite shaft on his own front lawn for all the world to see.

Eventually, a physically and spiritually broken 82, Parker was taken to live with relatives in Georgia. In his absence, mischievous boys pushed over the monument as a Halloween prank.

And when Pink Parker's body was shipped to Troy later for burial, the local stonecutter chipped from the granite shaft the words that symbolized a life span of hatred, and re-cut the simple phrases that bade Joseph Pinkney Parker to sleep, at long last, in peace. ♛



Photographs by Doris T. Nieh

New Jersey's Buddhist Shangri-La

Text by Arturo F. Gonzalez, Jr.

Black-robed Buddhists (left) perform an exotic ritual symbolic of the Far East. Actually, the locale is Howell Township near Farmingdale, New Jersey, where about 200 Kalmuck tribesmen — fugitives from Russian oppression — have found their Shangri-La. As the following pictures show, they are building a hybrid East-West culture by adopting many American ways while clinging to some of their ancient and colorful traditions.

At school, future priest Danzan Darj Stepanov, 11, salutes flag with age-old Buddhist gesture.

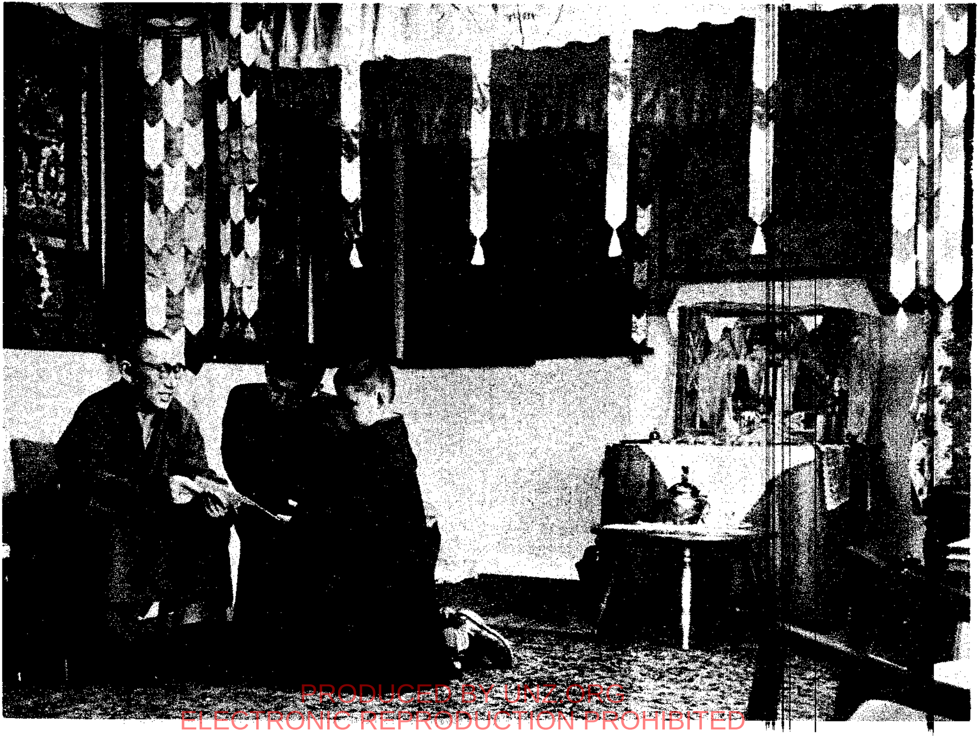
Descended from fierce Mongol nomads who once served as cavalrymen for Czar Peter the Great, the Kalmucks fought all Soviet attempts to communize them. During the turmoil of World War II, they fled to Germany. Stateless, they were admitted to the U.S. in 1951; Washington ruled they were Europeans, not Asiatics, and could enter under more liberal European immigration quotas. Sponsored by the Church World Service and the Tolstoi Foundation, they settled near Farmingdale, just 55 miles from New York City. Now many Kalmucks own their own land and homes. In 1955, they even built their own temple, and the Church World Service helped import a Buddhist lama, Geshe Wangyal, 58, from Tibet.

Lama Geshe Wangyal adjusts robe of chubby Katchin Urubchurow, 12, one of three Kalmuck boys training for Buddhist priesthood.

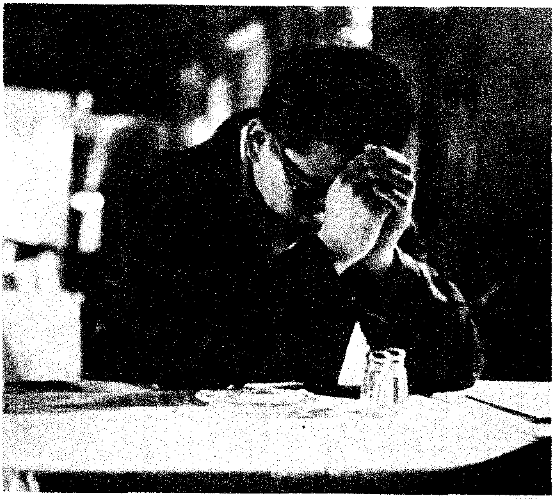
Kalmucks took up soccer after leaving Russia. Their team, the Jangar, is named for legendary national hero.

Becoming Americanized has posed few problems for Kalmuck children; about 40 have been integrated into local schools. But for Alexey Ivanchukov, 26, whose knowledge of English makes him a community leader, it has meant sacrifice. This U.S. Army veteran has deferred his own educational plans to put a younger brother through college. "Maybe when I get my people more settled," Ivanchukov says, "I can start thinking about myself."

At home, Lama Geshe Wangyal tutors two of his fledgling priests in living room that blends modern furniture and Buddhist ornaments.



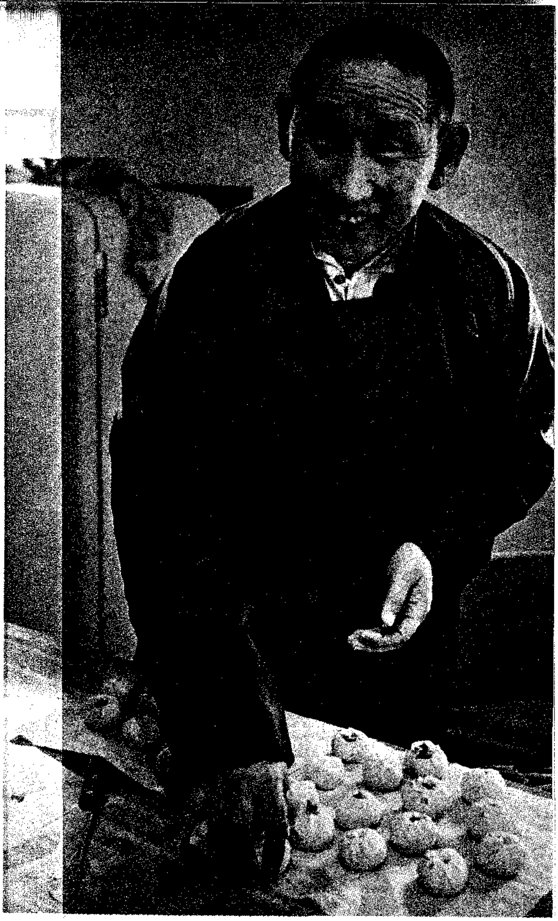
Along with Negro and white children, Kalmucks board school bus.



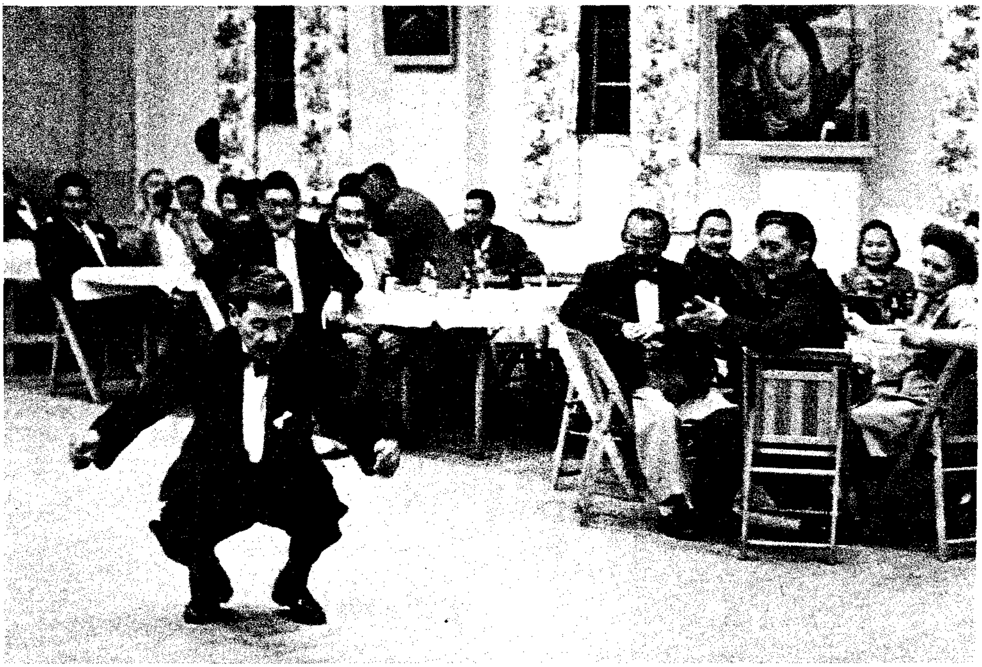
Marriage worries Alexey Ivanchukov. He wants to wed a Kalmuck, but few single girls are available.

The Kalmucks have strong family and community spirit. When they first settled in New Jersey, they helped each other build houses (the most expensive cost $11,000). And when it came time to construct their Buddhist shrine, each family contributed money or labor. Until recently, many Kalmuck men worked in a local rug factory (the major Kalmuck-owned enterprises are a gas station and two chicken farms). The colony was hard hit when the plant was shut down. The Kalmuck women quickly softened the economic blow by taking odd jobs, and the resourceful men have since formed a number of small, profitable construction companies.

Wearing cowboy hat, Peter Djambinov, 5, feeds family's chickens.



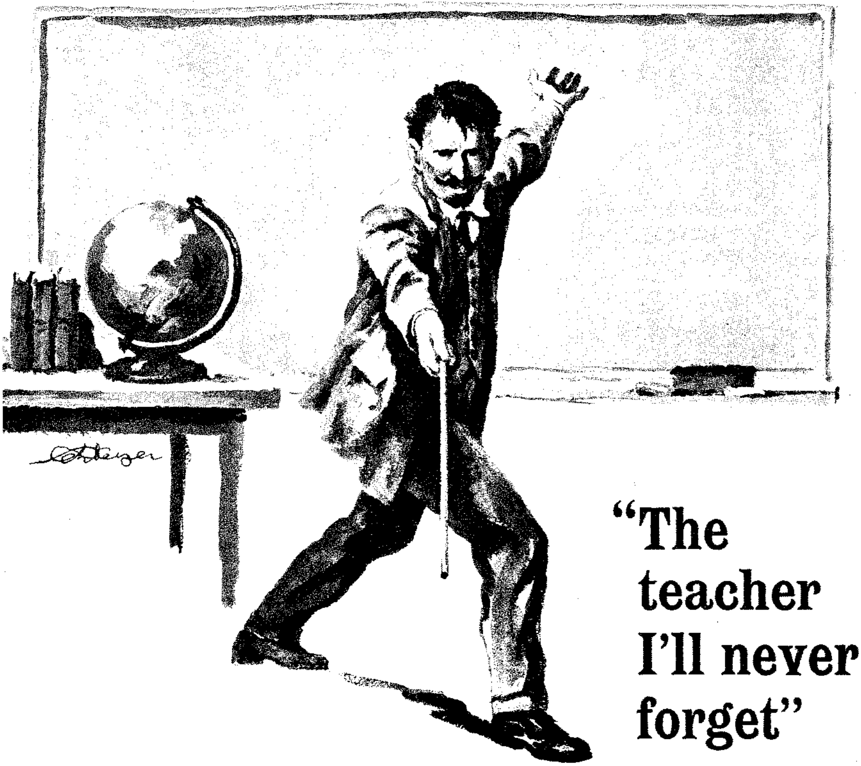
Geshe Wangyal prepares Kalmuck delicacy called "Bortsyk" (fried raisin buns). Many Kalmucks miss their national drink—a special tea brewed with salt and butter.



Kalmuck religious holiday of Tsangan is time for folk dancing.

Some of the Kalmuck elders find it hard to adjust to their new environment. "Few of them speak anything but their Western Mongolian dialect," explains Ivanchukov, "and they feel they are too old to learn English." Some middle-aged colonists, however, are taking night school courses in English and American history, determined to become U.S. citizens. "These are all good people," says Harry Mills, Mayor of Howell Township, "and good neighbors." ♛

Grappling with night school English, Ivanchukov's sister, Maria Andreev (right), painstakingly delivers talk on Albert Einstein.



"The teacher I'll never forget"

by SAM LEVENSON as told to Martin Abramson

He stood in the front of the classroom, a short man with an ill-fitting, rumpled suit, a Vandyke stubble, a flowing moustache, a shock of unruly black hair, and eyes that blazed red at us out of deep sockets. "You will report tomorrow for our first full school day at seven in the morning," he said in an incisive, Spanish-accented voice. "You will each bring one shoe box."

We got up to leave, muttering. Class wasn't supposed to start until nine o'clock.

"Seven o'clock!" he roared at us. "A one-hour class isn't enough for Benardete; I want two extra hours from you every day. And don't put any salami sandwiches in your shoe boxes—those boxes are going to store culture!"

This was my first encounter with Maír J. Benardete, then instructor of Romance Languages at Brooklyn College. It's been 25 years since that memorable first class, but I can still hear his voice as we stumbled sleepy-eyed into his class at seven the next morning.

"Wake! Awake!" he barked. Then, before we had hardly settled in our seats, he poked his pointer to-wards a girl near the front of the class: "A woman can never be the equal of a man!"

To prove his point—though none of us dared to argue—he began quoting chunks of Romance language literature to the effect that a woman could be either inferior or superior to a man, but never his equal. She should be judged by different standards, because of her differences in physiology and culture. "You want to disagree with me, to fight with me, to insult me?" the professor demanded. "Good! But wait till you have read some more, then you can insult from knowledge, not from ignorance."

To separate knowledge from ignorance, our shoe boxes were assigned a crucial role. Benardete would give us a book, then ask each student to analyze a different person in the book. As we read, we wrote down on our cards everything the person said about himself, everything he said about others, everything others said about him. We filed the cards in the shoe boxes until they bulged, studied them, and reported to the professor.

"Is there a consistency about that person or is he always contradicting himself?" Benardete would want to know. "Is he filled with half-baked notions?" He liked to say in later years, "If *Mein Kampf* had been analyzed by my shoe-box method, Hitler would have been exposed to the world as a crackpot long before he ever came to power!"

In addition to the eye-opening statements with which he would "shock you out of the mental siesta," Benardete would make books come alive with Broadway flourishes. To dramatize a scene from *Don Quixote,* he would use his pointer as a sword, a spinning globe as a windmill, his overcoat as a suit of armor, and erasers as the "stings of ridicule," which he aimed with such accuracy that we had to scramble under our desks until he was calm again.

Frequently, he took on all the roles of a drama and in one death scene, he acted as both stabber and stabbed, finally falling to the floor with a ghastly death rattle. It was so convincing we crowded about him in alarm, so he jumped up and shouted, "You were watching closely? Good! Remember, in this class, no brain is asleep!"

Perhaps it was from just such scenes that I learned so many of the things which later contributed to my own success, first as a teacher, then later as a comedian. Certainly Benardete was the most inspiring and eccentric teacher I have ever known. He did not teach merely appreciation of life—he taught life itself.

Maír Benardete was born 63 years ago in the ancient town of Chanak Kalessi, on the Dardanelles. In their time, St. Paul, Aristotle and other famous figures of history passed through this Turkish town and lectured and preached there. Benardete's parents brought him up on the teachings of these great men and taught him to read books of many languages. As a boy, his education was mostly informal, which probably explains his contempt for red tape and formalities as a teacher. An uncle brought Benardete to this country when he was a teenager. After graduating from high school and the University of Cincinnati, he got a Master's degree at Columbia and went to Spain for further graduate work. After returning to the United States, he eventually became a teacher at Brooklyn College.

In Benardete's "language" classes, we learned philosophy, psychology, religion, anthropology and history. When Benardete dissected a "human value," the library of the world was his oyster. He'd start off with Roman literature, but then he'd zoom off as the fancy took him, to the Bible, to Plato, to the teachings of Freud and Buddha, to *The New York Times* and even to the *Daily Racing Form*. ("Gambling too, must be analyzed as an expression of the human spirit!" he would say.)

If Benardete found himself in the middle of a drama and the bell rang to end the class, he would keep right on going. "Education by the clock is an abomination," he said. "You are here learning something eternal."

He once finished up a class during lunch hour using the writings of Santa Teresa de Ávila, a mystic, to dramatize to us that Americans made a serious error in being afraid of fear. Some fear, he said, was necessary to instill in our children two important qualities, self-discipline and obedience. Suddenly Benardete snatched a steaming cup of coffee from a passing tray and thrust it at my classmate. The boy jumped back. "You see how fear is good!" Benardete exclaimed. "If you didn't have fear in you, you would just sit there and let your face get burned!"

In addition to two extra class hours in the morning, Benardete often had us join him after school for a walk across Brooklyn Bridge or through the Brooklyn business district. Headlines on the newsstands invariably made him comment, "There are too many takers in this world, not enough givers." Once he added, "When will people and governments realize that giving makes one happier than grasping? When will more of them think like 'Misericordia'?" (She was a servant in a novel who found she was happiest when she sacrificed for others.)

In the springtime, the professor would stop by a flower vendor, buy a huge bouquet of pansies and attach them to his lapel. "When it is spring, you must think of spring, and smell of spring," he would explain.

Benardete would also send us to concerts, art exhibits, revivals, ballets, and folk festivals, and ask us to analyze them. "The Javanese dancers are performing tonight at the Metropolitan Opera House," he announced one day. "Go see them. We will then all meet in the Automat and discuss the message of their dance." The ballet ended at 11:30, we met at midnight at the Automat, argued over the "message" until 2 A.M., and finally found our way home by subway at 3:15, for a short nap before our 7 A.M. class.

Weekends, Benardete sometimes had us over to his small, book-lined two-family home for coffee klatsches and, of course, more discussion. We knew he had a wife and two boys, but after a brief greeting at the door, the wife, a short, dark woman, and the boys would disappear.

One Sunday afternoon, however, the family met us at the door wearing work clothes and carrying mops and pails of water. "Our cellar has not been cleaned in five years and it must be done now," announced Benardete. "Come on, clean with me, and we'll have our education." We dutifully scrubbed for two hours while he talked about the Middle Ages. When we finished, Benardete looked at our sweaty faces and said, "Now you know what it was like in Dante's *Inferno*!"

Benardete also utilized the "values" of literature to settle his students' personal problems. One of my fellow-students came in one day looking so hollow-eyed and despondent Benardete demanded to know what his trouble was. He confessed he had broken off with his girl because she was a flirt. But now he missed her and wanted her back. "On the basis of the literature we have been studying, what suggestions do we have for this bereaved young man?" Benardete asked us.

The opinions and the quotations—all from novels of great passion—flew fast from all corners of the room. Finally we arrived at this consensus: the boy should consider himself well rid of the girl and should not mourn her loss.

"Since Madame Bovary poisoned herself, who knows but that this young man's former lady friend may not arrive at the same end," Benardete said cheerfully.

From a girl who tended to moon all day, Benardete unearthed the information that she had been offered a job as a model, which she preferred to going to school. Her mother, however, wanted a college graduate.

"Tell me, what do we learn from Dante?" Benardete asked the class.

"To harmonize our desires," we shouted back.

Turning to the girl, Benardete roared, "Leave school at once if that is what you want—decide!"

Benardete refused to take attendance and complained bitterly when he had to give tests or marks. "A student who wants to learn with me will come here every morning, dead or alive, and he will not need to go through the ceremonials of formal tests or to have souvenir cards marked with A's and B's to show he is gaining culture," he would say.

ALTHOUGH HE enjoyed a worldwide reputation as a scholar in the field of language and literature, he refused to qualify for his Ph.D. degree. "The Ph.D. degree does not require anyone to create, to think for himself, or to develop a new idea," he would say. "Therefore, what does it prove?"

At formal college functions, when he was introduced as Dr. Benardete, he used to embarrass his hosts by snapping, "I am *not* a doctor, because I don't have a Ph.D. degree and I refuse to get one!" He finally got one in 1950, but only because, as he puts it, he was "forced to."

Benardete's perverse non-conformism placed him in a state of relentless battle with the college administrators who, he said, "multiply like mice. Since they cannot teach themselves, they have no other function except to act as policemen and hound good teachers. Their silly complaints against me are becoming so thick they will soon fill up our entire library and force out all good books. But they can't fire me, the students won't let them."

We students knew, too, that all the great values which our professor dramatized so vividly were values he himself lived by. He was a giver, not a taker, on a 24-hour-a-day basis. What money he had over bare living expenses, he used to finance students or needy former students. When his own money ran out, he didn't hesitate to put the "bite" on others. Nowadays, I, too, receive occasional notes on ruled school paper from the professor saying tersely, "Levenson, send this man money." I always send it. I know the cause is good.

Benardete feels his greatest accomplishment has been to stimulate thousands of his students to follow him into teaching. But whether we have gone into teaching, science, medicine, engineering, art, the clergy or business, we carry his stamp into everything we do.

As a teacher, I used the "Benardete method" as best I could, and I was a better teacher for it. When I went into show business, I immediately employed the shoe box as my personal Bible. In my stage monologues, I always harp on "truths"—like growing pains, getting along with the neighbors, report cards, suburban living, delinquency—things that have meaning to people.

I have desks full of shoe boxes, containing a total of 60,000 small cards each with a reference to an interesting incident I have observed in life. This file is the only source or "gag file" I have ever used. I try to make people not only smile and laugh, but also think.

A year ago, when I appeared on the Ed Murrow *Person to Person* television show, I took the occasion to pay tribute to Benardete, who, as Professor of Spanish, is still teaching at Brooklyn College and is still very much the rugged individualist. A few days later, I got this note:

"As you know, I have no television set (I have more important things to do than watch television) but today in my daily walk as I encountered the vegetable man, the manager at the supermarket, and the woman who runs the stationery store, they told me with great excitement of your tribute. Later, I received many phone calls which made me feel very emotional indeed.

"You did not try to make yourself big, but to make somebody else big. In so doing, however, you did make yourself big—in the best way possible. I am glad you learned so well the lessons I taught you many years ago."

Think It Over

IF ONE were given five minutes' warning before sudden death, five minutes to say what it had all meant to us, every telephone booth would be occupied by people trying to call up other people to stammer that they loved them.

—CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Science Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery

By James Henry Weston

Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain,
Stops Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids, stop itching, and relieve pain—without surgery.

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Pain was relieved promptly. And, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction or retraction (shrinking) took place.

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All this, without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne*) — the discovery of a world-famous research institution. Already, Bio-Dyne is in wide use for healing injured tissue on all parts of the body.

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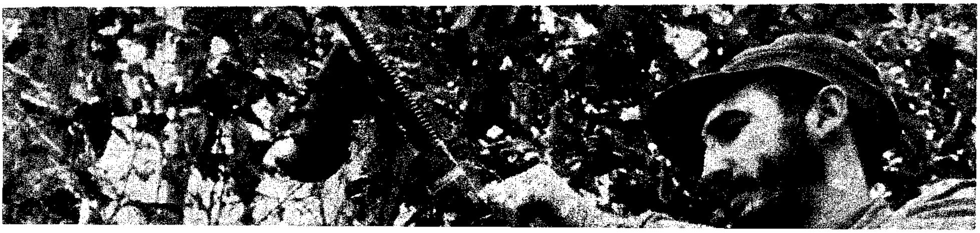
(Advertisement)

The woman behind Castro

by Nicasio Silverio



This exclusive report tells the story of the amazing woman whose resolute spirit blueprinted the movement that inspired Fidel Castro and freed Cuba from tyranny

IN THE LAST FEW MONTHS, millions of Americans have read millions of words about our struggle for liberty in Cuba. The bearded mountain fighters of Fidel Castro have been singled out for special praise—rightly, for they were truly heroic. But there were other heroes—the underground leaders. And the most important of these was a woman, Haydeé Santamaría.

Without her, the revolution might never have been. She was the actual founder of the freedom movement known as the "26th of July."

Haydeé Santamaría was known to Cubans simply as "María." In America, she would be called "Mrs. Hart," for she is the wife of Dr. Armando Hart, now Minister of Education under Castro. She is 31—a trimly built woman of medium height, with high, swept-back cheekbones and intense brown eyes. Without portfolio, she is as powerful in the new government as she was in the revolution.

More than anyone else, Fidel Castro realizes the vital part María played in freeing Cuba. He was in constant touch with her. When his forces needed money for dynamite or equipment, the request was usually approved and the money obtained through María. She saved lives and money by keeping plans from crisscrossing and overlapping.

To comprehend María's position, it is essential to know what Batista never could find out, despite his torture of thousands—the organization of the revolution. In each of Cuba's six provinces, there was a Revolutionary Coordinator, a Chief of Treasury and Finance, a Chief of Civil Resistance and a Chief of Action—"action" being our euphemism for bombing, handling arms, arson and similar

High in the Sierra Maestra mountains,
Fidel Castro shows Haydeé Santamaría, his mentor,
how to handle a rebel machine gun.

activities. For over a year, María was Revolutionary Coordinator for the Province of Havana. The Chief of Action in Havana at the time, Captain René Rodriguez, used to consult with her several times a week, as did leaders like René de los Santos, who today is in charge of investigating atrocities committed by Batista's secret military police.

As you can imagine, no person remained in one job very long. There was a turnover as the leaders were killed or imprisoned or became "burned"—that is, so known to the police that they had to take refuge in the mountains with Fidel. That María remained so long in her position attests to her intelligence, her keen judgment of people and her uncanny sixth sense.

Haydeé Santamaría was born in 1928 in Las Villas Province. Her father was a skilled worker in the sugar industry, and María had a religious, middle-class upbringing with only sketchy schooling. She had one sister, Aida, and two brothers—Aldo, who was imprisoned three years for political "crimes," and Abel, who was tortured to death after the attack led by Fidel on the Moncada Army barracks on July 26, 1953.

The Moncada attack was the shot heard from one end of Cuba to the other. Fidel Castro, with a band of about 160 men *and one woman,* Haydeé Santamaría, attempted to seize the army barracks and overthrow Batista. Almost all the men were killed, most of them after they had surrendered. María's brother, Abel, died under torture, crying, "Long Live Free Cuba!" Witnesses say he also died with a word of pity for his torturers.

María's fiancé, who had joined in the attack, was also murdered. Heartbroken, María stood trial with Fidel, his brother Raúl Castro, and the few survivors of the massacre. She listened lifelessly as she was sentenced to seven years imprisonment; Fidel to 15 years.

María was a quiet prisoner. But the date "26th of July" burned deep in her memory. She could not reconcile herself to the fact that in one day she had lost her favorite brother, her fiancé and others close to her. How could the world be indifferent to such a tragedy as Moncada?

But the massacre had not been forgotten. When María was freed from prison in 1954, after about seven months, she was hailed as "la muchacha del Moncada"—the girl of the Moncada—who would lead a new fight for liberation.

But María was ill; for a long while she wanted only to forget. Then, as her strength returned, she felt a debt to the dead and a quickening of the ideal for which they had perished at Moncada.

Once decided, María began planning and raising funds. In Cuba,

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Nicasio Silverio served in the Cuban underground for over a year before he was caught, tortured, imprisoned and finally exiled. Born in Havana in 1930, he was a champion swimmer, representing Cuba in the London Olympic Games. He attended Ohio State University, where he met his wife, and in 1955 they returned to Cuba. Following his imprisonment, they fled to Panama (he had been denied a visa to the U.S. although his wife and child were U.S. citizens) where they waited for many months before being admitted to this country in September, 1958. Recently he returned to Cuba from New York City where he lives, to prepare this Coronet report.

there were a number of small, scattered freedom groups in the universities and towns. She united them. From the largest group, the García-Bárcena, she recruited Faustino Pérez, later to become Fidel's ablest lieutenant (he is now Minister in Charge of Recuperating Stolen Funds), and Armando Hart, a lawyer, whom she married in 1955. The wedding was a strange affair. The guests, most of whom were wanted by the police, ducked in and out the back door.

The plan María formed with this small nucleus of men was to be known as the "26th of July Movement."

Fidel Castro was released from jail in 1955. Before seeing him, María waited a week, during which Fidel examined the possibilities of fighting Batista through organized political action. Finally María stepped forward and challenged Fidel. Did he really believe political action could defeat Batista, who had seized power by overthrowing the freely-elected government of Carlos Prío?

Fidel didn't answer.

"Here, Fidel, is the skeleton of a movement," said María. "I have formed it with Faustino Pérez, Armando Hart and Frank País. There are many others who will follow you. Here are their names. And remember that along with these names go the names of all who died at Moncada. Their spirit is worth more than 1,000 rifles."

Fidel accepted, and thus the liberation movement became a reality instead of merely an ideal.

Later in 1955, Fidel left Cuba. He raised money in Key West, Tampa, Miami and New York, lecturing and showing films of abuses under Batista. He then went to Mexico where he trained, armed and recruited more men, planning to invade Cuba on July 26, 1956, exactly three years after the abortive Moncada attack. But in June he was jailed by Mexican police on charges of violating the Neutrality Act. The police seized his money and the arms.

Released from jail about a month later, Fidel had to decide whether to begin another odyssey in search of funds, or to accept money from Dr. Carlos Prío Socarrás, the Cuban ex-President whom Batista had thrown out of office. Prío, then living in Florida, was spending his time and money (he had left the Presidency with a great fortune) with the sole aim of avenging himself on Batista.

Fidel chose to contact Prío. Prío met him secretly in a hotel room in McAllen, Texas. To get there, Fidel had to swim the muddy Rio Grande —for he had no visa to the U. S. at this time. There, in the presence of Faustino Pérez (who told me this episode) Fidel and Prío agreed on a course of action to overthrow Batista. The plan consisted of three parts: (1) The invasion of Cuba by Fidel. (2) The simultaneous revolt of the army against Batista. (3) A general strike throughout Cuba.

But it was not that easy. Here is the hitherto untold story of why, after years of planning, Fidel's invasion of Cuba ended in disaster.

With 82 men, Fidel planned to

land November 30, 1956 at Niquero, a small town on the rugged southern coast of the Oriente Province. But his ship, the *Gramma*, was slowed by a storm in the Caribbean. On December 2, as the ship's navigator climbed high to take sights on the Cuban coast, he accidentally fell into the ocean. Fished out in a state of shock, he was unable to speak or navigate.

Fidel had to choose between returning to Mexico or risking a blind landing. He chose the latter, and wound up with his men in the worst possible spot—a swamp. To reach shore, they had to wade through heavy marshes, losing most of their equipment. Meanwhile, Batista's air force and coast guard had spotted the boat. As the men staggered to shore, they were met with murderous fire.

But 12 of the men, including Fidel, Raúl and Faustino Pérez, survived and scattered in groups of twos and threes into the mountains. The Batista radio, to confuse the underground, announced that the invasion had been foiled and that Fidel had surrendered. (On hearing this, Raúl, who had been separated from Fidel in the flight, swore to kill his brother.)

The plan for an army revolt and general strike were also unsuccessful. Only one city, Santiago, rebelled successfully. But this uprising collapsed after two days. Its initial success was due only to the brilliant leadership of Frank País, an elementary schoolteacher, who was then Coordinator of the Movement for all of Cuba.

María was with Frank País in Santiago when Fidel landed. When the plan failed, most of the leaders were caught and tried. They were found guilty, but one of the three judges dissented. He held that the Cuban Constitution permitted people to rise up against tyranny. The judge was, of course, quickly dismissed by Batista and had to flee Cuba. He was Dr. Manuel Urrutia Lleó, now President of free Cuba.

María returned to Havana early in 1957, and it was at this time I began working directly for her.

My job was to screen those who wanted to see María. I was the only one who could put others in touch with her. Her advice was sought and followed by everyone. Through the Havana underground Chief of Finance, Manuel Suzarte, she distributed funds wherever needed most.

Once I went with her to the du Pont company offices to order 500 yards of nylon needed for sheltering in the mountains. I knew that the director was sympathetic to the Movement, but María did not wish to reveal her function in the revolution. She said she wanted to cover a yacht.

"Five hundred yards!" he exclaimed. "That's enough for 100 yachts!"

"We're starting a business," María said, unshaken.

Since the company did not have that much nylon in stock he agreed to order it; but María cancelled the order shortly afterwards when Fidel sent word that plans were then being made for the guerrillas to carry the attack out of the mountains.

Though María was constantly hunted by the police, she could walk freely around Havana because she was adept at subtle disguise. She once told me that she thought disguise was much easier for a woman than a man, since a woman could change herself more strikingly with make-up, hair-do, and dress. María even changed her way of walking from day to day, or from morning to evening. With a flick of her lipstick or comb, she seemed to become an entirely different person. To this day, I do not know the true color of her hair, which she dyed from light blonde to deep brown.

María surprised me one day when she appeared with no lipstick on at all. (Women in Cuba are even more attentive to such things than American women.) When I remarked on it, she said, "I haven't a cent to buy any lipstick."

I reminded her of the $5,000 I had seen her handling at a conference we had just left.

"That money is not mine," she said. "It belongs to the Movement."

I bought her a light pink shade of lipstick. She thanked me, for she was very proud of her appearance. Moreover, lack of lipstick might easily attract the attention of police.

One hot afternoon María met with a man name Argelio to discuss a plan of sabotage for Havana Province. When the conference was over, Argelio grew somber. "They arrested my son about a month ago," he said. "To make him say where I was, they drove him to Santa María beach, laid him down on the sand, and taped a bomb loosely to his stomach. After lighting the fuse they watched from the distance while my boy struggled with the lead pipe containing the dynamite. After he had freed himself they dragged him back to prison.

"The next day they repeated the torture, then dragged him all the way back to the car, pushing him into every cactus they found on their way. When he arrived at El Principe Prison, there were 67 cactus thorns still imbedded in his body." Argelio breathed heavily. "I know who did this. When Batista falls I'll drag these men over cactuses. I'll stick needles into them. I'll . . ."

María interrupted. "Argelio, I'm very sorry for your boy. I hope he's well, but if you do what you say, I'll have you shot with your son's torturers. Yours will be the revenge of a civilized man. The guilty will be tried; if found guilty, they will be shot by people who have never seen them before. Cuba cannot afford to be unjust once more."

Many of the people who came to me asking to see María, wanted her permission to join Fidel in the Sierra Maestra mountains. María probably made more trips to the mountains than any other Cuban. These trips were necessary not only to keep Fidel informed of underground activities in the cities, but to cheer and encourage his men, who often felt lonely and forgotten, or had periods of despair in which they imagined that we in the cities were not doing as much as we could.

Fidel was also subject to these fits

of melancholy. Once, when María arrived at Fidel's camp, the worried troops told her that Fidel had gone off walking in the hills, refusing to take an armed escort. "He's boiling mad at something," an officer said. "He wants to be left alone."

"Go back and tell him that *I* sent you," snapped María. "This is no time for moonlight strolls!"

A short time later several soldiers came back with Fidel. Gladdened by the sight of María, he apologized for his conduct and sat down to a cup of coffee.

María, as I have said, was very clever at disguises, but her husband, Armando, was impossible to disguise. His features were so distinctive that no matter what we did, Armando remained Armando. His low hairline, high cheekbones, sparse beard, light complexion and lisp always gave him away.

Armando's brother, Enrique, was a quiet, shy man who was once Chief of Action in Havana Province, and later in the province of Matanzas. There he died as a result of a bomb explosion, whether his own or that of police is not known. The police often blew up bomb-makers to hide the murder.

Armando himself was once tried on charges of bomb-making. His escape from the courthouse was probably the most unusual escape in the revolution. He simply pulled off his prisoner's jacket, flung it at the guards' feet and strode out wearing a pull-over María had sent him the week before. The guards were so stupefied and fearful of letting the other prisoners escape, that Armando raced out of the courthouse before they could recover.

Armando was as nervous as he was lucky. Shortly after the above escape, he jumped into a police car by mistake. María, who was nearby, started calling Armando by his nickname, which was "Hyacinth." The police began laughing as she implored, "Hyacinth! Hyacinth!" Armando, then the most important person in the revolution, hopped back out of the car and strolled rapidly off with María.

I located a hide-out where Armando stayed for ten days, isolated from all visitors, as María had ordered. María was the sole exception. She visited her husband daily—and longer each day. Finally she told me with a rueful smile, "Sometimes I wish Armando were back in jail. I would work better for the Movement. With him here, I have to be both a wife and a revolutionist. I'm not performing my duties."

This, of course, was untrue. Apart from this short period of seeing Armando (he was finally caught while descending from the Sierra Maestra and imprisoned on the Isle of Pines until Batista's flight), María permitted herself few pleasures or sentiment, even though she was a woman of deep feeling. Her love for children, or perhaps for the role of a housewife that had been denied her by Batista, showed always. Whenever we visited homes where children were present, she played with them as if they were the only meaningful thing in life.

The greatest hurt which I saw María suffer during the revolution

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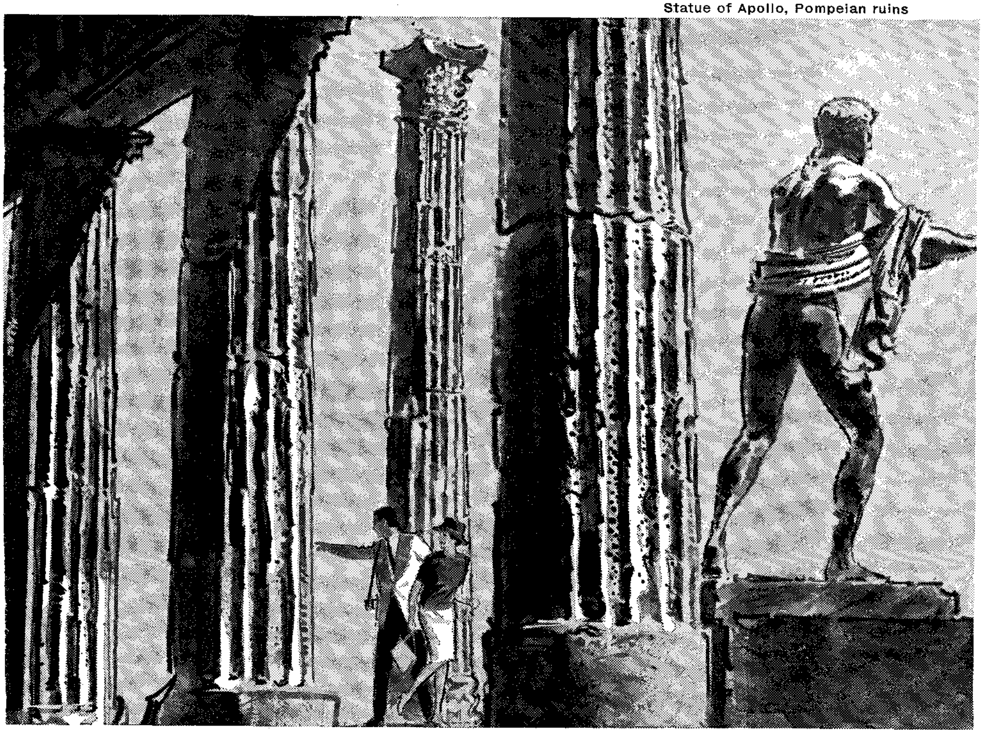

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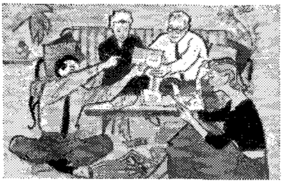

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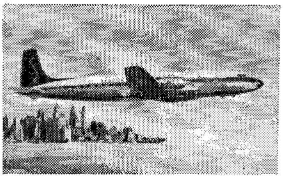

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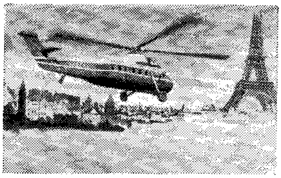

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was when she received news of the death of Frank País, one of the outstanding members of the Movement. Frank was a thin, baby-faced youth with a shock of black hair. He was an organist in a Baptist church as well as an elementary schoolteacher. Although Batista completely controlled every means of communication, Frank possessed two telephones the phone company never knew existed. He even tapped police wires to learn their plans.

Frank liked to frighten us in Havana with outspoken telephone calls such as: "Hello. María? Say, how's the revolution going? Any excitement? What do you hear from Fidel?"

Frank was also a prolific letter writer. In one of his last letters, in July of 1957, after telling how his brother Josue was murdered, he wrote, "Enough of that. Now I must become once more the strong man that everyone thinks I am."

A few days later, Frank was murdered. On July 31, he was holding a conference in a house in Santiago—a house that was secretly connected to two other houses in case of emergency. About 10:30 A.M. police were spotted outside. Frank dismissed the conferees, moved into a connecting house, and began answering his heavy mail.

An alarmed friend rushed into the room. "Look outside."

The police were circling all three houses. Someone had betrayed the hide-out. "They have come to stay," Frank sighed. "I might fight my way out the back. But I will be of more use if I'm murdered."

With those words, he opened the door and walked out, unarmed. After a few steps, he was arrested and put into a patrol car. Fifteen minutes later a jeep arrived, carrying the corpulent José María Salas Cañizares, then Chief of Police in Santiago. Witnesses saw Cañizares order Frank out of the patrol car. Frank stood straight, arms folded across his chest. A moment later he was cut down by 12 bullets.

I received the news of Frank's death in Havana while on my way to meet María. There was no way to evade the responsibility of telling her. I chose to be blunt.

"María," I said, "they have just murdered Frank País."

For the first and only time during my days at her side, I saw her laboring with tears. "You must be joking," she faltered. Rushing to the radio, she turned it on. The news was on the air: Frank País has been slain in Santiago. "Better go home," I said. "I'll cancel all meetings."

"No," she said firmly. "Please bring the next person over. I'm of no use to the revolution unless I work. I must work, especially now."

Cuba's reaction to Frank's death was astounding. When he was buried—in the uniform of a full colonel, a rank which was higher than any rank in the revolution—the thousands that walked behind the coffin began shouting for a general strike. The call swept through Cuba, and if the strike had not been thwarted in Havana, Batista would have been overthrown that day.

By the fall of 1958, María was so hunted by the police that, despite her disguises, it became impossible for her to stay in Havana. She flew to Miami using a forged passport, for she could not obtain a U. S. visa.

In Miami, the FBI, aided by the immigration authorities, searched in vain for her for three months while she went about her business of contacting exiled Cubans and raising money for the final assault on Batista's dictatorship.

Finally she entered the Miami immigration office voluntarily and claimed political asylum. After eight hours of questioning—during which she declined to say how she had come to Florida—the officials scoffed and said that Cuba was a free country.

María picked up the phone, got the Cuban operator and asked for her mother. After a series of clicks, beeps and hums, the operator told her there would be a one hour delay for the message to be cleared.

"There," María cried, "there is your freedom—absolute censorship! Send me back, and my blood will be on your hands!"

María was granted temporary asylum. She had won her point as she always did, not on a technicality, but on an almost fanatic faith in fair play. But a little more than a month later, she did return to Havana—a triumphal return with the forces of Fidel Castro, which she had helped lead to victory.

When I last saw her in Havana, María was no longer the tired, worried woman I had known. Nor was she one whit impressed by her new social stature as the wife of the Cuban Minister of Education. She was still as straightforward and unpretentious as ever. This was shown when the most widely-read social columnist in Cuba telephoned and asked for her picture. This man peddles vanity and, in a young nation such as ours, he finds many eager buyers among the newly-rich and the new in power.

"Mrs. Hart," he said, "I've been trying to reach you for the last few days. Our readers are eager to see your picture in my column."

"I don't have any pictures," María said tersely.

"We can send a man to your house and have one taken," coaxed the columnist.

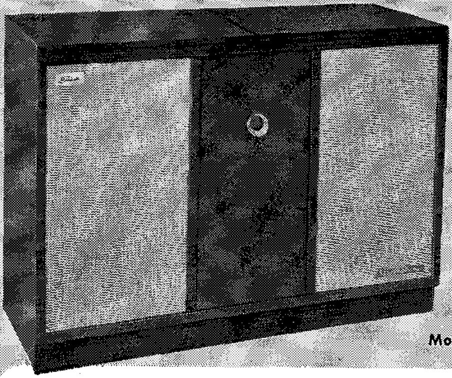
"The minute that I let your photographer take my picture, I am stealing from Cuba," retorted María. "I have no time for photographers. My time is Cuba's."

She was about to hang up, then smiled. "I remember now that I do have one photograph. It is taken with Fidel in the Sierra Maestra. I'm dressed as a soldier and carrying a rifle. Could you use such a photograph on your society page?"

"I . . . I don't know," said the caller. "Well, of course we will."

Later a florist telephoned to ask where to deliver 142 vases of flowers sent to María by well-wishers.

"Take the flowers to the Colón Cemetery in Havana," she replied, "and place them on the tombs of Aldo, Frank País or Enrique Hart. Or, better still, scatter them all over Cuba, and they will surely fall on the grave of a Cuban patriot murdered by Batista. As for me, I have no use for flowers."



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Mormon angels of mercy

by L. Glen Snarr

For 117 years, this army of unsung women has been helping the sick and needy fight adversity

THE INDIAN MARAUDERS ripped through the frontier settlement, tomahawking three men and a woman to death and making orphans of five children. "The men of the town pursued the savages," one resident wrote in his diary, "and the women's organization comforted the children and made for them a new home."

That was in 1858. In 1958, a man and his wife returning from a Christmas shopping tour were struck by an automobile. Both were critically injured and hospitalized. Their four children were first consoled by neighboring women, then fed and housed by one of the women until the parents were released from the hospital. Working together, these women gave the children a rousing Christmas, and when the parents were able to return home, hot meals were cooked and taken to them.

Those incidents, 100 years apart, had one thing in common: the women who quietly and efficiently stepped in to help when trouble struck were members of an unusual organization—the women's Relief Society of the Mormon Church.

The Relief Society is one of the oldest and largest women's organizations of its type in the world. Its nearly 200,000 members are active in every state and in 42 foreign countries.

Charity and welfare work have been the assigned duties of this organization. But the Relief Society has a far broader impact than its charity work. It reaches into the lives of its members almost every day. Members learn home management and child care, study the world's great literature, basic nursing techniques and the Scriptures. They make quilts and bread for the needy, and keep alive home skills that have been useful for decades. A staff of trained social workers operates a Utah-licensed adoption service. And when a woman or a girl needs a job, there's an employment service to help. Whether it is an individual emergency or a major disaster, the Relief Society is ready.

A remarkable characteristic of the Relief Society is the quiet manner in which its work is done. "This is the way we want it," says Mrs. Belle Smith Spafford, president of the Relief Society since 1945. "Our members are paid in satisfaction, never in publicity or in money." Except for a small staff of social workers and clerical help at its central offices in Salt Lake City, Utah, no member is paid for her work.

Much of the organization's work is done on the local level, in a ward (similar to a parish) with 600 to 1,200 members. There are more than 4,000 separate wards. Each Relief Society ward is headed by a woman president and two assistants. They look to the ward Bishop—a layman who is their official leader—for their assignments.

A typical assignment begins with a telephone call from the Bishop to the ward Relief Society president. "Will you visit the Jones family and tell me what their food and clothing needs are?" the Bishop will request. "The husband's been in the hospital for some time. We're taking care of house payments, but I'm sure they need food."

The ward president visits the home. In chatting with the mother, she learns what groceries are needed. She also discovers that the four-year-old son needs a jacket, and that the six-year-old needs shoes. She makes her recommendations to the Bishop, and the family is aided under the Church Welfare Program.

Sometimes, it is the Relief Society that reports to the ward Bishop that a family needs help. Members visit every home in their ward at least once a month. "Visiting teachers" are assigned to make these home calls. "We carry a spiritual message, but just as important, we find out about the family. If trouble strikes, our visiting teachers know about it," a ward president reports.

Relief Society meetings on a ward level cover a variety of subjects and activities. One week, a woman discusses what Shakespeare "means in our lives." The woman instructor goes to a university once a week to "brush up" on her literature so that she can teach the monthly lesson. The following week, another woman lectures on family finance. And the week after that, it's time for a lesson in "the meaning of faith." At a meeting devoted to work, the women make clothing for the needy and also learn home-canning, bread-making and other household skills.

Each ward also is charged with maintaining a list of nurses in their area—in case of emergency. The organization has long been an advocate of nurse training, recruiting and sponsoring many nurses and giving training of this kind to their own members.

THE RELIEF SOCIETY dates back to 1842, when Joseph Smith, the founder and first president of the Mormon Church, called the women together to help the leaders in "looking to the wants of the poor, searching after objects of charity and in administering to their wants."

That was in Nauvoo, Illinois, before mobs killed Smith and drove the Mormons westward. It was before the women of the church were tested at grim, disease-ravaged camps while preparing for the trek across the plains, before joining with their men to carve a life for their families in a wild frontier more than a thousand miles from civilization.

Pioneer life was an ordeal for the women of the Relief Society, but they made the best of it. Disease and injury were common. "Call forth three women from every ward to study hygiene and nursing," the Relief Society was instructed. Hundreds of its women responded to the call and were trained in nursing and obstetrics to ease the shortage of physicians. A number of the women recruited from Relief Society ranks even became doctors.

In 1882, the Relief Society founded a hospital in the mountain-and-desert wilderness. For a dozen years it served the people of Utah, before it was replaced by larger hospitals.

In early days, the women even helped feed and clothe the frequent enemy of the settlers—the Indians.

"A small band of Indians came to town this day, hungry and ill-clothed. Our Relief Society gathered together clothing and grain and gave it to them. We felt well paid by their smiles and nods of thanks. I noted tears in the eyes of one of the women, a young person of about 20." So wrote an early member of the Mormon Relief Society in 1873. The Mormons were repaid not only by "smiles and nods"; there were fewer Indian uprisings against the Utah pioneers than against any other Western settlers.

One of the most unusual assignments given the Relief Society was sericulture—the raising of silk worms. Before the advent of the railroad in 1869, the people of the West were dependent on Eastern goods hauled across the plains by wagon train at considerable cost. Even after the coming of the railroad, the cost of many items was prohibitive.

Brigham Young, then president of the Mormon Church, urged members to become self-sufficient. The Utah pioneers made their own paper, started a cotton industry, printed their own money, built railroads, set up the first department store in America and established a strange but effective economy.

In 1868, Brigham Young called the women of the Relief Society to his office and told them, "You have a new assignment—that of forwarding the silk industry."

Mulberry trees were planted and a silk industry sprang up in the valley of Great Salt Lake. Under the direction of Zina D. H. Young, first counselor to the president of the Relief Society, silk goods were soon being produced.

"You're to be congratulated on your remarkable success," an Eastern visitor told Zina Young.

"If you knew how I abhor the worms," she replied, "you would think it all the more remarkable."

"Then why do you do it?" the visitor asked.

"Because I was asked to," Zina answered. As president of the Deseret Silk Association and of the Silk Commission, she stuck to the job as long as the silk industry was necessary in the pioneer community.

In 1875, Brigham Young summoned officers of the Relief Society. "The brethren tell me that the women want to sell the grain they raise to buy bonnets and other finery. I want you to save the grain . . . against the time it shall be needed."

The women obeyed. They organized a Central Grain Committee and raised wheat in small fields, harvesting it in their aprons. They sold goods to obtain money to purchase the precious grain. Then they enlisted the help of their menfolk to build granaries in which to store the wheat. Often, at seeding time, the Relief Society would lend wheat to farmers. At harvest time, they would be paid back—plus a little extra.

For nearly half a century, the Mormon women carried on this assignment. During World War I, they agreed to sell their wheat to the Government, and the interest from the money thus gained was used to carry on Relief Society social work.

In 1876, women of the Relief Society founded a general store. "We are now ready to receive home made useful and ornamental articles of all kinds, which we will sell on commission," they announced. "Bring us your shawls, linseys and waterproofs for winter, dresses and wraps, straw and felt hats, laces of superior beauty . . . and homemade soap."

While the need for such a store ceased many years ago, the Relief Society still operates a Mormon handicraft shop in downtown Salt Lake City. This store does a brisk business, selling homemade quilts, baby clothes, dolls and other items, many of them made by physically handicapped Mormon women.

Active in medicine, business, charity and silk culture, the Relief Society was also active in the affairs of the new territory. Utah women were the first in the U. S. to vote. This was in 1870, decades before many states granted voting privileges to women. For many years members of the Relief Society were active nationally in suffrage work. As an outgrowth, the Relief Society became a charter organization of the National Council of Women. And the Relief Society's president, Mrs. Spafford, is now a member of the executive committee of this national organization.

Today, the Relief Society carries on many of the same duties it was assigned in 1842. But the organization is as modern as the missile age we live in.

From a new million-dollar office building in Salt Lake City—built largely by contributions from its members—the Relief Society's national officers direct the far-flung affairs of the organization. But while its offices have changed, the Relief Society's traditions are the same today as they were more than a century ago. Its women serve as they always have—quietly, effectively, unselfishly, and wherever they are needed.

Unbelievable

IT WAS A BIG EVENT when great-grandmother came for a visit and three-year-old Mary, tremendously impressed, asked her how old she was. "Eighty-two," said great-grandmother.

Asked great-granddaughter incredulously, "Starting from one?"

—ROY WILLIAMS

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop, at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

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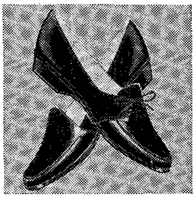

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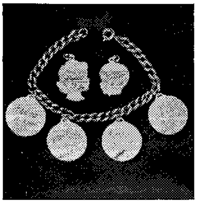

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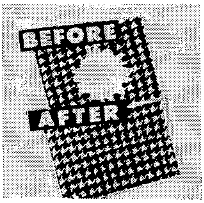

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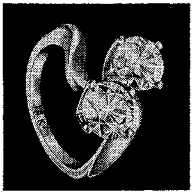

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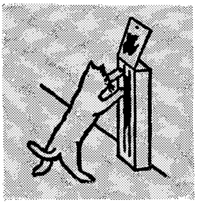

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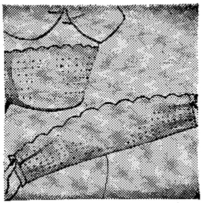

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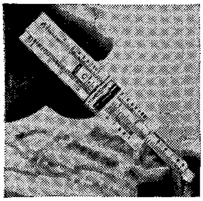

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Silver

ONE SUNDAY MORNING last summer I sat with the other members of the church choir behind the minister's pulpit. My five-year-old son, Chuckie, sat beside me.

During the prayer I felt something rub against my leg. Looking down, I saw Chuckie's little dog, Skippy, who must have followed us, and finding the church doors wide open, came in. I placed my hand on the puppy's head, and he lay quietly at my feet unnoticed by the others.

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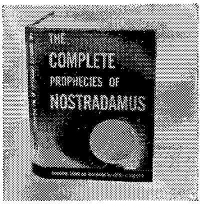

Linings

All went well until the choir rose to sing. Then the puppy wandered over to the pulpit and began sniffing all about. I leaned down to my son and whispered for him to leave by the side aisle, certain that Skippy would follow him. The puppy, peeping through the spokes in the prayer rail watched Chuckie go until he reached the door. Then, putting his front paws on the prayer rail, his ears went up and with a joyful yip, he leaped the rail and bounded

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does not advertise your hearing loss. No button, no dangling cord—only thin transparent tube leads to ear. As slim as ordinary glasses. Inside trim temple is amazingly tiny STEREO hearing aid—so powerful, it gives volume of hearing you never thought possible. Uses any style frames, temples can be decorated. See below for more information.

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fits comfortably, is beautifully concealed. You enjoy startling clarity of hearing, without clothing noise. The extra-powerful, compact STEREOette weighs less than a ½ oz.! Gives clear understandable hearing to 8 out of 10 who need help. Specially contoured for either ear, STEREOette lets you hear at ear-level, as nature intended. See information below.

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No other hearing aids are so unnoticeable yet so powerful as the Radioear STEREO and STEREOette. For further information on these newest developments from Radioear's famous electronic laboratories, request Booklet 595 on the STEREO or Booklet 596 on the STEREOette. Write Radioear Corporation, Canonsburg, Pennsylvania today.

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(Continued on next page)

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Only machine of its size & price that counts to 999,999,999. Adds, subtracts, mult., div. Ideal for business, home, students, tax work. Send name, address. $2.95 plus pstg. COD, if ck. or M.O., we pay pstg. ($3.04 in Pa. incl. 3% tax). Leatherette case. 10-day money bk. guar. Agents wanted. Calculator Machine Co., Box 126, Dept. A-95, Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

DON'T ENVY TALL MEN . . . BE ONE

It's true! You put on these amazing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you "grow" almost 2 inches taller! No one will know how it's done because "Elevators" look like any other smart shoes. They add not only to your height but to your poise and confidence. For free booklet showing over 30 styles, write Stone-Tarlow, Dept. 2-49, Brockton 68, Mass.

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Silver Linings *continued*

down the middle aisle to follow Chuckie home.

My embarrassment was quickly relieved when our kindly, elderly pastor smiled and said to the startled congregation, "Would that we were all so eager to follow our Master."

—AROLINE NEEDHAM

SOME TIME AGO I sat in the waiting room of a clinic for retarded children with a mother who had just been told her beautiful, curly-haired daughter would never develop mentally beyond the age of six. She had been advised to make application at a home for retarded children. And furthermore, there was definitely no hope; surgery would never help, for the child's brain had been damaged beyond repair due to a birth injury. The mother was weeping and

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seemed to find no comfort from my sympathy. Finally, though, she dried her tears and smiled bravely. I shall never forget her words. "Well, one thing," she said, "six *is* such a happy age."

—MRS. C. E. AREGOOD

ON A RECENT VISIT to Washington, D. C., my husband and I decided to take one of the guided tours of the Capitol building. We purchased tickets at the door and joined a rather large group of people to whom someone was already talking. When we got close enough to see the guide, our hearts fell, for there was a little white-haired lady who scarcely looked inspiring and who might even need help climbing the many stairs on the tour.

Our first impressions were very wrong! Her enthusiasm and vigor were unbounded. She was the one waiting at the top of a stairway for the group to catch up with her. To her, the men who made history

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MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND

At last, here's blissful year round comfort for men and women. Water buffalo leather sandals entirely handmade of leather imported from India. Has resilient, cushiony crepe rubber soles. Men's sizes 6-12, Women's version 3-9. $8.65 ppd. Brochure available on request. Bloom's, Dept. CO-49, 311 6th Ave., New York 14, New York.

HOW TO SET PIN CURLS—IN SECONDS

Have time to spare—and spare your hair! Use Lady Ellen Klippies pin curl clips. They're kind to your curls—never crimp or pinch delicate hair. Klippies slide on and off quickly, hug curls gently yet firmly. Write for 16-page illustrated booklet, "How to Set a Pin Curl." Send 10¢ to Lady Ellen, Department CF-42, Los Angeles 51, California.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address Labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No Plastic Box. Free Fund Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box RA, Lynn, Massachusetts.

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Now! Perfect fit for tall or big men, in specially designed shirts! Sleeve lengths 35 to 38. Bodies cut 4 inches longer than regular. Dress and sport shirts in wide variety of styles, fabrics, colors. Also dress, sport, work and athletic shoes in sizes 10AAA to 16EEE! Not sold in stores—by mail only! Free color catalog. King-Size, 409 Brockton Mass.

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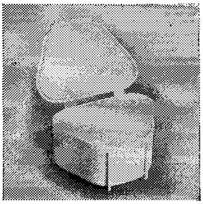

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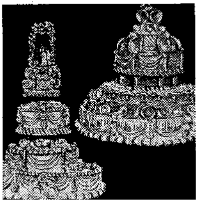


Silver Linings continued

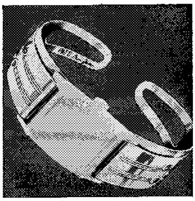
were like personal friends and she could bring them to life again, stirring up a new sense of appreciation and respect.

Curious, we asked, "How many tours do you make a day?"

"Usually about five," she answered. "This is my fifth today." And then she went on to explain, "All the years my late husband was a congressman, I received privileges not afforded many people—for no

WATCH BAND OF MODERN SIMPLICITY

Sensationally new contour Don Juan watch band, a patented clasp-on type band made of resilient surgical stainless steel. Can be taken apart and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Tarnish and perspiration-proof, non-corrosive. Only $4.95 at your jeweler or write direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Illinois.



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reason other than the fact that I was the wife of a congressman. I feel that I owe something for those privileges. Helping people to appreciate their own Capitol and its history is at least payment in part."

—POLLY GLADDING

TWO YEARS AGO, I, along with other Hungarian refugees, attended a Christmas party sponsored by the British Red Cross at our camp.

Throughout the whole celebration there was a marked solemnity in the air even when a perfectly dressed English lady presented gaily wrapped gifts to those shabbily clothed youngsters. The children ac-

WOMAN FINDS RELIEF FROM ITCH

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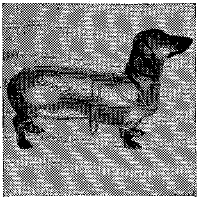

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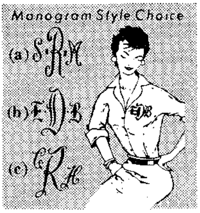

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(Continued on next page)

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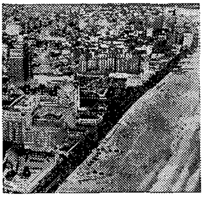

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Silver Linings *continued*

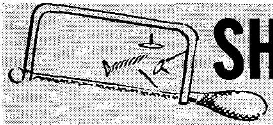
cepted their gifts politely, nobody daring to say a word.

At the end of the row stood one tiny little three-year-old. There was a slight fear in his eyes as she bent down to give him his gift. Then glancing into her kindly eyes, he ignored the package and instead, threw his arms around her neck and gave her a resounding kiss on the cheek.

For a moment there was a deep silence and we could only hear the whistle of the cold wind from outside. But then all the faces at once turned to smiles and the strange solemnity of the day faded away. Grateful refugees, young and old, surrounded the English guests and we could see through our tears the first child in the row run to the lady who still held the little boy in her arms—and say in Hungarian: "My Lady, you forgot to kiss the rest of us."

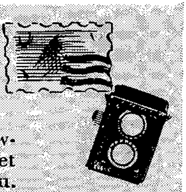
The words needed no interpretation. Love has an international language. —PETER F. MAKO

Do you know a true story or anecdote that lifts your spirits and renews your faith in mankind? For each such item accepted for our column, "Silver Linings," we will pay $50 upon publication. Contributions may run up to 250 words. Manuscripts should be typed double-spaced and none can be acknowledged or returned. Address manuscripts to: "Silver Linings," Coronet Magazine, 488 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y.



SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



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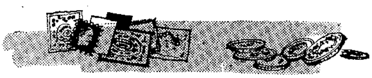

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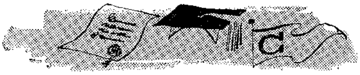

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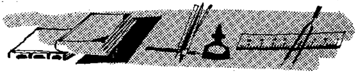

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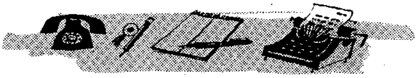

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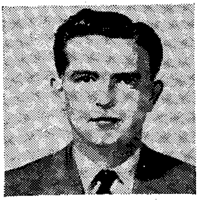

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They called it justice

by Will Bernard

BEFORE the bar of justice, men and women sometimes find that a good offense is their best defense.

A California woman, for example, was caught driving with a plastic bag over her head. Booked for reckless driving, she won acquittal by having the judge try the bag on and discover for himself that he could see through it.

In Italy, the late maestro Arturo Toscanini was once arrested for striking a musician on the head with his baton. When Toscanini explained that the musician had played a sour note, the court held that the blow fell within the limits of artistic license.

In New Hampshire, three used car dealers were arrested for breaking the Sabbath by doing business on Sunday. They in turn charged the arresting officer with illegally gathering evidence on Sunday.

A citizen in New Jersey was charged with slander after he called a public official a "souphead." He got the charge dismissed by arguing that "souphead" means an intellect keen enough to invent soup—and is therefore really a compliment.

A light-fingered resident of Delaware was brought to trial on a charge of stealing "one pair" of shoes. He checkmated the indictment by pointing out that he had stolen not a pair but two shoes for the right foot.

Three gypsies in Philadelphia were arrested on a charge of risqué dancing, to wit: "a lewd and lascivious contortion of the stomach." They cleared themselves with the argument that the stomach is a small abdominal sac whose contortions are visible only from inside the body.

And, finally, there was the case of the man who was accused of burglarizing a woman's home. "Your Honor," the defense attorney told the presiding judge, "it's true my client removed a purse from the plaintiff's bedroom table, but that doesn't make him guilty of burglary. For burglary, a man must break *and* enter. My client did break a window, but he never entered this woman's home. All he did was reach his arm through the window.

"A man's arm isn't his whole self," the lawyer went on glibly. "It would be unfair to punish the whole man for what his arm alone did."

The judge smiled. "Taking your argument into consideration, I hereby sentence the defendant's arm to a year in prison; he can accompany it or not, as he chooses."

Undeterred, the attorney turned and nodded to his client. The convicted burglar stood up, unfastened his wooden arm, laid it on the table and strolled out of the courtroom to freedom. ♛

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